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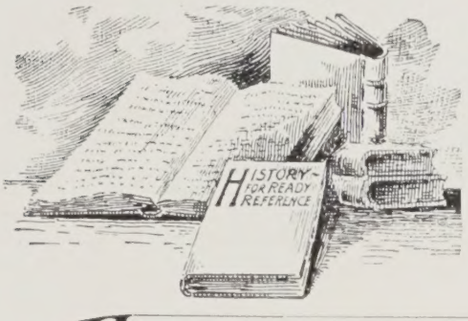
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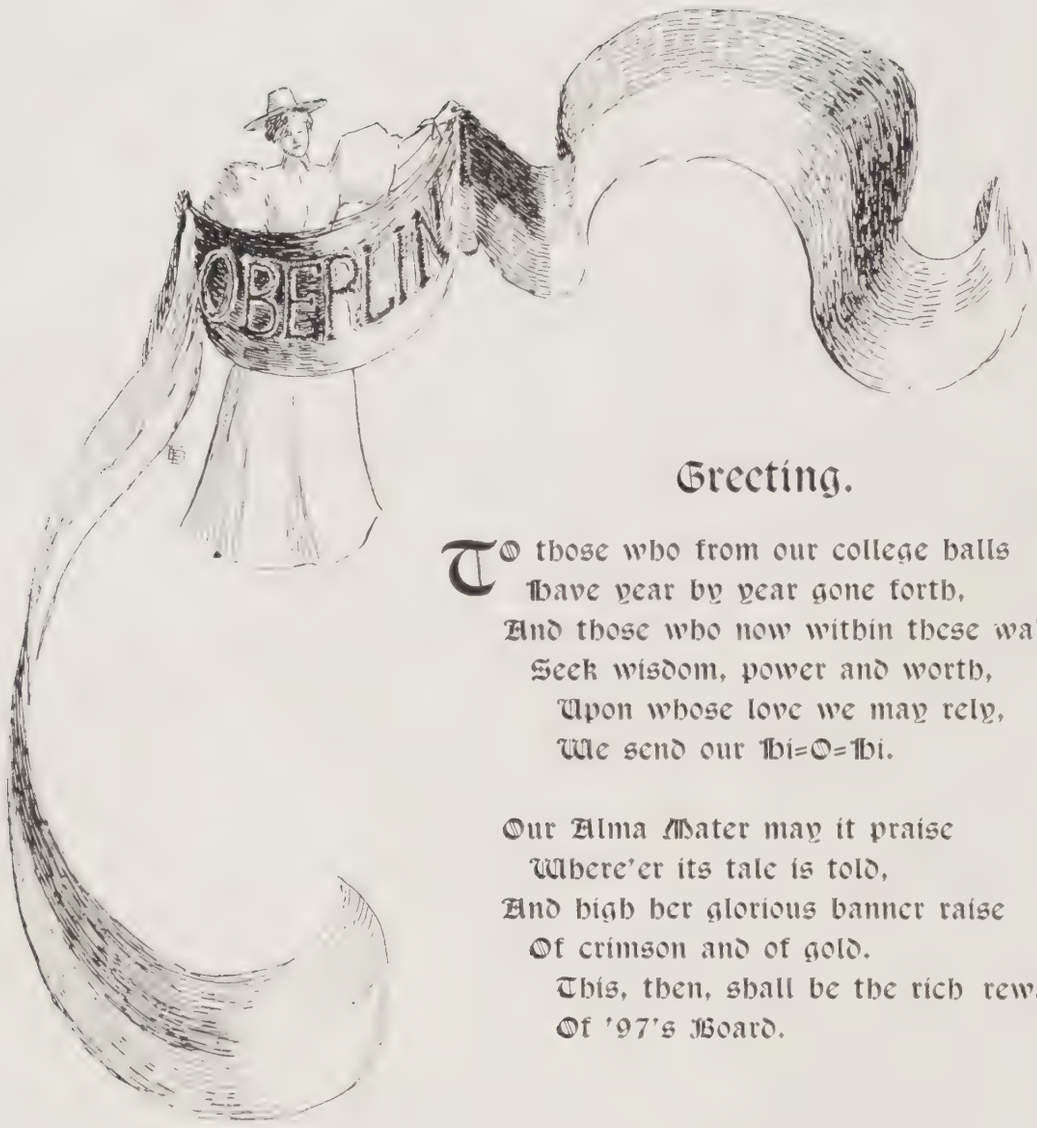
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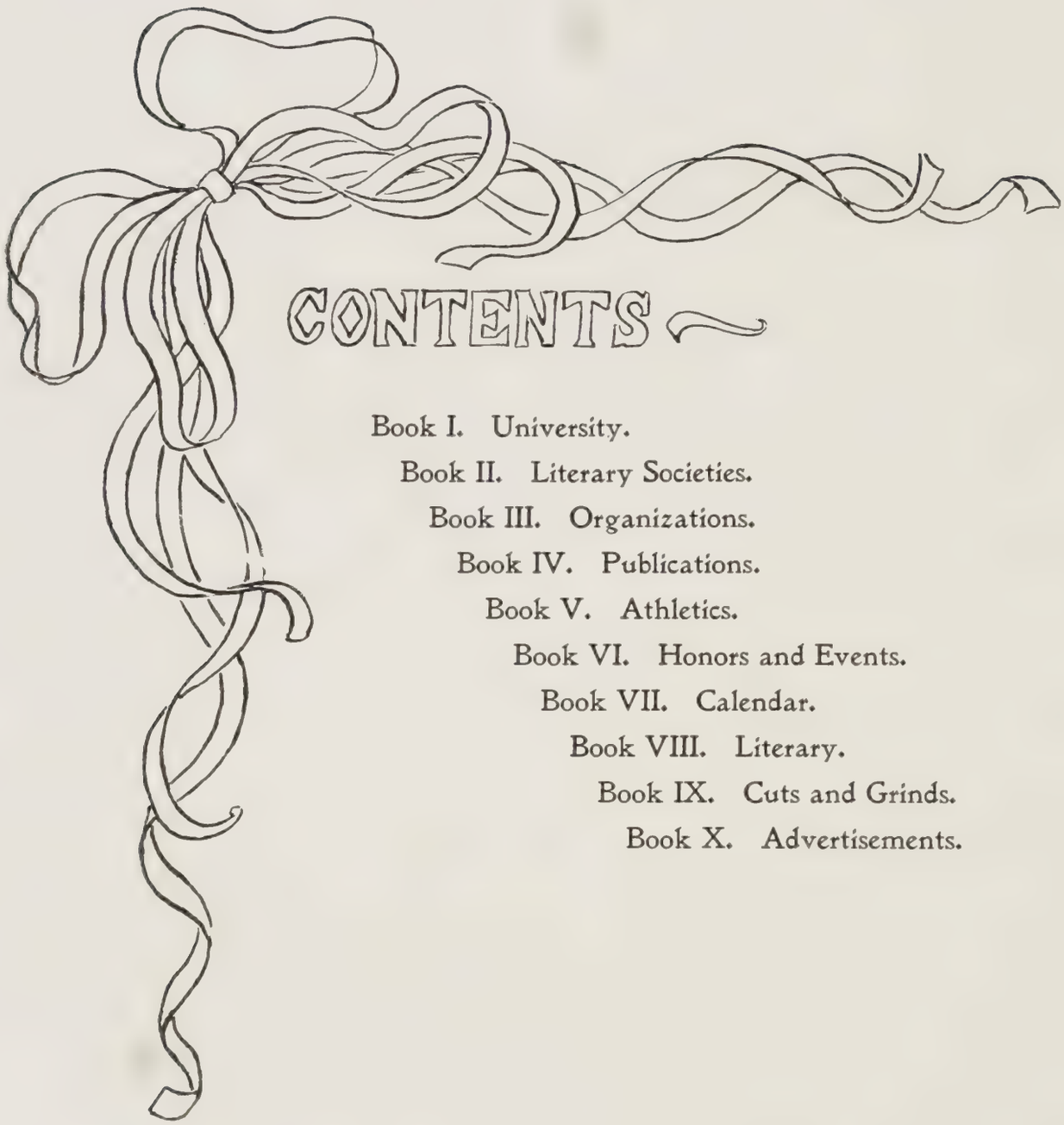


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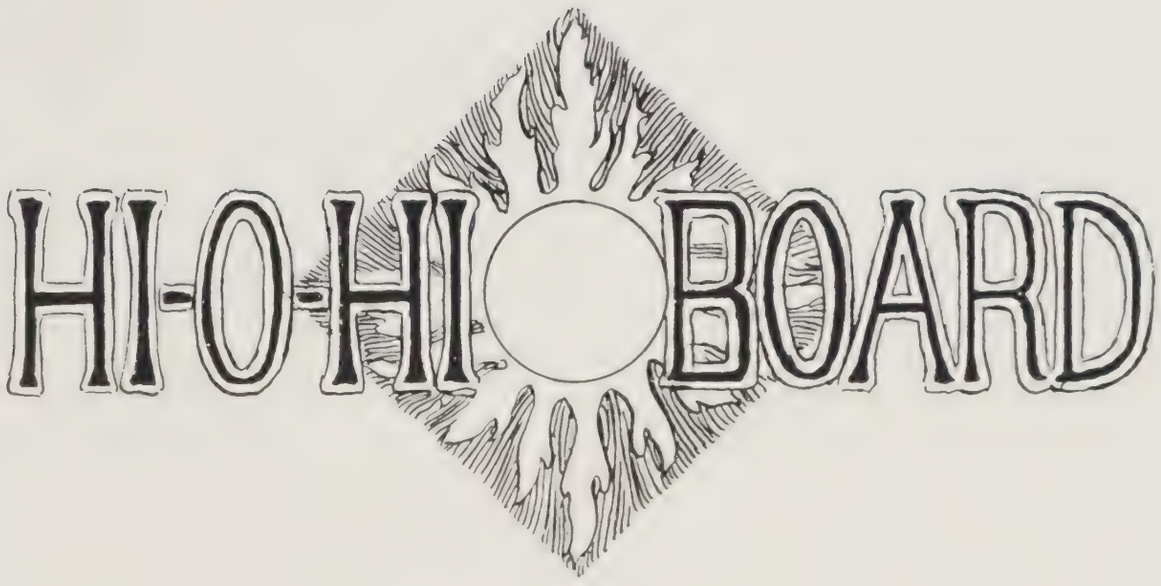
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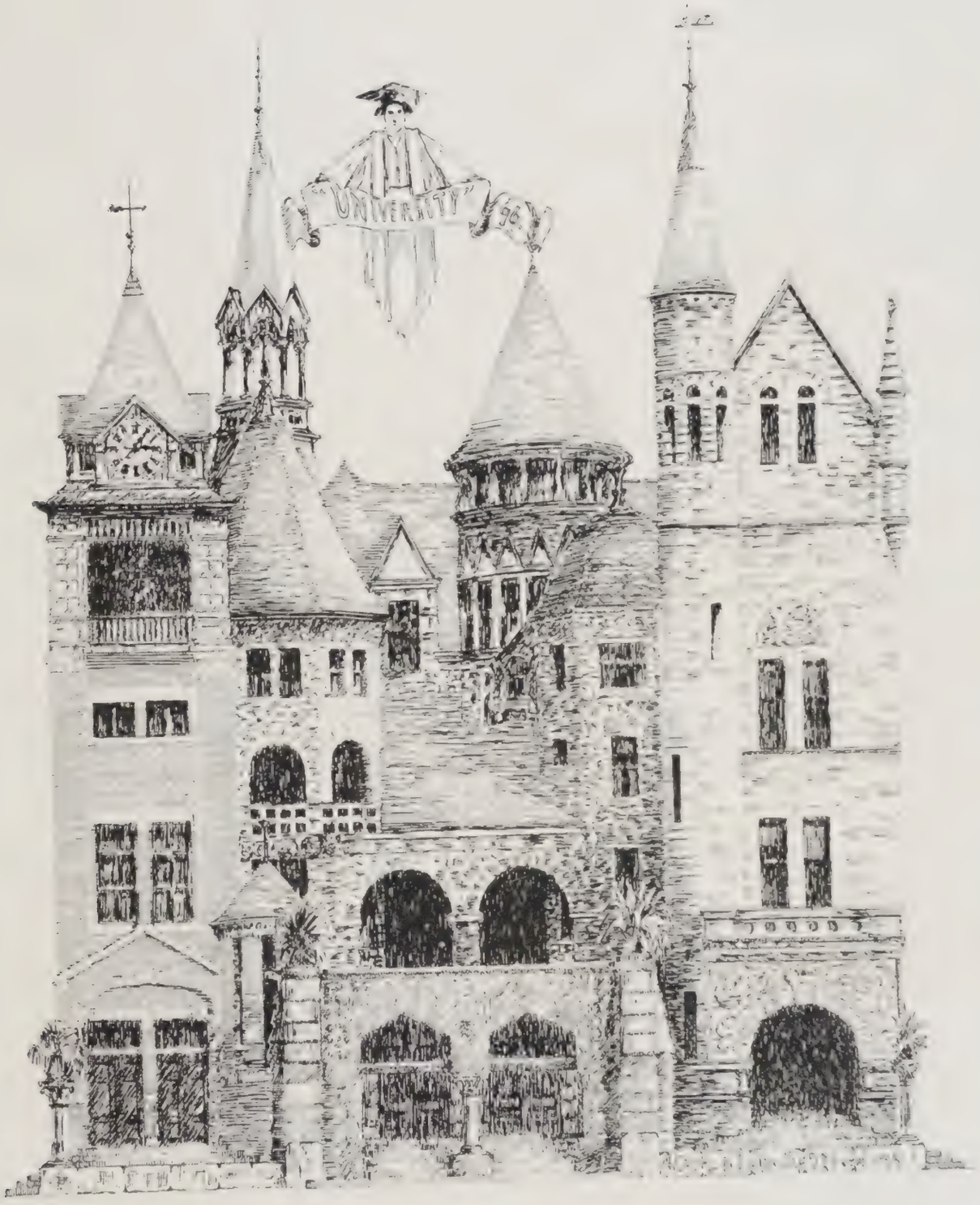
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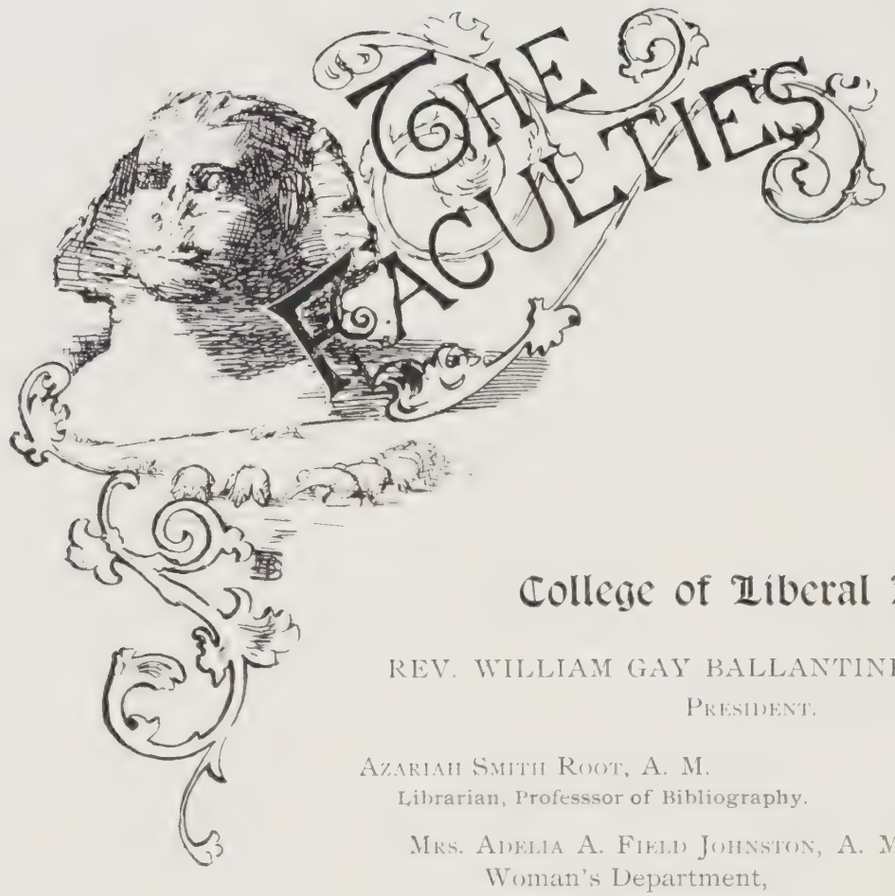
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CHARLES WALTHALL MORRISON,
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HOWARD HANDEL CARTER,
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Instructor in Singing.

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EDGAR GEORGE SWEET,
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Instructor in Singing.

WILLIAM TREAT UPTON,
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MISS LOUISE FRAZYER, Ph. B.
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GEORGE MORRIS JONES, A. B.
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MARSHALL WARE DOWNING, A. B.
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MISS GRACE WAKEMAN HUBBELL, Ph. B.
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MISS GRACE S. FRASER, A. B.
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MRS. ALICE M. SWING, A. B.
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Rev. James Harris Fairchild, D. D., LL. D.
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Professor of the Harmony of Science and Revelation.

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Professor of the New Testament Language and Literature.

Rev. Albert Henry Currier, D. D.
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Rev. Louis Francis Miskovsky, A. M., D. B., Principal of the Slavic Department,
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Frank Fanning Jewett, A. M.
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Henry Churchill King, A. M., D. B.
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Fred Monroe Tisdel, A. M.
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Miss Eva May Oakes,
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Miss Alberta Josephine Cory,
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Lynds Jones, S. M.
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Art School.

Miss Eva May Oakes,
Instructor in Drawing and Painting.

College Pin.



College Yell.

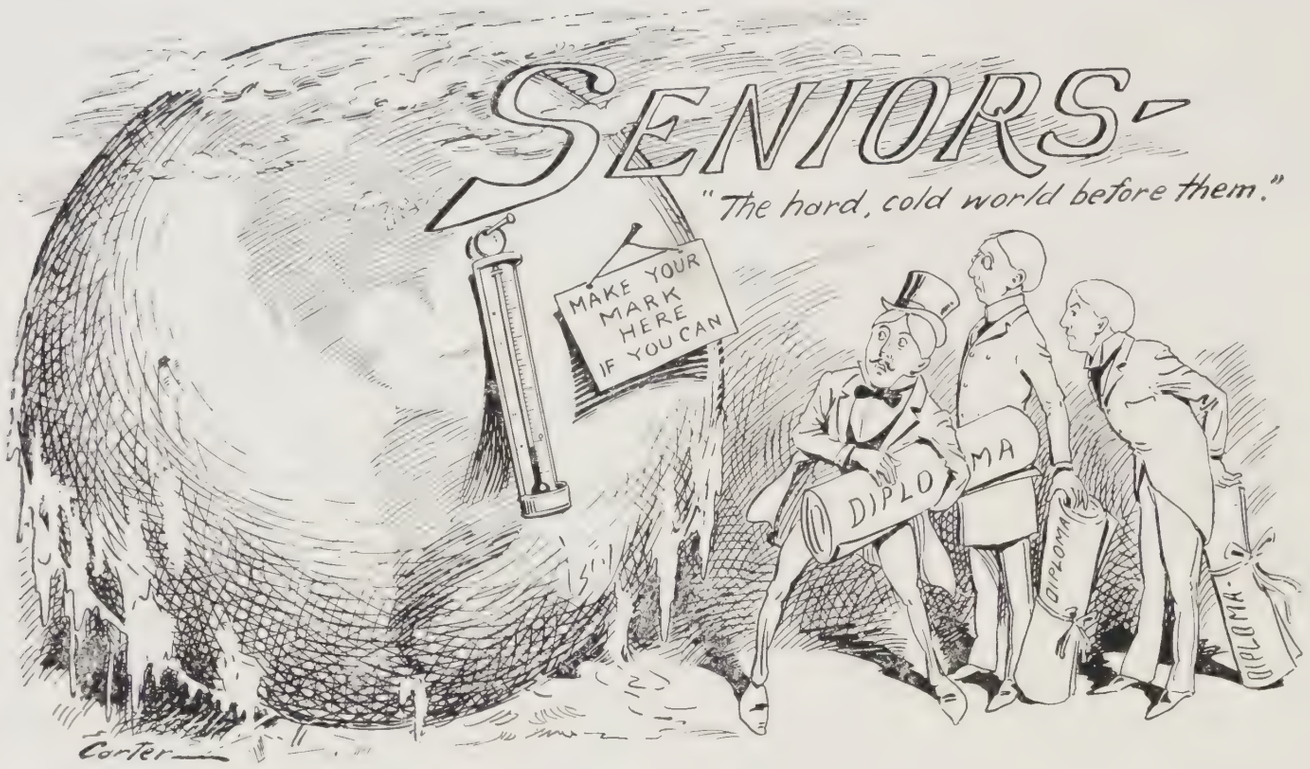
Hi !=O !=Hi ! O !=Hi !=O !

Hi !=Hi ! O !=Hi ! O=ber=lin !

College Colors.

Crimson and Gold.


PHILOSOPHY
ARTS



Motto.

Τέλειοι ἔσεσθε.

Colors.

Mimosa and Pactole.

Yell.

Hi–Yi–Yi–Yi!
X–C–V–I!
Slam–Bum–Bix!
Zip!–Zah!–Boom!–Rah!
Ninety–Six!

Officers.

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GERTRUDE E. STILES . . . . . Vice President.
LELIA H. ELMORE . . . . . Secretary.
ELMER WHITLOCK . . . . . Treasurer.
GRACE D. WESTON . . . . . Assistant Treasurer.
ROY D. BAILEY . . . . . Foot Ball Captain.
A. T. R. CUNNINGHAM . . . . . Base Ball Captain.
CLARENCE A. SHARP . . . . . Track Athletic Captain.

Class Histories.

History of '96.

THE class of '96 is bounded on the right hand by athletics, on the left by engagement rings, in front by the hungry waves of the hard, cold world, and behind by the events recorded in this history.

Our class history began in the fall of '88, when Max Burke joined the institution as a Junior Prep. He wasn't the only one in the class then, but he is the only one who has survived from that time. (Perhaps he would be teaching instead of surviving now if it hadn't been for Prof. ——.) The development of the class from that poor beginning was slow and uninteresting until our Freshman year. Probably we were nearly as troublesome and foolish and conceited as our modern successors, the Cads.

But never mind those far-off, hazy times. When we emerged to the full light of self-conscious identity and became Freshmen, then Rome began to howl. With one fell swoop, we humbled the haughty denizens of '93 and '94 and secured the foot-ball championship. It was in the spring term of that year that we distinguished ourselves by forever slaying that iniquitous institution known as Junior Ex. The younger generation of students may think they know something about scraps, but they don't. They should have seen those halcyon times, "when the earth was new and the gods were young," for their tall scrapping.

The Sophomore year was marked by the arrival of the rest of the class, Lynn Skeels. During that year we quietly assumed all the athletic championships.

Our Junior year showed how kindly Providence felt toward us. In the first place, we had Prof. King in Psychology. In the second, we were helped out of Logic. Logic may be a nice study, but we didn't see it. It was about the middle of the term, and we were in the mysteries of such statements as that a with a circle around it, multiplied by bc with two circles around them, added to the concept bicycle=a spring chicken; nobody in the class except Lynn Skeels could understand that, and everybody was sure of flunking, when Prof. Roe was taken sick. We always did like Prof. Roe, but of course he has to be sick sometimes, and we were glad it came just then. There was one thing, however, which he said that was believed. He said that people could talk without using words. The class had seen other people sit in a hammock for two hours at a stretch and not do anything but look into each other's eyes, and still have a perfect understanding. They were thinking of their Senior year. It was in the spring term that the crowning event of the Junior year came, when in the solemn stillness of the night, the Junior Ex. monument was put up. Of course, '96 didn't do that, but since, for some unknown reason, it was always blamed on us, it is mentioned in this connection. Prof. A. A. Wright didn't pull it up, anyway; the Freshmen said they did that, and quite easily too, but this statement was doubted.

At last the Senior year came and with it the added cares and responsibilities and the black-hearted villain who would now and then ask the embarrassing question: "What are you going to do next year?" With foot-ball and Thanksgiving turkey and Freshman oysters and stag parties, things were kept a-humming.

Now from time immemorial the Senior year has been considered the proper time for the class to mate off and get engaged. When the class returned to Oberlin last fall there seemed to be an uneasiness and suppressed excitement. They were expecting something, but that something did not come. One by one the boys chose partners from outside the class. The

Class Histories.

girls became excited and for a time held weekly meetings to discuss the situation and report progress, until at last it dawned upon them that a direct act of inscrutable Providence had cut them all out for school teachers and woman's righters. After this fact in all its bearings was seen, only one such meeting was held, and that was at the end of the winter term, to celebrate the exception which proved the rule.

While the class has been going through all these stirring events, it is interesting to note the changes which have come upon some of the members of the class. Now there is Diabolus Haskell; Da'ab was a good boy when he was a prep., and a fearful grind; Max Burke, too, has developed considerably. Miss Elmore has steadfastly resisted the changes of time and is the same sweet, bright, innocent girl as of yore. "Little Billee" Chamberlin has not seemed at all himself during his Senior year; something must be influencing him; but then he is young and may get over it yet. Some of the girls have joined the "new woman" movement, and are prominent in this line of work. But then such is life; we must all change.

Now, in order to clear up all doubt on some subjects, certain things which '96 did do and did not do should be mentioned before closing this history. First of all, '96, as a whole, did not have a class distinction. We steadfastly resisted the allurements of plug hats, caps and gowns, watch-charms, canes, and fountain-on-the-campus. The only exception to this is that the girls did get some wonderfully pretty caps. Secondly, '96 did not steal Polyphemus. No, this was left to our unprincipled forerunners of '95. Thirdly, '96 kept the foot-ball championship banner all through her course. Fourthly, '96 clipped Dr. Newcomb's hair. That is a fact. Tommy Green and Frank Spindler of '94 did not do it. The deed was done by '96 men. Fifthly, '96 has been in every scrape and scrap that has occurred since we were Freshmen. We have done our share toward making Oberlin "the most rowdyish college in the United States," as Prof. Hall says.

Well, these things are all over now. Our college course is done, and it is with the stereotyped "mingled feelings of joy and sorrow" that we look back upon it. With a brief parting farewell we will adjourn to the aforementioned hard, cold world.



Some Senior Statistics.

NAME.	SWEARS.	DRINKS.	SMOKES.	WANTS.
NEIDERHAUSER.	In German.	Zwei bier.	Pa's pipe.	To graduate.
WOOD.	By Upham.	On Upham.	With Upham.	More Upham.
HARDY	At this.	Hood's.	Corn silk.	To be an angel.
BURKE	Never.	Nit.	Nein.	Nothing.
CURTISS	For practice.	Soothing syrup.	Like a chimney.	The earth.
ORTH	Through his nose.	Soup.	Meerschaum.	Fame.
AUTEN	In S. School.	Mellin's food.	Um! No.	A stand in.
BOOTHMAN	At Andy.	Milk.	Cubebs.	Sleep.
SKEELS	By views.	Views.	Views.	Sense.
TAMBLING	At everybody.	Old Rye.	Real tobacco.	The earth.
CLANCY	On the diamond.	After the game.	When you do.	A rich girl.
HORNER	When he flunks.	Weak tea.	In vacation.	To sing.
DORSETT	By Rae.	Antifat.	For his health.	His meals.
ABBOTT	Just learning.	Phosphate.	When treated.	Hair.
UPHAM	By his uncle.	Lots.	More.	To borrow a ten.



Motto.

Καιρὸν γνῶθι.

Colors.

Mousse and Absinthe.

Yell.

X–C–V–I–I! O–C–Hi–O–Hi!

Clickety, Clackety, Four from Eleven!

Oberlin, Oberlin, Ninety–seven!

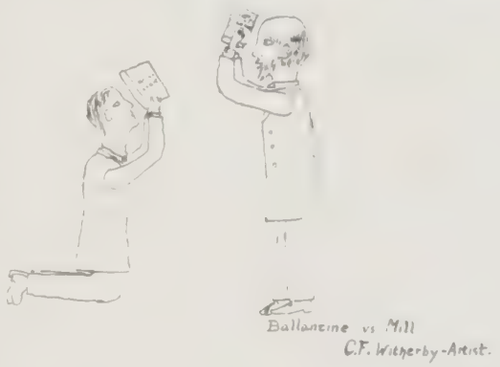
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Arthur G. Thatcher	President.
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Arthur G. Thatcher	Base Ball Captain.
Herbert H. Fritts	Track Athletic Captain.

Class Histories.

History of '97.

AS the first recipient and last survivor of the generous doses of Inductive Logic by W. G. Ballantine, President of Oberlin College, '97 feels that she is no longer unknown to fame; she feels that Bacon and John Stuart Mill are no longer in it, and that she and D. E. Morgan and Prexy will henceforth govern the logical world, and announce conclusively to a long yearning public what the precise difference is between a plate of soup with pepper and salt in it and one containing both. There is a fine distinction there which only the well-educated man can see. It took some of us a day or two to grasp it firmly, but through the efforts of our theological brethren we have all finally made it our own, with the exception, of course, of one or two of the girls and the members of the checker tournament. But who, save Prof. Anderegg's famous room-mate, who afterward went insane, can be expected to think of two things at once, that is, of course, unless the two things should be reading Archaeology and improving one's social privileges.



Besides Logic, we had Pencils, you know, in the fall, and we learned to observe and to recall the most remarkable incidents about the hazy past, when we "were small," and it was certainly curious how very similar some of our experiences were to those the present Seniors had, when they too "were small." Prof. King often told us that a very similar incident had been handed in last year, and that fact in itself seemed remarkable. But since we'd sooner be considered wise than good, we wish to publicly confess that all those maniacal impossible schemes for numbers and colors were only a part of our legacy from '96; none of them originated in our intellectual midst; we utterly disclaim them all. It isn't even that Mr. Tracy thinks of number one in connection with Peters Hall, twenty-three with the planet Neptune, and one hundred, as just eighty-nine feet in a straight line above the Boys' Gymnasium. His mind often soars aloft, but he stops at "schemes." But, as has been heretofore intimated, we began to observe and at the same time to be a plague to humanity. The Juniors were known by their glassy stare, and by that glittering eye, ever in pursuit of "an observation."



Not even the bread on the breakfast table or an innocent room-mate humbly murmuring his "Now I lay me" was exempt. No one knew what some Junior was going to "hand in" about him the next day. But gentle reader, and members and friends of the Faculty, it was for the good of the cause, and most of us passed.

We hate to mention it; we have had one blot upon our name and fame. The Whisker Club sprang up among us and flourished like many very green bay-trees. We tried to

Class Histories.

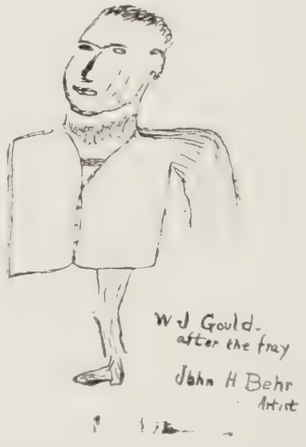
discourage them, but so long as the girls coaxed them up with apples and fried cakes, what could the sane men of the class do? Four courageous affluent youths gave in before they were utterly disgraced, but the rest held out, with the exception of Gulick, who, in a sly way, had heard that the young women had experienced a change of heart, and were going to cut dead all the whisker devotees. It was late on Saturday night when the news came, but Mr. Gulick never hesitated; he borrowed a quarter, and appeared at church the next day, fair as of yore.



But that was one of the nobler, sweeter acts of the renowned club, and stands out in sharp contrast to some of the vile and vicious performances of a few of the more warlike whiskerites.

As an example of these, we bring before the footlights the Spartan fight of our Walter, the night when he vanquished single-handed, neither forewarned nor forearmed, a gigantic mob of four athletes, including the one and only William J. Gould, the strongest man in '97; the Samson, in fact, of the whole college. Of course, W. J. G. wasn't well that night; he has explained all that to us, but he must have grown rapidly worse after he had been in such unpleasant proximity with an irate Winchester. And our precious little Lamb, too, really wished that he had kept on following Mary instead of prancing after a pair of clippers. Mary always steered him clear of fights, and that Saturday night taught him that by and forbidden paths aren't always the smoothest.

As a general thing, peace is one of our strong points. Every one must have noticed the fatherly advice and aid that Sherrill and Fauver gave President Ballantine in quelling the riot the night the Freshmen had their little unpleasantness. In every way —we tell it modestly—we have done what we could for the Faculty this year. We even wrote them a letter, and offered to have Junior Ex. for them, just as a sort of advertisement, but Prof. Martin was afraid he'd have to go to it if we did, and by bribes and intimidation won the majority over to his side and voted it down. This is only another instance that goes to prove that virtue isn't its own reward. For the sake of the college, we were willing to rise up in the Second Church and make numerous idiots of ourselves, and the Faculty said "No," without even a "Thank you" for our offer.



We have parted, and without a tear, with five of our number, who have this year joined '96's cherubim and seraphim. We have often felt that we didn't do the right thing by '96 in not telling them just what they were getting, and we have feared that perhaps we ought to have endured even unto the end, but '96 herself might have seen that there must be some aberration of mind among five people who would leave '97 to join her. We tried long and faithfully to make those people what they should be, but as Prof. Martin once pathetically remarked to his flock, "What God hath not sown man cannot reap," and we feel that '96, as

Class Histories.

well as we, has a right to make psychological proof of this proverb. 'Tis true, there are one or two among us by whom Mr. Dorsett is missed, but on some occasions he is with us even yet. Senior as he is, almost an alumnus, he has had the disinterested thoughtfulness to stop in while his old class-mates were at some wild revelry, and to tell them that it was time for "her" to go home. How many men in '96 would have displayed that same Christian spirit? We, in our lowly estate, appreciate it of a man in Dorsett's position, and we often wonder what we'll supply in his place next year.

Socially, '97 has been in the front rank ever since last September. There have been parties as many as the law would allow, and there has commenced to exist between the boys and girls a mild toleration of each other that has never before been apparent. It has become very common for them to bow to each other on the street, and at some of the socials a few of the bolder youths have even gone so far in their giddiness as to see Nellie home. We sometimes even hope that next year, with the Seminary course so near at hand, and the missionary field still waiting favorable men and equally able partners, this feeling may grow stronger, and that perhaps the Thanksgiving list may be received with more satisfaction than it has been heretofore.

Yes, truly, '97 has grown in all sorts of grace this year. She has put away childish things, and is rapidly growing up. She has learned to know what will be expected of her in the year to come, and eye or Oberlin hath not yet seen such a blaze of glory as she will then display.





Motto.

Προοδος.

Colors.

Crimson and Gray.

Yell.

Hi–Ka! Hi–Ka! O!
Sho–pang! Ro–ka–lo!
O–C! O–Hi–O!
Ninety–eight!
Wah! Wah! Wah!

Officers.

JOSEPH D. YOCUM . . . . . President.
ANNA M. SALZER . . . . . Vice President.
ANNIE BENNETT . . . . . Secretary.
LOUIS D. GIBBS . . . . . Treasurer.
ANNA W. FAIRFIELD . . . . . Assistant Treasurer.
H. CLARK GOULD . . . . . Foot Ball Captain.
JOHN B. HOSKINS . . . . . Base Ball Captain.
CHARLES T. TINKER . . . . . Track Athletic Captain.

Class Histories.

History of '98.

Can't you get a better scene?

SCENE: In the cemetery. Walter and Ethel, James and Ruth are seated around a fallen tombstone, playing forty-two.

Ethel: Oh, let's not play cards any more. I am tired. Let us talk.

James: Well, I am ready. What shall we talk about?

U.

Ruth: It's getting towards commencement and we are all classmates, so I say we discuss the glorious Class of '98.

James: Good!

∧ A meaningless remark.

Walter: That's so.

Ethel: All right. I'll start. One thing about '98 is that she always seems to have a fixed purpose. This year it was fourfold: to have a good time, to hang together, to win all the glory possible, and to make her influence count every time on the right side.

Walter: What about lessons?

O, stay where?

Ethel: Oh, one has to study to stay, of course.

Recast, to get rid of "I don't think."
R.
U.
I. Use "College" and "University."

James: *I don't think* you girls half appreciated the worth of our foot-ball team last fall. *Think!* The year before, we never *saw* our team on the field—except a white field when they appeared in the Annual, and this year we showed our devotion to our Alma Mater by providing a *scrub* for the Varsity and supporting a Class Team, too. No wonder—

Bad idiom.
Not an appropriate remark.
Avoid trite phrases.

Ruth: Never mind, there is no need of apologizing. We *came off* with an unspotted record.

Walter: Yes, it looks like the profanity in Pilgrim's Progress.

Ethel: It was nice of us to sacrifice Class Team for Varsity, wasn't it? Virtue has her own reward.

Walter: And keeps it to herself like the man who had plenty of good peanuts.

∧ that

James: But you girls miss half the fun in life. I'll take my oath ∧ the Freshmen don't soon forget the "Charge of the White Brigade" at the '98–'99 foot-ball game.

Sp.

Walter: Yes, when the stalwart band of 22 "*Night* Errants" of the class of '98 swept across the field.



James: *Oh–O–O–O–O.*

Always quote accurately.

Walter: (Dryly.) And they picked up of the remnants thirteen hatfuls.

Ruth: Stop talking nonsense. We can do just as much as you. Was there anything the matter with the Thanksgiving Party? We know a *thing or two* about that that the boys don't; eh, Ethel?

K.

James: You did tend to that in *good shape* without bothering us much. But possibly there weren't any of you tired for your pride? *Let's* see, Walt, how many were there that had to be carried home that night?

Is that your word?
Not good.

Class Histories.

Walter: (yawning.) We had to wash dishes the next morning. The girls staid abed.

Ruth: Oh, we didn't!

Ethel: (interposing). Don't quarrel. Wasn't it good to see the flag again? You know, a boy came up to me after looking the whole flag over and said: "Where's the patch?" I told him there was none. "How much are they going to tax us for it?" Just like a boy! When I told him that the Class did not pay for the destruction of its own flag unless it damaged it itself, he whistled.

Avoid the necessity of using italics.

Walter: I know something *you* paid for all right. That's the fun you had in Chemistry Lab.

James: (to Walter.) I'll never forget the time you jumped to the farther wall when she blew up the hydrogen bottle, and then came running back. "Oh, Ethel, are you hurt?"

Lacks clearness.

I.

Walter: Clear out!

X Readjust so as to make the tenses smoother.

Ruth: I think Prof. Jewett ought to be thankful to our class for buying out all his old glassware so that he can get a new stock when he comes back from Europe.

James: Oh say! You girls never saw any of the records of the 9:30 Chemistry division, did you? You are keeper of the records, Walt, have you got any with you?

Walter: Yes. I was bringing them to Louis Lord.

Ethel: Oh don't do that; let *us* see them. (The two girls, attacking from either side, try to reach into his pocket.)

Walter: Well, since you *press* me, here they are. (Reads.)

Please do not disturb this record.

Beware of the wrath of the Class of '98, O. C.

This is irrelevant matter and hinders the flow of the story. Strike it out.

TINKER'S MOUSTACHE.—RECORD OF DAILY DEVELOPMENT.

Nov. 21—Early beginnings.
" 28—One-eighth of an inch long.
" 29—Progress reported but not apparent.
Dec. 3—Frozen stiff.
" 4—Again dehydrated.
" 5—One-fourth of an inch long. (Gala day.)
" 6—Doubtful growth. Hard brain work has sapped its strength.
" 7—Shows traces of the dog not having licked all the cream off. Alkaline reaction. (Detect by the taste.)
" 10—As long as pig bristles. Shows signs of greater things to come.

Too frequent change of figure.

" 11—Snowed under. Solution crystalizes in needle-like prisms.
" 12—Victim has run a bristle through his finger while attempting to curl it.
" 13—Three-eights of an inch long.
" 14—The growth was so rank last night as to result in victim's flunking. We really can no longer keep pace with it, so must close the record. We wish it success and extend to the victim our heartfelt sympathy.

To be layed up among the archives of the 9:30 Chemistry class.

We are all here. Do thyself no harm. '98.

James: That's enough. We won't show the rest.

Ruth: Don't, if they are all like that. But you know it's too bad that we don't have more recitations where the Class are together, like chemistry and composition.

Class Histories.

You don't make your references clear. Lacks force.

Walter: Yes, composition. Which of you girls was it that wrote: "There are many kinds and colors of horses?"

Ruth: It wasn't a girl at all. Who wrote: "The most alarming thing about my clock is the bell on the upper extremity, which is seized with St. Vitus Dance about five o'clock in the morning?"

Walter: Oh, that's nothing.

Ruth: And who went to sleep during recitation if it was not a boy?

Walter: And was "rocked to sleep, mother," at class social; that's so.

Ethel: Now do keep peaceable and don't slander our President. But *honestly*, after I had finished the Composition course, I had tried so hard not to be "smart" that all my originality of thought and expression was dried out of me.

Walter: (dryly.) That's strange.

A break in the thought.

Ethel: (turning to Ruth.) Let's ignore him, shall we? Did you hear about Mr. Kellogg?

Ruth: No. What was it?

∧ that Recast.

Ethel: Why, at the Class social during Spring vacation, you know ∧Mr. Elliott mesmerized Mr. Thatcher. We were all very solemn and Mr. Thatcher was doing his part well, when Mr. Kellogg rushed up and cried: "Look out there! That's dangerous. My, but he has great power!"

I.

Walter: (thoughtfully.) It is not well to trifle with mesmerism in that way. *Let's* see, Jim, what girl was it that seduced Whitney into purgatory on the way home from that same party?

Ruth: (quickly.) What are you talking about?

James: What are you all talking about? I thought we were going to discuss the Class of '98, not sit here squabbling.

Ethel: Yes, I should think so. The class is a big enough subject. Just look at our record in scholarship this year. Three first prizes in Prof. Monroe's History; two firsts, two seconds and a third in his Pol. Econ.

Don't abbreviate.

B. S. I.

Walter: That's another time when you girls *weren't in it*. Munson's never held a jollier crowd than when we *put up* a supper to the prize winners.

Ruth: I don't think it is right for you boys to have celebrations that don't include us.

Ethel: Oh, what do we care for suppers!

tr.

Ruth: We think about acquiring fame for our class, not about getting things to eat.

James: (seriously.) And so do we. When I come back next year I am going to do my best to help give the Class of '98 the finest record that ever a class had.

Ruth: (rising to go.) And I.

Ethel: And I.

Walter: (as the party fall into their natural places on the narrow walk.) And I guess I'm with you there, too.

Ethel: Oh, you can't be serious!

[Avoid so large a use of interjections. Make a better selection of idioms.

Is the "farce" the best form for a production of this kind? It seems an awkward and roundabout way to write a history, and results in loss of clearness. Your characters are not clearly enough defined.]



Motto.

Esse quam videri.

Colors.

Crimson and Nile Green.

Yell.

X–C–I–X! Woo–Woo, Woo–Woo!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Baloo! Baloo!
Zip Za Zine! Right in line!
Oberlin! Oberlin!
Ninety–nine!

Officers.

ALBERT H. FIEBACH . . . . . President.
CHARLOTTE C. HARRINGTON . . . . . Vice President.
ELSIE STRONG . . . . . Secretary.
MAX C. REITIG . . . . . Treasurer.
EDWIN FAUVER . . . . . Foot Ball Captain.
JOHN MCGEE . . . . . Base Ball Captain.
JOHN E. EVANS . . . . . Track Athletic Captain.

Class Histories.

History of '99.

IN the autumn of 1895 a new Freshman class entered Oberlin. There would have been nothing very remarkable about this fact if it had not been the class of '99. Now we did not claim at once, as '98 did, that we were *the* and the only class. We simply went to work quietly and the whole college has felt our influence and has known—even if it has not confessed it—that we, the last class of the century, were a model for the whole institution.

Early in our career, while still in the Academy, we began to bud, as it were. Not that we have entirely blossomed yet, even under the kindly smiles of Professors Martin and Hall. But we may fairly be said to have reached a point in our development which proves beyond a doubt that for the next three years we shall surely blossom and flourish as the sunflower—at least those of us who are permitted to remain.

Last fall many were asking what class would win the championship in foot-ball. Outwardly '96 was confident that her success of former years was to be repeated. But in fact they realized that "each dog has his day," and that their day had set. So the championship banner was sent to a friend in the country for safe-keeping. They wanted something to remind them of former glories, and this is the way they managed it. Thus have the mighty fallen, and thus they fell again on the mud of the foot-ball field that cold rainy day of November, when the backs of '99 crushed down the mighty line of '96, though supported by "Cupid," who had left for a moment his favorite pursuit of maidens to aid in downing the "Freshies."

Ninety-eight also learned a lesson during the foot-ball season. They will never forget that day when, arrayed in night-robes borrowed from the Seminary for the occasion, they attempted to rattle our team. But suddenly every shirt disappeared and the "Sophs." almost lost their own "boiled" shirts in their frantic attempts to reach places of safety. It would seem that this lesson should have been sufficient, but no, one more was needed to impress on their minds the old adage that children should not play with fire. Of this anon.

The next event of the year was our first Thanksgiving party as a college class. We need not tell of the witty toasts that were given, of the dainty refreshments, of the pretty girls and happy fellows. Never has the old court clock looked down upon a more festive scene. Never have moments flown so swiftly. Never was a Thanksgiving party enjoyed as that first one of ours.

But as this is a class history, we must not forget the darker side—if we may so call it. Like the classes before us, we have grumbled and groaned over Math. We have spent gallons of coal oil over Lysias, while Livy, Horace and Homer have called out our best efforts. What little brain force we had has been wasted trying to think of subjects for themes in the English course of "Mr. Cressy and Myself." But much of this is passed, never to be repeated—at least not by all of us.

At Christmas time many of us went home to our friends. How we strutted about the old familiar places, for were we not really in college? How our younger brothers looked up to us! How good it seemed to be at home again! During the vacation the girls of the class presented the boys who had remained in town with a beautiful banner, in honor of our foot-ball victories. This banner shows the stuff our girls are made of. No other class has girls

Class Histories.

who are so loyal, so devoted and so pretty as the class of '99. This banner we intend to hold for three more years, and then hand it down to some worthy class which may even now be in the Academy.

Again we settle down to the grind of the winter term. Many of us spend a frequent half-hour on Lee's. Some of us are said to linger dangerously near two o'clock in the parlors of our boarding-houses. Quickly the winter days pass away.

The boys of the class planned for a stag party for the Saturday after Washington's Birthday. Only Freshman boys were supposed to be invited; but the rest of the college knew what a magnificent spread was to be served and felt called upon to be on hand. So, on the afternoon of that eventful Saturday, Messrs. Orth and Dorsett of '96 kindly issued invitations to "all men of all departments" to be present at Peters Hall in the evening. Soon after tea the Freshman boys gathered in the court of Peters. Here were wild cowboys, washerwomen, timid country maidens, dancing girls from the Midway, and last but not least, the two long-legged members of the class, clad in costumes that would put to shame a ballet girl of the Bowery. Long tables were set, and we were ready for an evening of enjoyment when the crowd outside—which had gathered to be in the fun—seemed to demand attention. We then proceeded to invite them in by the way of the coal-bin. We sincerely hope that they enjoyed the evening as thoroughly as we did.

To show in what awe even the mighty Seniors hold us, it would be well to tell how, though the mob outside had four unprotected Freshmen, they dared not cut a single hair. True, we lost our oysters, but they were not cooked or seasoned, and we had the pie, which was of far more importance. Again '99 came out on top, and our fellow-students will not need another lesson.

It is needless to tell of the lesser events of the year. At every point we have upheld our part. We have given the college fathers little trouble. One of us has left for a season, but he went in good company, and the Discipline Committee needed something to do. Aside from this we have behaved at all times in a most respectable and Freshmanlike manner. We have also raised the standard of scholarship in Oberlin. Prof. Anderegg says that only '95 can be compared with us in Mathematics. Some of us are so far advanced that we have elected Prof. Monroe. We shall continue to do all we can through our entire course to put the college scholarship on a higher and higher plane.



Champions in foot-ball, victorious in scraps, we shall come back next fall only to add further glory to our class.

THE ACADEMY





Senior Academy.

Motto.

Τέλος ἐν ἀρχῇ.

Colors.

Dark and Light Blue.

Yell.

M–C–M! Ta–ricka–ta–lix!
Rata–ta–thrat, Co–bum–co–bix!
Oberlin! Oberlin! Kicka–na–na!
Nineteen–hundred! Wa–who–wa!

Officers.

Carl Kimball	President.
Helen B. Wright	Vice President.
Fred M. Bushnell	Treasurer.
Althea A. Payne	Secretary.

Class Histories.

Senior Cads.

AS '99 moves forward, 1900 may be seen advancing to fill her place. But in the language of Room 8, we follow them with "non passibus aequis." How can we claim for ourselves the brilliancy of these, our predecessors, when their president is a graduate of Pharmacy, and, judging from appearances, many more are fairly well acquainted with this subject, which we know nothing about? Nevertheless, we can try to equal them in conduct; yet even in this we shall have to exert all our latent powers. A little incident that happened near the end of last term will prove this. During the term Mr. T. had received just a dozen—a baker's dozen—pressing invitations to call on Prof. Root at his office. This bashful boy declined again and again, but the invitations continued to come with marked regularity. At last, unable to curb his curiosity, he dressed himself in his best cutaway, put on his favorite tie, and taking a clean handkerchief from the upper drawer of the dresser, went to see why the dear (?) professor wanted him. Imagine his feelings when the *dear* professor, lovingly taking his little hand in his own, said, with his sweetest smile: "Mr. T., you have a splendid record—for a Freshman."

With the patience of one of our very great great-grandfathers we have attended many "an important meeting of the Senior Academy class in Room 13, after prayers." Here, without a thought for the supper which others were eating, we discussed flag, colors, motto, yell, and Thanksgiving party until dark. Now we meet without our former patience to discuss those who forgot to pay their tax.

According to custom our class had a social "to get better acquainted before the Thanksgiving party"—that means to give the girls a good chance to get beaux for the party. "Dux femina facti," and it was a success. At that party! "Oh, my!" *τέλος ἐν ἀρχῇ*. If that party was the *beginning* for— "Oh, my!"

Boys, pray remember that you are not Juniors, and mend your ways. Some of you seem to think the down on your upper lip quite (not superlative degree, Clancy) becoming; others have been heard to say they thought it was quite (superlative degree, Clancy) nice on the lips, or even on the cheeks. But take this advice, all of you, and have nothing at all to do with it.

We are yet too young to have done anything remarkable in the line of athletics. But, in spite of our age, some of our class-mates did splendid work on the football team last fall.

Our deepest regret as we bid farewell to the Academy is that we can not take Prof. Peck with us. Although he will not be our teacher, we shall always remember him as our truest friend, and the high ideals he has placed before us will help us over many rough places in our life.

THE ACADEMY NEBULAE



Class Histories.

Cad History.

WHY should one attempt to write a history of the Cads? You say "They have no history," or, perhaps, "are not capable of producing any history."

But if there be any history more wonderful than that of a Cad, it has not yet been brought to light. For behold what boundless possibilities there are, even in a poor Cad! Why, we make history (for this history was made in an hour and one-half).

Who can tell but that this conglomeration of pointed shoes, pink shirts and flashy ties may yet result in a missionary hero? (The heathen are to be pitied.) Yes, even when he is "dead broke" or when stocked with cards of "Please call at office," he is happy. What cares he for these trifles? He knows "he can run his face," and that there are plenty more postals where those came from. He may flunk, but what of that? The study will be all the easier when taken over.

Go to the secret depths of Prof. Peck's office, to the ledgers of Preston's and Burgess', and even in the hearts of some of Oberlin's fairest girls, if you wish to read the history of the Cad.

Yes, we are loath to say some of our most brilliant members have had the nerve to fall in love. Even in the face of being disgraced in all their studies they have had the audacity to fall in love. And then our elders humiliate us by asking the object of our affections, "Have you taken a child to raise?" But we have courageously borne it all until things have come to such a point that the faculty are discussing the evils of co-education.

But it is not our fault, the girls entice us, and who can resist the bewitching smile of an Oberlin girl? They want a Cad, for only with him can they see all the games, eat boxes of candy until they have no space left for the numerous boxes. If for no other reason than this, the Cad would be a benefit. They keep up the "élite" (pronounced a light) trade of the community.

But we are fast succumbing to the growing tendency of the college, and are thinking of higher and nobler things than dress; if you don't believe it, just ask "Eckert and Son."

But haven't we done anything of importance? Just listen. Haven't we pulled the dollars from the pockets of the poverty-stricken college men, by keeping up the practice of sending roses on Washington's Birthday, when none at all would have just about struck them? Haven't we been the only ones to hold a literary contest that would draw a crowd? Haven't we had teams that scared the life out of all the college class teams? Haven't we been the only ones to buy "the choices" with our fathers' hard-earned money? Haven't we done all the hard work in the "scraps," while the college men get the glory? Are not our girls the envy of even the Conservatory girls, and cannot they have whom they would?

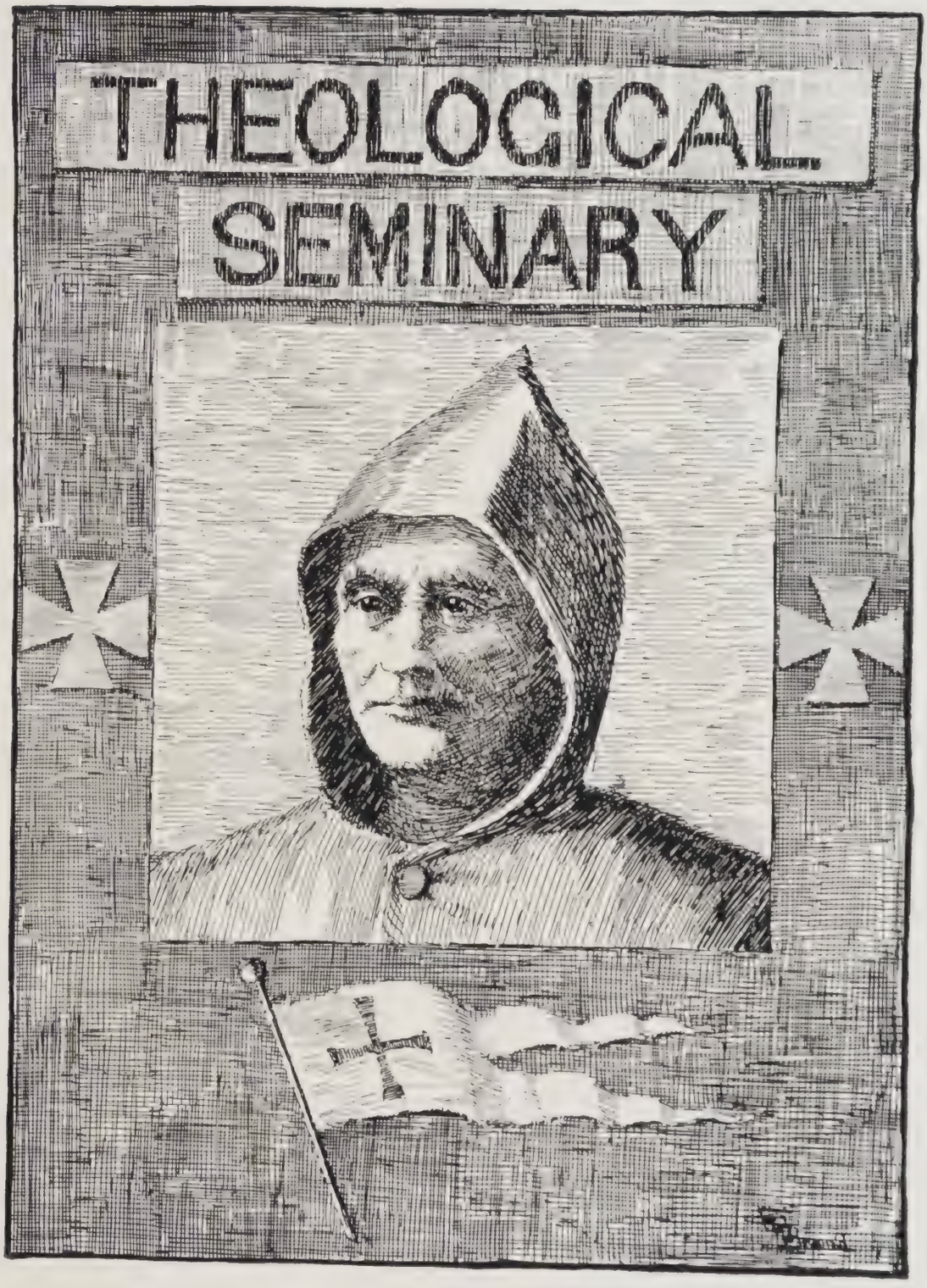
Class Histories.

But time would fail to enumerate all. What haven't we done? We are the light and sunshine of the school. You might as well talk of taking the yeast from root-*Beer* as of removing the Academy. (I say root-*Beer* for numerous reasons.) Yes, without us the college man's life would be no reality.

We always take things easy, never worry, spend money, are always happy. We sometimes are homesick and oft go to "Home, Sweet Home." We cannot bear being absent from our parents when "they are ill," and we need a mother's hand "to bathe our aching heads."

Yes, in truth, to-day, yesterday and to-morrow, we are the best advertisement of the college, and we know it, and we are attempting to prove this to the college authorities, but with little success.




THEOLOGICAL
SEMINARY

Oberlin Theological Seminary.

The Class of '96.

Classical Course.

Edgar Roselli Fuller,
Frederick William Griffiths,
Frederick William Grupe,
Henry Fred Lutz,
Arthur Dudley Weage,
Benjamin Royal Cheney.

English Course.

Theophilus Kubricht,
Charles Joseph Trcka.

History of the Theological Seminary.

FIRST the Faculty.—To their honor it must be recorded that the opening day of the first term found them ready to take up their work. During the year they seldom disappointed their classes by absence or tardiness; an excellent example to their students, who appreciated it less than they profited by it. The welfare of the Seminary has been close to the faculty's heart, all with an eye to "general well-being," which, being preached, must be practiced. In this case the general well-being is represented by the students of the Seminary and because they are "sentient beings"—intellect and will just average—it is quite proper that they be treated as the "summum bonum." And our faculty did it. One carried this devotion so far as to propose to turn over to a student his own private study and library, manuscripts and all. This good-will also very acceptably manifested itself in the class receptions given at the homes of the professors.

Among the students the shift of the year brought the customary newness. The wise faces of last year's seniors do not shine upon us. Instead, there is the new crop just endeavoring to assume the dignified air of the superior place it has come their turn to fill. The work was promptly taken in hand, and the year's grind began on a "day and night run," with no stops for repairs. Opportunity to catch breath was offered only by the regular Sunday lay-over and a brief vacation during the holidays. The result is a remarkably large total output per man. The wear and tear, it is hoped, will be mended by a summer's pastoring on Western plains.

In addition to the regular work the practical side of life has received much attention. Twelve pulpits were regularly supplied by Seminary men during the year, while many men went out occasionally to preach. Several of the students proved themselves efficient helpers in the Christian work done in the Centennial Building. The special lectures on practical subjects were both highly interesting and instructive.

The story of the literary societies is short. Samekh Aleph sank far off the shore, but managed to float its will to the land. From the wreck, it is hoped, by adding new material, a better sailing craft may be constructed. Finney Society succeeded in stopping the leaks and keeping the boat above water. But it, too, needs repairs, and must go to dry dock for an overhauling.

Special occasions have been plentiful. First we name a reception given by the literary societies to students and faculty. The Thanksgiving celebration was an unqualified success, surpassing, if that be possible, the former celebrations in elaborateness. Nothing was permitted to mar the perfection of the evening; Rain would not allow a hitch, even in a detail. Chocolate was served; sugar should follow, when, alas! there was none. Yet good sense and speed so quickly brought hither the desideratum that the company never suspected the facts. The guests and students not on committees pronounced the event a success, and will long remember the evening as one of pleasure; the committees and helpers, as a season of work. Student fellowship and loyalty to the Seminary have received a marked impulse during the year. This expressed itself in the refurnishing of the reading-room at a cost of about ninety dollars. This was made the occasion for a "house warming" which proved to be the pleasantest and most profitable social gathering of the year.

The Seminary men have also shown themselves patriots. The occupants of grave old Council Hall, late on Hallowe'en, were disturbed in their peaceful slumbers by an invasion made by forty or fifty lads bent on mischief. (In what follows we do not say that the men of peace did what they should—we simply record the facts.) Fortunately, word of the impending danger reached the men of Council Hall in time for them to make hasty preparation for

the attack. Those below, seeing the determination of their opponents, held a prolonged council of war, but finally decided to risk an advance. Those who were defending home and right gallantly repulsed every approach of the enemy. Up and down the stairway the conflict raged. With a shout they stormed from below, but though outnumbered, the men above hurled their assailants back again as though they were but pigmies. Thus they held the enemy at bay until suddenly reinforcement appeared in the form of the mayor. The invaders then ingloriously withdrew. They were a sight as they sneaked out of the building with heads hanging with shame and in an otherwise unsettled state of mind and body. The fame of the Seminary men is established. The old stairway is their Thermopylae. Long live the memory of their heroic deed!

Several things have been learned during the year. Original sin began and ended with Adam. The following comment was offered on a sermon in Preaching Ex.: "As a whole, the sermon was good. I got a good deal out of it that was not in it." This proves that Seminary men can preach suggestively. A student in homiletics classified sermons as "vertebrate" and "muscular." In Mock Council a candidate was discovered who "had not had regeneration." The unfortunate man was in this sad state because, so the examiner explained, he had not yet studied it.

Viewing the year carefully as a whole, nowhere do we discover grass growing. For several years the number of students had been diminishing, partly due to the raising of the standard of admission. This decrease has been checked in the past year; the total enrollment has been the same as that of a year ago. The ebb has apparently reached its lowest point, which augurs well for the future, for after the ebb comes the flood. Thus has been added another year of success to those that have gone before. May its memory rest peacefully in the ashes of time while Oberlin Theological Seminary goes marching grandly on.



Conservatory of Music



Oberlin Conservatory of Music.

Class of '96.

Maud Rebekah Brooks, Alice Lucy Crawford,
George Wesley Lott, Paul Brown Patterson, Lulu Vere Childers,
Ruth Estelle Hoppin, Winnifred DeFranc Palmer.

Conservatory History.

'TWAS long ago that the Wise Man said, "There is nothing new under the sun." It is just as well that he wrote it. People have for several thousand years been experimenting and have gradually come to the same conclusion. Without experiments the present historian knows it to be most woefully true, especially in the matter of Conservatory Histories.

This year the Fates have been most propitious. Thrice have the students been through that most trying ordeal of joining. At the beginning of the winter term a yard or two more of red tape was added to embellish the general effect. No one need question for a moment the intellectual fibre of Conservatory students, after seeing them calmly, patiently, and yet with untiring energy, secure practice hours, schedules, rehearsal tickets and signatures. The enrollment for the year has been about six hundred.

Ah! awful joining-day,
Conquered without dismay,
  All the world wondered;
Honor the charge they make,
E'en their hearts do quake,
  Noble six hundred.

Our corps of teachers has been large and efficient. Prof. Sweet left last summer for a year's sojourn in Europe. Another of our professors spent the autumn months with his bride 'neath fair Italian skies, but came back to greet us at the opening of the winter term.

Through the year we have had the privilege of hearing some of the finest artists from abroad. It has been the aim of Prof. Rice to secure the very best talent for these recitals, and he has spared neither time nor expense in bringing this about.

We cannot forget Rieger, our favorite tenor, as he sang difficult arias or tender ballads with an equal interpretation and finish; or Ondricek, with his wonderful technique, making his violin quiver as he ran his sensitive fingers over the strings. The Thomas Orchestra has given two fine concerts in the College Chapel, and Fräulein Emery and Mr. Sherwood, the eminent pianists, have been with us.

Prof. Andrews has done much to broaden our knowledge of organ music, by giving us a series of historical recitals. These have been entirely free to those who cared to attend, and many have availed themselves of this rare opportunity.

Although considered an ordinary event, we cannot forbear to mention the Wednesday rehearsals—source of so much joy and sorrow—source of joy to those in the audience, possibly, because their names are not on the programme, and source of sorrow to the performers because they would fain yield their place to some one else, modestly "content to fill a little space" in the audience.

What a fresh field for some realistic writer! Warner Concert Hall crowded. A small room at the right of the platform. Hero steps down the aisle through the small door. An unutterable longing possesses him, not to distinguish himself, but just to grasp a sufficient number of ideas to keep him from extinguishing himself. Hero outwardly calm, even tranquil. His mind in fearful turmoil. Mechanically he rushes to the pier-glass and adjusts the lock of hair which will fall over his left eye. He hears his name. Spasmodically he clutches his music, then a cold sweat stands on his brow, and he realizes that he must leave it behind. He advances upon the stage, and the audience appears like so many rows of cabbages. His eyes trouble him; his fingers are cold and 'clammy. Carefully he seats himself upon the

piano-stool, and, awful conviction! his last idea has flown. But no, he begins to play.

The piano is strangely new to him, although it has seen years of active service. His fingers meander over the keys. He has no idea what they are going to do next. Everybody is glaring at him in hideous fashion, he thinks, except one. She sits down there in the third row. Oh, horrible thought! what if he should break down now? His fingers have suddenly stopped on a crashing chord. Yes, that must be the end of it, although he cannot think of a note he has played. With faltering step he walks into the wing and sinks down in one of the upholstered chairs. He knows in his heart that he will never, no, never, laugh, if some other fellow breaks down utterly, or sneer when somebody sings flat, or whisper to his next neighbor when any one tunes a violin as a preliminary; but then it has always been against his principles to whisper in rehearsal. After this fitting moral there comes to Hero a sense of relief inexpressible and a consciousness of duty nobly done.

The great social occasion of the year was the Thanksgiving Reception tendered us by the Faculty, who cleverly provided us with an unexpected recital given by the Gypsy Band. This entertainment will long be remembered as one of striking beauty and intricate harmonies.

We boast much in the way of music, but we also boast a literary standard that compares favorably with the College Societies. We gladly pay this tribute to Harmonia, the literary society of the Conservatory. This year it has carried off honors in its usual quiet and modest fashion.

Seven there are who will soon leave us—great and mighty Seniors who have given their recitals, and on whom we look with envious eyes. To them we extend a tearful farewell, while they smile back and sing, "It is better further on."

Probably the rest of us will follow, after years of patient effort. We are not classed. Heaven alone knows when we shall finish. But some bright day, by and by, we shall be Seniors. The shock will come suddenly, and may we be prepared for it.

This year has been rich in advantages. The halls have rung with music. Constant has been the clash of the pianos and the squeak of the violins; and it may be that some one idly strolling through the deserted corridors in summer may catch an imprisoned melody; or some little semi-quaver, a remnant of a Marchesi Etude, will drop upon his devoted head like a special benediction.







A Pen Sketch from the Art Department.
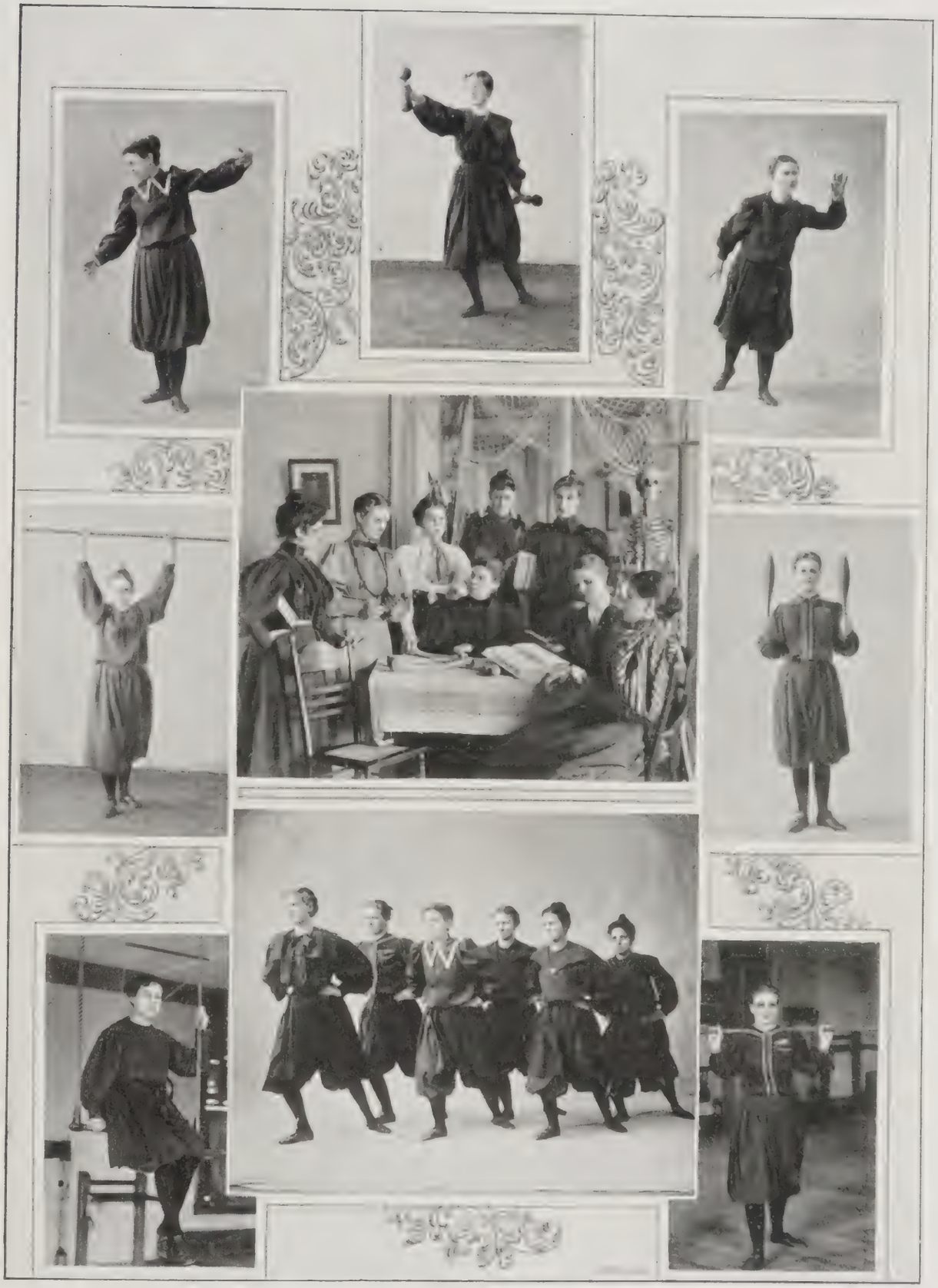
WE can not tell of mighty undertakings in realms of Science, Literature, or Art. Our work is patient, thorough, comprehensive; advance is slow, but sure for the most part.

We might be likened to a constellation where some stars give a steady, brilliant light; and so, whene'er you look into the heavens, you always see them shining in the night. At times a star bursts out across the heavens and quite outshines all others while 'tis there; but even as you're looking at its progress you find that it has vanished in the air. Just so it is with those who study with us. Some always can be found hard at their work, while others, who are just as smart and able, fall short because they are inclined to shirk. Then there are some who enter this department whose fitness for the work is very slight; in fact, there is so very little of it it may be said to be quite "out of sight."

Most of us have one strongly fixed ambition that, sometime, if we work hard while we're here, it may be found we have sufficient talent to pay for studying in New York a year.

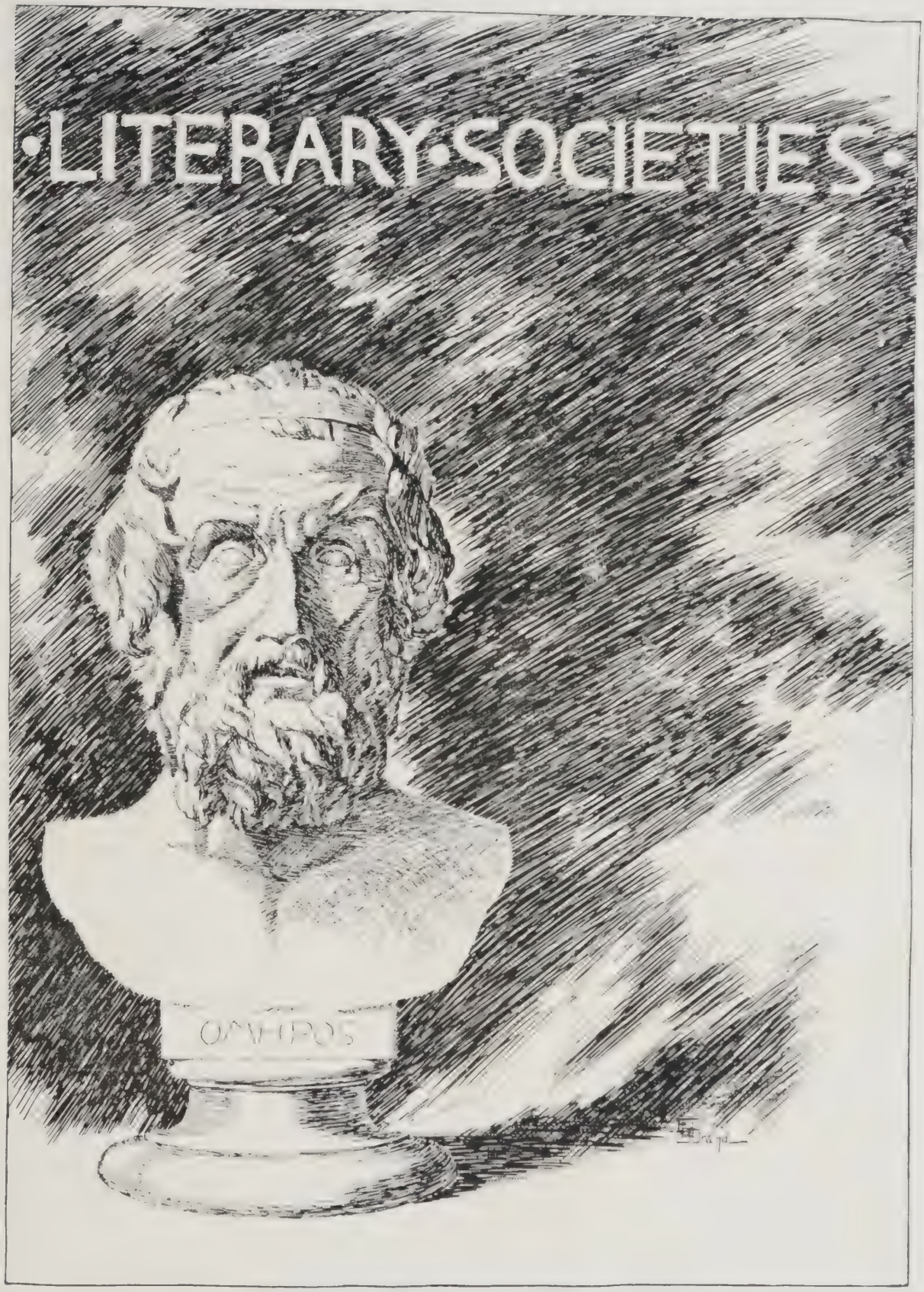
We sometimes have a spread up at the Art Rooms, and then, besides the casts and bones so dry, if you should happen in just at the right time, you might find olives, taffy, fruit or pie.

But mostly it is work, and we're hard at it for two or three or five hours every day. Come up and see our casts (there are four new ones). Perhaps, like others, you'll conclude to stay.



Book Two.




LITERARY SOCIETIES
OMHPOS

Literary Societies.

College.

Phi Kappi Pi . . . . . Founded 1839.
Phi Delta . . . . . Founded 1839.
L. L. S. . . . . Founded 1846.
Aelioian . . . . . Founded 1856.
Alpha Zeta . . . . . Founded 1869.

Seminary.

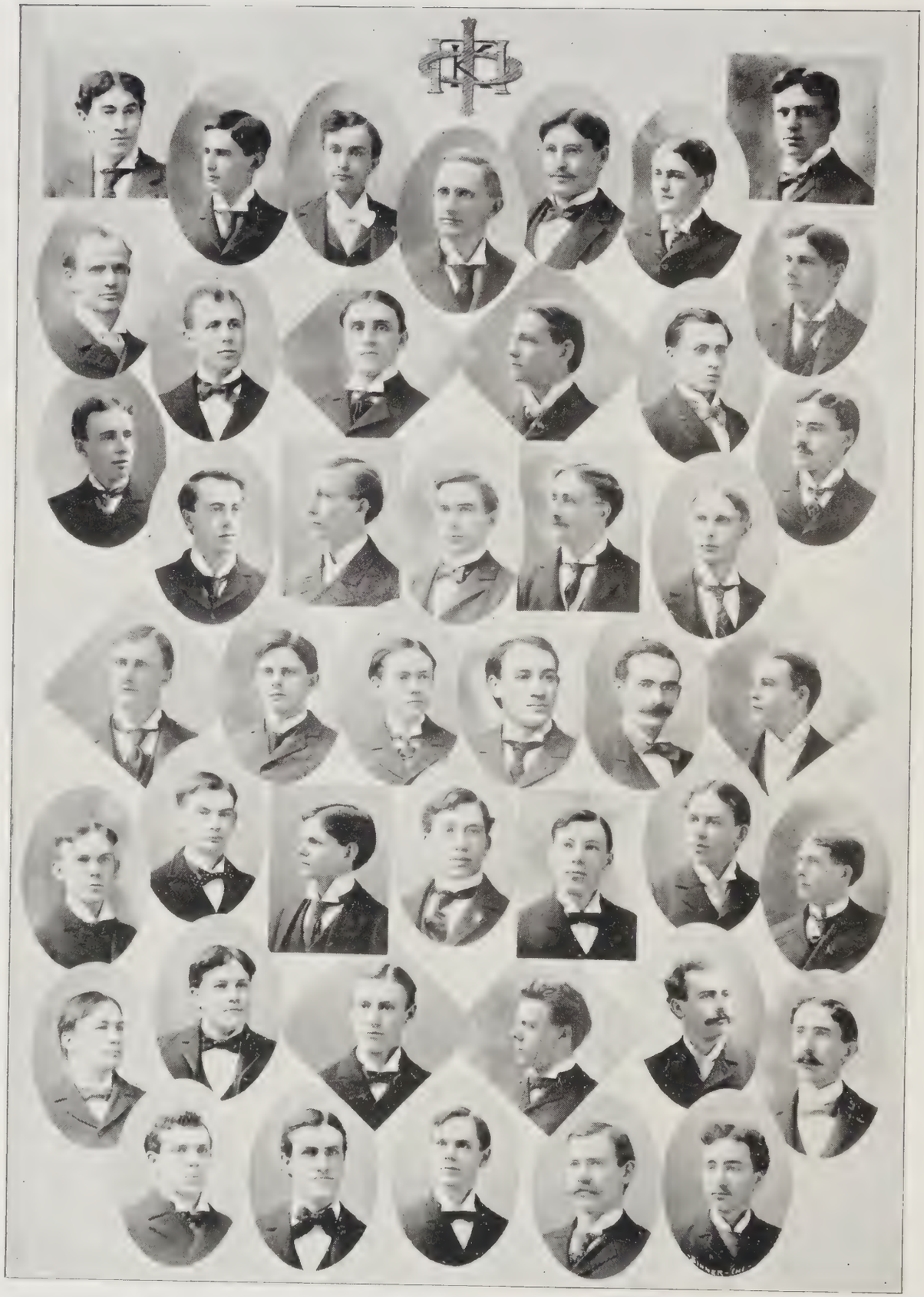
Samekh Aleph . . . . . Founded 1887.
Finney . . . . . Founded 1894.

Conservatory.

Harmonia . . . . . Founded 1894.

Academy.

Acme . . . . . Founded 1881.
Cadmean . . . . . Founded 1881.



Literary Societies.

Phi Kappa Pi.

In the Faculty.

Jas. Fairchild, '38.
A. A. Wright, '65,
M. H. Downing, '94.
C. W. Savage, '93,

1896.

H. S. Barnes,
W. M. Burke,
W. B. Chamberlain,
J. E. Childs,
P. L. Curtiss,
L. B. Fauver,
C. W. Greenlee,
G. W. Harding,
J. D. Harding,
A. S. Hardy,
H. J. Haskell,
W. J. Horner,
M. H. Jameson,
A. B. Laughlin,
S. P. Orth,
B. F. Stanton,
W. H. Stiles,
G. W. Sumner,
E. P. Thomson,
C. H. Waterman.

1897.

J. H. Behr,
W. M. Dick,
C. A. Downs,
W. I. P. Dunlevy,
C. K. Fauver,
V. O. Johnston,
L. E. Lord,
C. G. Marshall,
D. E. Morgan,
A. H. Shaw,
E. A. Seibert,
H. G. Kribs.

1898.

G. H. Durand,
W. R. Hemingway,
W. R. Kellogg,
C. T. Tinker,
W. E. Nims,
J. M. Siddall,
L. T. Warner,
F. O. Wilford,
M. L. Thomson,
J. D. Yocum,
M. E. Kilbon.

Literary Societies.

History of Phi Kappa Pi Society.



THE history of Phi Kappa Pi Society is nearly identical with the history of our Alma Mater. Although about to celebrate its sixtieth anniversary, in spirit it is still young and active. Organized in 1839 as the "Dialectic Association," it was changed in 1844 to the "Oberlin Young Men's Lyceum," under a charter by the Ohio Legislature. Again in 1859 its name was changed; this time to the Phi Kappa Pi Society, with *Φιλία καὶ προκοπή*, friendship and progress, as the motto. The motto chosen then fitly characterizes the society's growth and attitude on every question.

This organization is the mother of all the other literary societies and incidentally of all the literary development of the college. Its offspring has waxed strong and is a fit monument to that maternal care which fostered it in infancy.

Our College Glee Club, which enjoys the well earned praises of thousands of admirers, owes its origin to this society. The Phi Kappa Pi Glee Club was once without a rival in the sphere of college music. Society Congress, that institution of short-lived popularity, was evolved from the brain of a *Φ K Π* man. The Society has always furnished its full quota of men to the "Hi-O-Hi," and "Review" boards, and has often furnished substitutes to the places left vacant by the other societies. In oratory it has ever been at the front. However, there remains to appear the orator who shall win first place in the League contest for Oberlin.

The society has a flag which has stood in the corner for years and toward which each heart once warmed with loving reverence. Its stars are dim. Its stripes are tattered, and the whole has withal a patriotic appearance that would appeal to any loyal American heart. Its every aspect bespeaks war and carnage. In their dreams, as the weary debate dragged on, the members would hear bullets whistling by and see the dear flag grow dearer in direct proportion to the multiplicity of its rents. But this illusion was soon to vanish. The flag was to lose its halo. An Alumnus visited the society and in an address dwelt at some length upon the history of the flag. It had never seen a fight except a sham battle on the Campus. Its tattered condition was the result of a conflict with several generations of Council Hall mice, which used fragments of the stars and stripes to line their nests, hoping thereby to protect themselves against rodent bands of marauders.

Every question of national policy that has puzzled the minds of statesmen has first received a thorough hearing within *Φ K Π* halls. It condemned the policy pursued in the Mexican War and clearly demonstrated the wrong committed by that invasion. The slaves were freed before the idea ever entered the mind of Lincoln. John Brown's raid at Harper's Ferry was denounced as hopeless. Every great act recorded in our national history since the birth of the society has received its moral support or unmistakable signs of its disapproval. How much influence this care on their part has had on the history of that time, no one can tell. Much talent is wasted in the discussion of every great question, and perhaps the thankless public does not appreciate the Society's kindness.

Volumes might be filled with personal anecdotes. How that the little Senior persisted in keeping his feet on the table, thereby bringing upon himself the censure of the society. How that another Senior, as president, ruled the society, adjourned because he could not recall the question under discussion. How that still another Senior began his debate before the judges were appointed. Such incidents, however, belong more properly to a history of that class, and will, perhaps, as the theme of some' 96 man, have a place upon the commencement programme.

Profiting by past experience, with "friendship and progress" as a watchword, the next half century will, doubtless, be an improvement on the past. The Phi Kappa Pi Society of sixty years hence will be an organization of wide influence on college life.



Literary Societies.

Phi Delta.

Faculty.

JAS. MONROE, '46,
G. F. WRIGHT, '59,
E. I. BOSWORTH, '83,
FREDERICK ANDEREGG, '85.
ELISHA GRAY, '64.
RAY STETSON, '93,
G. M. JONES, 94,

1896.

A. AUTEN,
R. C. BELLARD,
E. V. GRABILL,
H. R. HAZEL,
E. H. RHOADES,
R. H. UPHAM.

1897.

A. M. ALFORD,
H. BICKNELL,
H. A. ELLIS,
C. F. GILMORE,
W. J. GOULD,
G. W. MORGAN,
T. M. TAYLOR,
G. J. RAYNOR,
A. W. SHEEKELL,
R. M. STRONG,
C. K. TRACY,
F. B. WRIGHT.

1898.

P. P. BOYD,
J. B. HOSKINS,
T. C. JUNG,
W. H. KEYES,
W. L. LONG,
W. B. MAHONEY,
J. F. RUDOLPH,
W. B. SHATTUC,
C. G. MCDONALD,
C. C. JOHNSON,
H. A. YOUNG,
J. W. MCGEE,
H. C. TRACY,
F. P. WHITNEY,
E. A. HYDE.

Literary Societies.

Phi Delta History.

HISTORIANS have divided the ancient history of Phi Delta into five great periods. The first is the Embryonic Age, extending from the formation of the society to October, 1841. The second is the Stationary Period, 1841-1849, and is marked by blunt good nature and simplicity. The third period is one of intellectual improvement, and has been called the Cox Period, in honor of its champion. For the same reason, the fourth, 1855-'61, is known as the Cravath Period. The Civil War caused a relapse, which gave its character to the fifth period, called the Period of Relapse, ending in 1865, at the rendering of the first complete history of Phi Delta.

The society was christened Philomathesian. Two years later the name Union Society was given, and about 1853 the final change was made, bestowing the present name.

The first place of meeting was a recitation room in Tappan Hall. After Music Hall was erected one room was used by Phi Delta and Phi Kappa for their society meetings, on different evenings. The Union Exhibition, established in 1856, became the most important of the inter-society events.

The great event of 1868 was the occupation of Society Hall. In the dedicatory address President Fairchild said: "The new room is elegant and leaves nothing to be desired." One year after this happy ceremony the new abode was shaken by convulsions, and, as the historian quotes, "infandum laborem," from which resulted Alpha Zeta Society. The ten o'clock rule was forgotten for weeks, special meetings held, and at one time two freshmen were seen facing each other with doubled fists.

On April 29, 1875, Phi Delta won unprecedented laurels in a spelling match with Alpha Zeta, thereby wiping out the disgrace of many an ill-spelled document in her past programmes. Messrs. See, Painter, Roberts and Crane stood victorious when Alpha Zeta's last man had fallen before the word "wheezy." Soon after this Phi Delta gained victories over both the other societies in base-ball.

One of our honored professors, who used to be known, when historian of Phi Delta, as Fred Anderegg, has preserved the following tribute to the early virtues of the society. After the Union Exhibition of 1884, a society reunion was held and Prof. Monroe made a speech in which he said that Phi Delta had always been remarkable for the genius of her members, but especially for their popularity among the ladies. The twenty years that have since elapsed verify this compliment. During these years the old society customs have vanished one by one, till we no longer hear of Sophomore, Junior, Senior, or special quarterlies. They have been replaced by other events.

In the winter of 1888, Phi Delta Society met in the new room in Peters Hall for the first time. The floors were bare, the walls unadorned, and the wrong set of furniture had arrived. It was, however, a meeting full of hope, although there were tender recollections and tearful words for the old Society Hall. The time of meeting was changed from Tuesday to Wednesday evening, and so remained until in the fall of 1892, when Monday night was chosen.

The events of 1894 and 1895 give evidence on rostrum and on athletic field that Phi Delta is still making history.



Literary Societies.

L. L. S.

In Faculty.

Mrs. A. A. F. Johnston,
Miss Mary B. Safford, '91,
Miss Clara Pendleton, '92,
Miss Grace Fraser, '94.

1896.

Anna R. Auten,
Helen Clarke,
Lelia H. Elmore,
Lillian Hart,
Ruth Hoppin,
Jeannette Shaw,
Jessie Shank,
Mella H. Silliman,
Gertrude E. Stiles,
Grace D. Weston,
Cora D. Woodford.

1897.

Hattie Bourne,
Hattie Collins,
Alice Johnson,
Hattie Penfield,
Rose E. Rawles,
Sadie Watson.

1898.

Anna W. Fairfield,
Helen T. French,
Margaret Goodwin,
Sarah Manning,
Minnie May,
Elizabeth Standish,
Katharine Wright.

1899.

Luella Parker,
May Deming.

Conservatory.

Laura Auten.

Literary Societies.

History of L. L. S.

BEFORE the days of foot-ball and Washington Birthday parties, before the days of Monthly Rhetoricals, even before there was such a person as an Oberlin graduate, in the year 1835, the L. L. S. Society was born. What was accomplished during the first eleven years of its life, we learn from tradition only.

The first part of its recorded history is very interesting. The simplicity of life at that time is shown by the constitution "revised and corrected" in 1846. Those members who failed to fill the appointments assigned were considered, according to the constitution, "as inefficient members of the society," and "merited its frowns." Absent members were treated more severely. A written excuse or six and a quarter cents was required of them. There was no set arrangement of the programme. Sometimes one, and then again six, essays furnished the literary programme for the evening. The titles of some of these essays arouse one's curiosity as to their treatment. "Is it right to deck the brow with pearls?" "Sketch of the Nineteenth Century," "A Glance at the Present State of the World." Others are recorded that are not so ambitious, but more practical—"The Scolding Wife," "Why should we study?" and one on the programme for April 11, '49, "Which is preferable, to dig gold in Ohio or in California?" Discussions were often introduced to vary the programme and, later, declamations. For a time, music played a very prominent part and a regular choir was elected to lead the singing. Great ingenuity was shown in arranging the programme. On June 5, '46, there is recorded a "Conversation between the daughters of Job." Unfortunately we have no clew as to the character of this exercise. This was a restless period. The name of the society was altered from the "Young Ladies' Association" to the more definite one of Young Ladies' Literary Society. It was a time of fundamental changes in every direction. The constitution adopted in '55 shows a most remarkable growth. Childish habits were thrown aside, and the foundations laid for a long and useful life. Such a life it has had.

As the society grew older it lengthened the programme, adding the oration in 1856, later the extempore speeches and parliamentary drill, and within the last few years a fifteen minute conversation on important topics of the day. It also became more classical in its tastes; so much so that its common name seemed no longer fitting and to be known by the initials of a Latin motto became its earnest desire. Accordingly in 1878 the motto, "Litterae Laborum Solamen," given by Emily Huntington Miller, was adopted and from that time it has been known as the L. L. S. Society—a name well suited to its present home in Sturges Hall, with its classical pictures and statue of Athena. With the old name, its other abiding places have passed into oblivion—the Assembly Hall in the old Colonial building, with its bare benches and tallow candles, and the more pretentious room in the Ladies' Hall, where the kerosene lamps and wood stove were then thoroughly appreciated.

The influence of L. L. S. has not been confined within its own walls. Twice it has opened its doors and sent out a nucleus of a new society. In 1852 the Lyceum was founded, afterward called Aelioian, a child of which one might well be proud. Harmonia, sent out in 1894, has hardly had time as yet to prove its metal. L. L. S. has taken its part in the training of hundreds of college women; among others, Lucy Stone Blackwell, Mrs. Dascomb, Mrs. Johnston and Emily Huntington Miller.

The progressive spirit that has always characterized L. L. S., continually raising its standards, is with the L. L. S. of to-day. Never have its ideals of true literary culture been higher than now. The enthusiasm and devotion that have formerly carried it on to success are stronger than ever. Long live L. L. S.!



Literary Societies.

Aelioian.

In Faculty.

Miss Anna Town, 90, Miss Grace W. Hubbell, 94.

1896.

Bertha Cann, Sara E. Gibson, Mabel C. Warnock,
Jane Doren, Georgie M. Johns, Susan F. Zearing,
Mary J. Nelson.

1897.

Frances K. Bement, Florence M. Fitch, Augusta Rudd,
Ethelwyn Charles, Anna Jelinek, M. Elizabeth Sheffield,
Martha Chase, Charlotte Partridge, Clara R. Shippen,
Eloise Cooley, Minnie G. Ross, Lena P. Tomson,
Grace E. Erwin, Mabel P. Wetterling.

1898.

Annie Bennett, Clara L. Dudley, Marjorie Millikan,
Nellie Bowen, Florence Harlow, Anna M. Salzer,
Lora M. Cross, Ella Jones, Edith O. Whiting.
Charlotte B. Herr,

1899.

Herma Clark. Anna E. Pinneo. Marion R. Nims.

Special.

Jane W. Davis, Minnie Dickinson.

Literary Societies.

Aelioian Society.

IT has been forty-four years since Aelioian Society came into existence; yet it is only a child, daughter of the older Ladies' Literary Society. The founders of the new society were progressive and believed that women could and ought to debate as well as speak pieces and write the regulation essays; so they withdrew from the old society in 1852, and formed the Young Ladies' Lyceum, where their new ideas were put into practice.

The progressive spirit flourished; the new and best things were striven for, so a new and better name was asked for by the society. In April, 1861, a new name was suggested, and it is interesting to notice that the secretary recorded this as Noelioian. So it was left on the books until the society, after three months of deliberation, decided to adopt this new name, when the secretary corrected the mistake and wrote instead the much-loved name of Aelioian. This is from the Greek word Helios, the sun, and signifies "Light Bearers."

The records of the society during the first four years of its existence were lost in the Ladies' Hall fire in 1886, so the first meeting of which there is record was in 1856. It consisted of two essays, a declamation, and a discussion. The latter must have been the interesting feature of this meeting, since it was on the question: "Resolved, that the cultivation of the social faculties is detrimental to the progress of the student." It makes a student of the present year reflect, and sighing, say: "Ah! There is nothing new under the sun."

The records of the society during war times are particularly interesting. There were two special occasions in the year 1861 when the society adjourned; first, on account of war excitement, and, second, on account of the unexpected return of the soldiers. There is also notice of the fact that "Miss Emily Bowen made some remarks, after which the society tendered her a vote of thanks for the cheering effect of her words in the society's present dejected condition." Most of the discussions of this time were upon some phase of the war and slavery, such as "Ought Oberlin students to enlist for three years?" and "Will the election of Lincoln be good for the nation?" However, even in the midst of war excitement student topics still held a place, for did they not discuss the question, "Resolved that the erection of a gymnasium is detrimental to the interests of Oberlin College!" No doubt here is the explanation of the fact that the men of the institution must still debate this subject, though in a somewhat different form.

The ninth anniversary of the society was celebrated by a public exercise given in the church on August 14, 1861. The exercises were opened with prayer by Professor Churchill; the programme consisted of music and eight essays. In those days it is recorded that they sang a society song, but its popularity has not lasted unto this day.

In the old programmes declamations and reviews took a prominent place. Later, critiques and orations were introduced. The present programme omits the first two and has added editorials and extempore speeches. At first the critique was presented the same evening as the exercises it criticised. The one who criticised must be prepared to give her views at the close of the meeting. In 1860, after quite a little discussion of the matter, the critiques were changed to their present form, where the critic is allowed one week in which to prepare, in the proper proportion, doses of praise and blame for the unfortunates who preceded her.

Aelioian was founded in the spirit of progress, and has maintained this spirit throughout the years. Its history for the present year may be written as one full of profit and growth. Its membership is the largest of the three ladies' societies. The work has been carried on in the usual dignified and worthy manner, interrupted by nothing save perhaps the discussion of society pins and photograph proofs. But boasting neither in numbers nor works, Aelioian would simply point to its membership, past and present, as a vital and enlivening part of Oberlin College.



Literary Societies.

Alpha Zeta.

In the Faculty.

L. B. Hall, '72,
J. F. Peck, '75,
C. B. Martin, '76,
H. C. King, '79,
A. S. Root, '84,
F. E. Leonard, '91.

1896.

C. C. Bebout,
A. T. R. Cunningham,
R. S. Dorsett,
T. Remley,
S. W. Niederhauser,
I. B. Penniman,
F. B. Phipps,
C. G. Sharp,
L. C. Skeels,
G. F. White,
E. Whitlock.

1897.

G. G. Brown,
H. Dudley,
J. E. Hafele,
M. A. Peacock,
D. H. V. Purnell,
A. G. Thatcher,
C. F. Witherby,
H. C. Marshall,
A. C. Gulick,
G. W. Hill,

1898.

L. D. Gibbs,
W. P. Holt,
C. L. Hull,
C. H. Kiracofe,
H. L. Oviatt,
H. B. Thurston.

Special.

A. C. Norris.

Literary Societies.

Alpha Zeta.



THE sense of the continuity of the generations in the making of history is one of the things which, to a very large degree, is lacking in the average college. But in Oberlin there are four means by which this want is partially supplied.

I. The matrimonial bureau, whose effect on the continuity of the generations needs no explanation to an average Oberlin audience.

II. The rules, which are omnipresent, from everlasting to everlasting, eternally the same, and which, according to the Dean's own belief, have transformed him from a simple man into an omniscient being.

III. The Faculty, of whom we hear nothing unless one of them writes a book or gets fired.

IV. The societies. Here, truest and best of all, we have the sense of continuity carried out, except at Society Congress, when the continuity of the generations is lost sight of in the contiguity of the sexes.

In the fall term of 1868 the thought occurred to three members of the Sophomore class, independently and contemporaneously, that the only adequate remedy for the existing evils was the organization of a third society. These three Sophomores were A. F. Hatch, C. N. Jones, and T. A. Hall. Plans were secretly carried on by these movers, and by the middle of the following spring four men each from the Junior, Sophomore, and Freshman classes in each society were elected and added to the list that should constitute the new society. The plans were then made public by the request of these men to be excused from their respective societies for the purpose already mentioned.

A stormy debate was aroused, which raged for three months, and three or four evenings per week were given up to joint meetings of the two societies for the discussion of the great question of the hour. In such a manner was Alpha Zeta evolved, containing twenty-seven members drawn from the two old societies.

In order to attain a high standard of literary excellence, the following are some of the resolutions adopted; and lived up to with certain modifications:

1st. That little less than a miracle should cause the complete omission of a weekly meeting. But as miracles do not happen in these later, degenerate days, nor anything like them, we have not, like our weaker brethren of the other societies, omitted any meeting during the past year, but every week sees the little handful of the faithful assemble and depart in peace, and, as the coal bill goes on just the same, we get the full benefit of our $12.00.

2d. That if human effort could secure it, Alpha Zeta should never have a failure in her programme, and only once during the past year have we had such a failure, and as it would have taken a Divine effort to arouse Mr. Bebout from his lethargy of laziness and woe, we being but human, cannot be held responsible for this slip.

3d. That the general debate should be developed. The most remarkable developments which we have had from this part of our programme are our "Kickers." It takes only about two years of general debate to transform the most peaceful and loving youngster into one of these faithful, long-eared A Z animals, "The Kicker."

As an example of such a transformation, we would refer all to Mr. Skeels. His ability has, however, been largely increased through kicking dogs during his pedestrian tours in the "View Business," which, by the way, he recommends to all his friends, male and female alike, as furnishing the better half of one's education, and remuneration without measure.

4th. That the critic should be absolutely impartial, without fear or favor, while appreciative of merit, unsparing in the correction of faults. Please notice that this says nothing about pie as a means of obtaining remission from all faults.

But, to tell the truth, most of the members have reached such a stage that the only thing that can be criticised is their spelling.

5th. That each member's bearing should always be gentlemanly, considerate and encouraging to the speaker. Whispering, lounging about, moving about the room, and all forms of inattention were to be sternly repressed. This article was all right in its day, when seats were fastened to the floor with two-inch screws, but since the introduction of be-castored, be-springed and be-screwed chairs, it is an utter impossibility to prevent some of the infants from playing "horse" with them, and sometimes the chairs get the better of some of the weaker members, as Mr. Gulick discovered when one of them threw him.

To those students who are not members: A Z needs some able-bodied men to take the places of Dorsett and Arthur Tappan Reed Cunningham. She has the easiest seats, a fair share of "the Kickers," a good large debt, and her principles, as you have seen, are the best; and, what is more remarkable still, are lived up to.

What more can you desire?

Literary Societies.

Samekh Aleph.



LITERARY societies have proved of the greatest benefit to mankind, and the man or men with whom the idea originated ought to be classed among the great names of the human race, and a monument built in grateful acknowledgment for such a beneficent service to mankind. We praise the warrior who has defended his country and applaud the orator who has inspired his countrymen to noble deeds, then why shall we not discover, if possible, the originator and founder of the literary society, that we may venerate his name for founding an organization in which is afforded the keenest mental discipline, thus laying a foundation for the sublimest poetry and oratory.

Some of our greatest philanthropists, divines and lecturers received their first enthusiasm and oratorical ability in the literary society.

The theological students of Oberlin for some reason have been slow in realizing the truth of the above statement, for the literary society for many years played no prominent part in their course of study. The truth began to dawn upon them at last, and in September, 1887, they organized a literary society which continued in a more or less active state till December, 1895. This society was called the Samekh Aleph, and had for its motto, "His Truth shall be my Shield." Its meetings were held once each week. The programmes consisted of essays, orations, readings, and debates. The topics discussed covered a wide range. This society was successful in its work till the autumn of 1895, when there seemed to be a dark cloud hanging over it, and its members were heard to say, "Our days are numbered." The men made various excuses for non-attendance at the regular meetings. Some were out of town lecturing on moral reforms, some were busily engaged in investigating the character of some old monk of the middle ages, and some, alas! could not come.

The number gradually decreased till it required all the members to fill the offices. This was an alarming state, and in despair a few faithful members met on the evening of January 15, 1895, in the Chapel of Council Hall, and—Samekh Aleph expired—to rise—no one knows.

Those who witnessed the death of this once flourishing society were:

F. G. Blanchard,
V. H. Deming,
W. H. Wood,
H. J. Hinman,
W. A. K. Campbell,
W. C. Clark,
G. W. Bliss,
Jas. W. Rain,
W. M. Mair,
Charles Dausee.


Finney
Society

Literary Societies.

Finney Society.

Motto:

"Where duty leads."

Officers.

President . . . . . C. H. Couch.
Vice-President . . . . . H. A. Paddock.
Secretary and Treasurer . . . . . L. W. Mahn.



THE English course of Oberlin Theological Seminary continued for several years with no organization connected with the institution to represent its society life.

In September, 1894, ten new members entered the course, earnestly desiring to avail themselves of every opportunity to promote the social as well as religious instruction to be gained in the Seminary; and together with five other members of the Senior and middle classes they immediately took steps to form an organization for this purpose.

In October following, the members of the course met together and nominated Mr. W. A. Schwimley president, Mr. D. J. Torrens vice-president, and Mr. J. F. Moore secretary.

It was unanimously decided to name the society "Finney," in honor of him who labored so faithfully in the early days of Oberlin Seminary to train those who have gone out into active service for the Master.

Last year every man in the English Course was a member of the society. The same is not true, however, this year. Some of those who have come into the course this year have not joined the society and have failed to reap its benefits.

All of our members who have graduated are now in active work in different parts of the country. Mr. Thos. Griffiths is now preaching in Fredericksburg, Nebraska. Mr. W. A. Schwimley is located at Penfield, Ohio. Mr. J. F. Moore is at Steuben, Ohio. Mr. J. A. Belanger is at Brookline, New Hampshire. Mr. D. L. Senior is working among his own people in the South. Mr. E. L. Anderson is pastor of the Presbyterian at Chicago, Ohio. Mr. Treka and Mr. Kubricht will go out from the Seminary to work among the Bohemians in the West. Mr. W. H. Hannaford was with us last year and part of the first semester this year. He was called home by the illness of his father, and probably will not return to resume his studies. He now lives with his parents at Benzonia, Mich., and is teaching in the college there. He also supplies two churches in the vicinity of Benzonia. Mr. Evans had to leave us toward the close of the first semester on account of failing health.

Our society has proved to be everything we had hoped for. We are assured of a stronger attachment one to another and of a deeper and more spiritual interest in the work before us, as well as the pleasure we have had in our social gatherings week after week. We bid God-speed to those who have left us, and give a hearty welcome to those who may yet join the society in connection with their preparation for service for the Great Master.

Literary Societies.



Harmonia Society History.

"Rich are the diligent who command time, Nature's Stock."

DURING the spring term of 1894, L. L. S., our good godmother, bethought herself of getting old. Her will must be made, and that right soon. She did the most up-to-date thing—called in the law-givers, members of the ladies' bench, or board, and the will was duly written, signed, witnessed, and deposited in Warner's safe conservatory. This will at last found its way into the present Harmonia Society room, and when it was opened, Harmonia found that L. L. S. had bequeathed to her seventeen daughters.

Push, intellect, and a determined "we will succeed" spirit has made Harmonia what she is to-day.

It is true, Harmonia boasts no flag, torn by shot and shell, blackened by smoke (?) and eulogized by eloquent society members.

She has no Romeo and Juliet balcony like that which graces the southern wall of Alpha Zeta. She may not indulge in the high polish that comes from continued rubbings, nor the society varnish that rattles the president. There are no family albums to amuse the children.

No, she may not practice or possess any of these things, but she has brave women who have fought a good fight and have come out in the year 1896 with a larger membership than either of her sister societies.

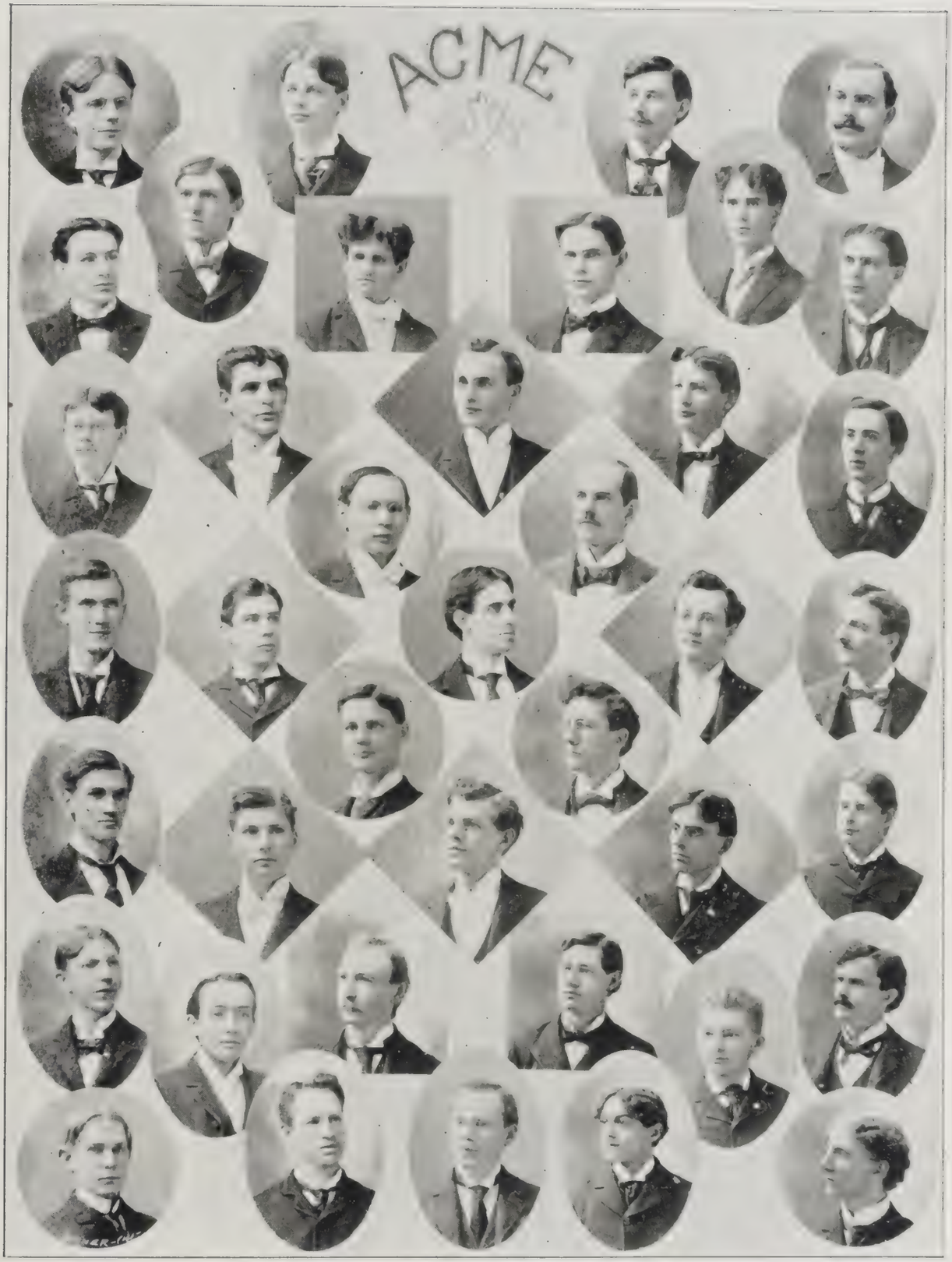
One single professor went down before the resistless power of a Harmonia maiden, and a high school principal from the West ran away with another. The daughters of Harmonia, while they do not believe that "the proper study of mankind is man," will still consider him in a matrimonial light, as a sort of necessary evil.

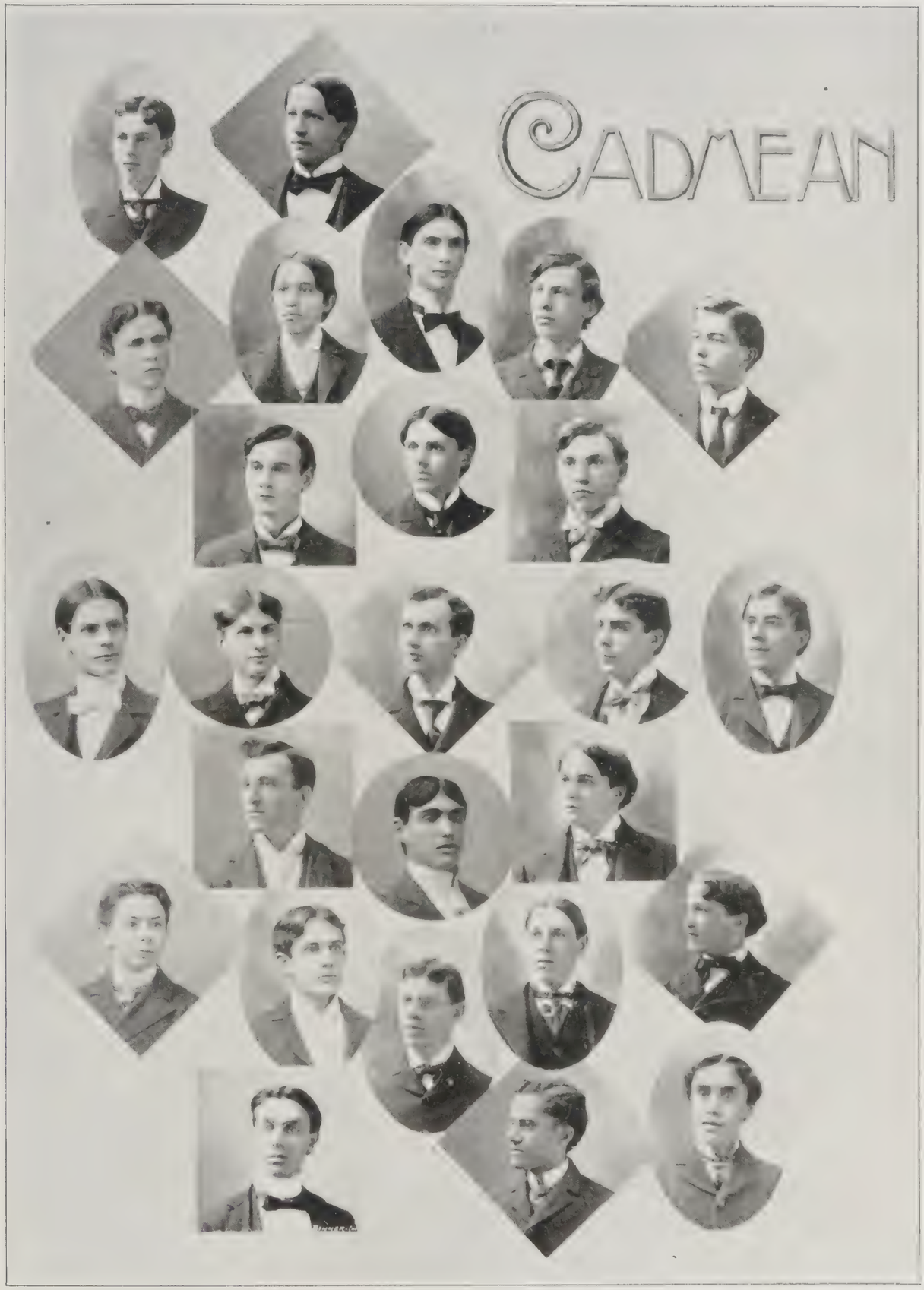
In this society is found classification, a good thing, but seldom known in musical circles. Her women are classified, not as Juniors—oh, no! —nor Seniors, hardly ever; but as a company of earnest workers longing for a broad culture, undertaking duties devolving upon them as society members, and attaining that discipline and culture that comes from demanding the best from themselves and their society.

Members.

Mary L. Yates,
Elsie M. Tade,
Margaret E. Jones,
E. May Munsell,
Eleanore A. Simpson,
E. Belle Wookey,
Nellie R. Follansbee,
Ella M. Berger,
Lucy H. Morley,
May Mix,
Manetta Marsh,
Marion Chapman,
Myrtle J. Stone,
Katherine Goetzman,
Ethel V. Cooledge,
Marguerite McIntosh,
E. L. McIntosh,
Margaret Stump,
Maude Brooks,
Eva J. Smith,
Alice Grass.


HARMONIA


ACME


CADMEAN

Book Three.




Organiz=
ations

Organizations.

Alumni Associations.

College Alumni Association.

H. L. Turner, '66 . . . . . President.
Prof. A. S. Root, '84 . . . . . Secretary.

Theological Alumni Association.

Rev. C. C. Creegan, '79, O. T. S. . . . . President.
Prof. E. I. Bosworth, '86 . . . . . Secretary.

New England Union of Oberlin Alumni.

Rev. W. H. Ryder, D. D., '66 . . . . . Vice-President.
Rev. H. L. Brickett, '75 . . . . . Secretary.

New York Association of Alumni of Oberlin College.

Amzi L. Barber, '67 . . . . . President.
W. M. Bennett, '90 . . . . . Secretary.

Oberlin College Association of Illinois.

Prof. W. B. Chamberlain, '75 . . . . . President.
Mrs. Elizabeth K. Clark, '69 . . . . . Secretary.

Northwestern Oberlin Association.

W. A. Gates, '78 . . . . . President.
E. K. Fairchild, '76 . . . . . Secretary.

Midland Oberlin Association.

C. H. Kirshner, '86 . . . . . President.
Mrs. G. C. Mosher, '89 . . . . . Secretary.

Western Pennsylvania Alumni Association.

Dr. O. J. Bennett, '88 . . . . . President.
Mrs. Alice J. Emery, '91 . . . . . Secretary.

Organizations.

Faculty Club.

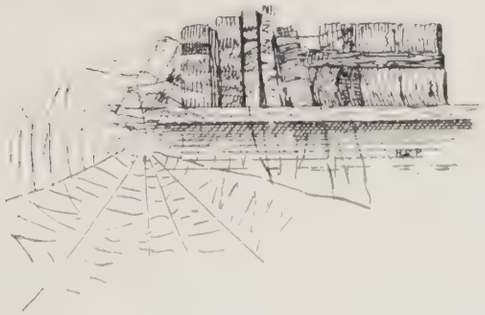
Professor W. W. Cressy . . . . . President.
Mrs. C. H. Gates . . . . . Secretary.

Sphinx.

Professor J. F. Peck . . . . . President.
Professor W. W. Cressy . . . . . Secretary.



Organizations.



Union Library Association.

C. K. Teacy . . . . . President.
Sadie Watson . . . . . Vice-President.
Grace Erwin . . . . . Recording Secretary.
W. M. Dick . . . . . Corresponding Secretary.
G. J. Raynor . . . . . Treasurer.
H. B. Thurston . . . . . Librarian.

Book Committee.

Prof. H. C. King, W. L. Long, Florence Fitch, Ethelwyn Charles,
H. B. Thurston.

Northern Oratorial League.

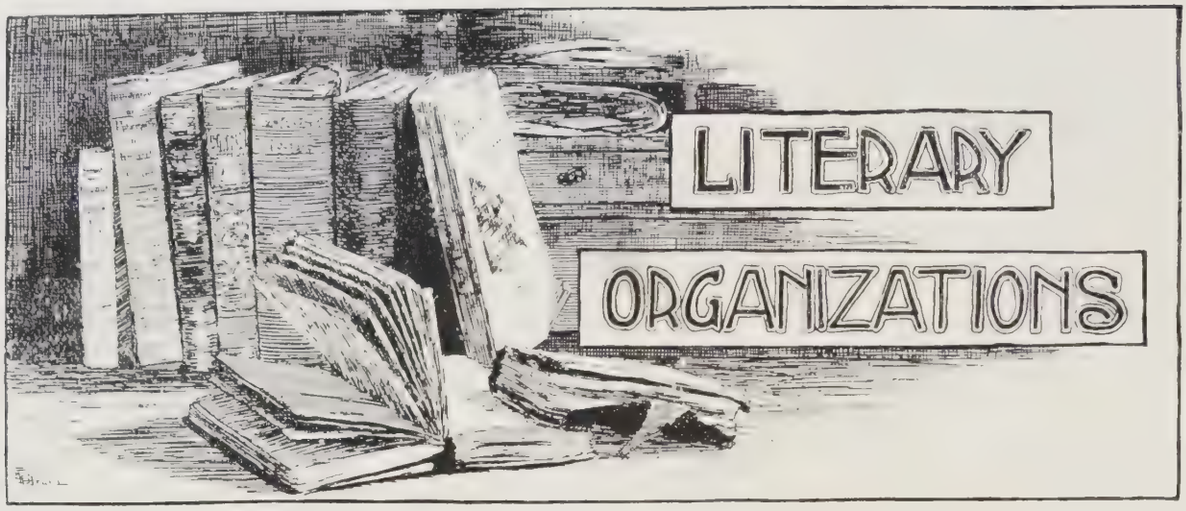
H. W. Hanson . . . . . President.
Iowa State University.
A. B. Kanavel . . . . . First Vice-President.
Northwestern University.
S. P. Orth . . . . . Second Vice-President.
Oberlin College.
A. H. Schmidt . . . . . Third Vice-President.
University of Wisconsin.
J. H. Quarles . . . . . Secretary.
University of Michigan.
R. P. Burkhalter . . . . . Treasurer.
University of Chicago

Oberlin Oratorical Association.

L. B. Fauver, '96 . . . . . President.
Lillian E. Hart, '96 . . . . . Vice-President.
T. J. Remley, '96 . . . . . Secretary.
W. M. Burke, '96 . . . . . Treasurer.



Organizations.



German Club.

Unter der Leitung,

Fräulein Abbott, Frau Swing, Fräulein Town.

Geholfen von

Fräulein Salzer, Herr Jung,
Fräulein Weiss, Herr Hirschey.

Organizations.



Officers.

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Mlle. M. A. Johnson . . . . . Vice Président.
Mlle. Mildred Cressy . . . . . Secrétaire.
M. W. B. Shattuc . . . . . Trésaurier.
M. Kirke L. Cowdery . . . . . Critique.

Membres du Cercle.

Mlle. Acheson,
Mlle. B. Bowers,
Mlle. M. Cressy,
Mlle. C. L. Dudley,
Mlle. N. F. Hills,
Mille. Jones,
Mille. M. A. Johnson,
Mme. L. Keller,
Mlle. Eva Keller,
Mille. Patterson,
Mlle. E. R. Raymond,
Mlle. C. A. Rudd,
Mlle. E. A. Stanley,
M. C. Z. Augenbaugh,
M. Clark,
M. Kirke L. Cowdery,
M. F. E. Elliott,
M. H. M. Hills,
M. H. J. Hinman,
M. W. B. Shattuc,
M. F. H. Warner,
M. J. R. Wightman.

Organizations.



History Club

Papers Read Before the History Club.

Winter Term.

"The Explorations of Colorado" . . . . . C. C. Johnson.
"The Settlement of Massachusetts Bay" . . . . . Miss C. I. Caldwell.
"The Mound Builders" . . . . . Miss J. M. Doren.
"The Puritans in England" . . . . . Miss Margaret Goodwin.
"Social Life in Virginia in 1750" . . . . . Miss Minnie May.

Organizations.



Philosophy Club.

Professor H. C. King.

E. H. Rhodes, S. P. Orth,
R. Stetson, C. H. Waterman,
A. Auten, P. L. Curtiss.

E. C. Shallies.

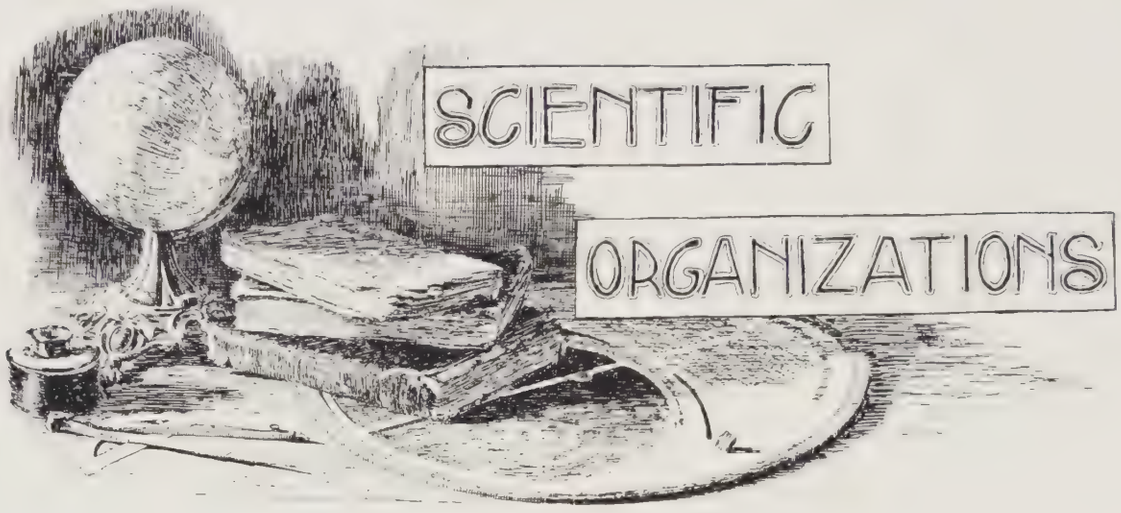
Anglo-Saxon Club.

Miss Nellie R. Follansbee . . . . . President.
Lucien T. Warner . . . . . Secretary.

Members.

Prof. W. W. Cressy, Prof. F. W. Tisdel,
Anna Jelinek, Helen T. French,
Janet P. Shaw, Grace S. Fraser,
Nellie R. Follansbee, Irving J. Cross,
Lucien T. Warner.

Organizations.



Mathematical Seminar.

PROF. F. ANDEREGG, PROF. E. D. ROE, JR. . . . . Directors.

Papers Presented 1895-96.

October 9—"Bernoullis' Numbers" . . . . . H. C. BARNES.
October 24—"Infinitesimals" . . . . . A. S. HARDY.
November 6—"Note on Integral and Integro-Geometric Series" . . . PROF. E. D. ROE, JR.
November 19—"Pascal's and Brianchon's Theorems" . . . . . G. W. HILL.
December 4—"On the Summation of Integro-Logarithmic Series, with a few Examples" . . . . . HARRIET E. PENFIELD.
December 18—"Some Simple Problems in Geometry" . . . . . PROF. F. ANDEREGG.
January 8—"The Integro-Binomial Series" . . . . . A. P. LAUGHLIN.
January 14—"Some Fundamental Problems in Algebra" . . . . . H. J. HASKELL.
February 12—"Recurring Series" . . . . . C. C. BEBOUT.
February 26—"Harmonic Ranges and Pencils" . . . . . HELEN CLARK.
March 11—"A Paper on Caustics by Reflection" . . . . . H. R. HAZEL.
March 25—"The Mathematics of the Greeks" . . . . . L. E. LORD.
April 15—"Scales of Notation" . . . . . C. A. SHARP.
April 22—"Theorem of Numbers" . . . . . H. J. HASKELL.
April 29—"Curve Tracing" . . . . . J. E. HAFELE.
May 6—"Indeterminate Equations of the First Degree" . . . . . HARRIET E. PENFIELD.
" "Centers of Similitude or Prospective" . . . . . G. W. HILL.
May 13—"The Theory of Probability" . . . . . HELEN CLARKE.
" "Differential Equations" . . . . . H. C. BARNES.
May 20—"Measurement of Light Waves" . . . . . A. P. LAUGHLIN.
" "Theory of Probability" . . . . . C. C. BEBOUT.

Organizations.

Agassiz Chapter



H. C. Tracy . . . . . President.
A. R. Tolhurst . . . . . Secretary.

Members and Papers Presented 1895-96.

"The Pocket Gophers"	October 9	Lynds Jones.
"Oil Fields in Western Ohio"	October 23	A. C. Norris.
"Introduction to Carnivora"	November 6	H. C. Tracy.
"Arctoidea"	November 19	T. M. Taylor.
"A Terminal Moraine in Iowa"	December 4	Lynds Jones.
"The Raccoons"	January 22	Everett McDaniels.
"Domestic Dogs"	January 22	Edward Tenney.
"Mustelidae"	February 5	A. C. Norris.
"Wild Canines"	February 19	H. C. Tracy.
"Hyaenidae"	March 4	A. R. Tolhurst.
"Felidae"	March 18	Lynds Jones.
"Cervidae"	April 29	A. R. Tolhurst.
"Bovidae"	May 13.	Arthur Ballantine.
"Antelopinae"	May 27	Clare Bates.
"Camelidae"	June 10	A. C. Norris.

Organizations.



MABLE C. WARNOCK . . . . . President.
H. C. TRACY . . . . . Secretary.

Members and Papers Presented 1895-96.

"Montana Flora"	October 30	PROF. F. D. KELSEY.
"Flora of Iowa"	November 27	C. G. MARSHALL.
"Flora of Constantinople"	December 11	H. C. TRACY.
"History of Evolution"	January 15	S. P. ORTH.
"Evolution in Botany"	February 12	S. P. ORTH.
"Finding Flowers in Switzerland"	February 28	F. H. WARNER.
"Botanical Equipments"	March 12	A. C. NORRIS.
"The Colors of Flowers"	April 8	H. C. TRACY.
"Flower Lore"	April 22	MISS M. C. WARNOCK.
"Medicinal Plants of Lorain County"	May 6	A. C. NORRIS.
"Plants Injurious to Economical Industries"	May 20	PROF. F. D. KELSEY.
"Trees of Our Belt"	June 3	C. G. MARSHALL.

Organizations.



Papers Presented in Economic Seminar.

Fall Term.

"The Periodicity of Panics" . . . . . E. V. Grabill.
"The Haris Bill" . . . . . T. Remley.
"Hereditary Crime and Pauperism in Oberlin" . . . . . G. F. White.
"The Influence of Climate on the Drink Question" . . . . . W. M. Burke.
"The Race Problem" . . . . . B. F. Stanton.
"The Pacific Railway Debt" . . . . . E. Whitlock.

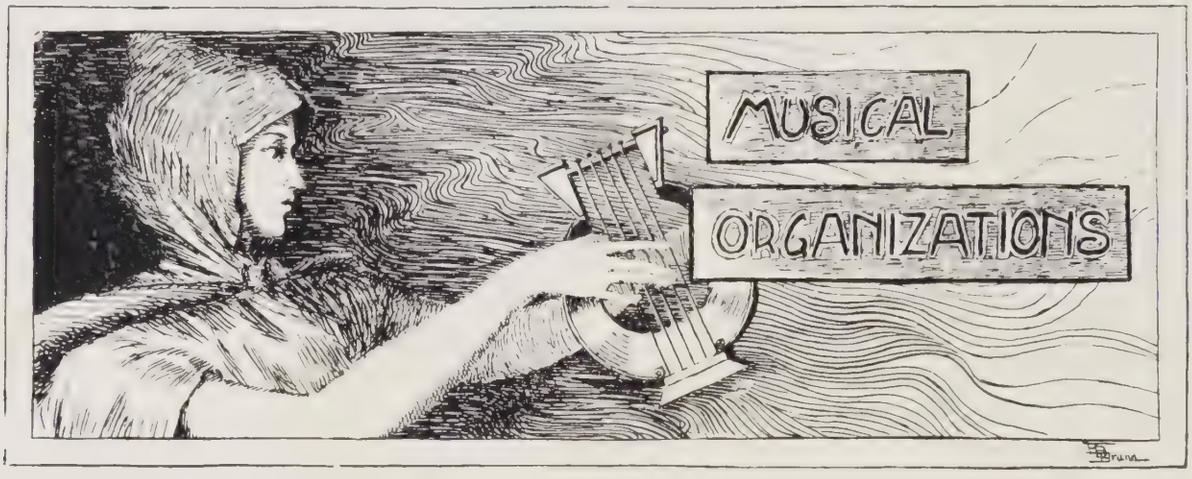
Winter Term.

"Prison Labor" . . . . . L. B. Fauver.
"The Standard of Deferred Payments" . . . . . W. M. Burke.
"The Inheritance Tax" . . . . . G. F. White.
"The Torrens System of Land Transfer" . . . . . E. Whitlock.
"Double Taxation" . . . . . T. Remley.
"Public Borrowing as a Means of Financial Relief" . . . . . B. F. Stanton.

Spring Term.

"The Economic Progress and Present Condition of the Negro in Oberlin" . B. F. Stanton.
"The Social Condition of the Negro in Oberlin" . . . . . L. B. Fauver.
"The Morgenthaler Tax Law" . . . . . G. F. White.
"The Standard of Living of Immigrants to the United States, and their Effect on American Labor" . . . . . W. M. Burke.
"Practical Legislation in Ohio" . . . . . E. V. Grabill.
"Municipal Indebtedness" . . . . . E. Whitlock.

Organizations.



Musical Union.

W. J. Horner . . . . . President.
A. T. R. Cunningham . . . . . Secretary.
L. D. Gibbs . . . . . Treasurer.
H. W. Stiles . . . . . Librarian.
Prof. F. B. Rice . . . . . First Chorister.
Prof. G. W. Andrews . . . . . Second Chorister.

Board of Directors.

Prof. F. B. Rice,
A. T. R. Cunningham,
E. P. Johnson,
W. J. Horner,
L. D. Gibbs,
A. S. Kimball.


MUSICAL
UNION
F. Brandt
after
Laufberger



ADAMS. GANE. MARSHALL. BRECKENRIDGE.
SAVAGE. HORNER. KIRKPATRICK. COUP. MIX.
JONES. DIETRICK. BASSETT. JOHNSON.
WEBSTER. MILLS. LEONARD. PENNIMAN.



The Oberlin Glee Club.

C. H. Adams . . . . . Director.
W. K. Breckenridge . . . . . Pianist.
Miss Lottie Demuth . . . . . Violinist.
G. M. Jones . . . . . Manager.
C. W. Savage . . . . . President.

First Tenor.

H. L. Bassett,
W. A. Dietrick,
H. C. Marshall,
W. M. Coup.

Second Tenor.

E. P. Johnson,
A. M. Webster,
H. I. Kirkpatrick,
H. A. Mix.

Baritone.

C. H. Adams,
W. J. Horner,
C. W. Savage.

Bass.

I. B. Penniman, E. P. Leonard,
C. P. Mills, W. B. Gane,
P. B. Patterson.



Organizations.



Glee Club—Season 1895-96.

Mansfield, Ohio—December 18, Memorial Opera House.
Findlay, Ohio—December 19, Marvin Opera House.
Indianapolis, Ind.—December 20, Tomlinson Hall.
St. Louis, Mo.—December 21, Entertainment Hall.
Springfield, Mo.—December 23, Stone Chapel.
Hutchinson, Kas.—December 25, Presbyt'r'n Ch.
Colorado Springs, Col.—December 26, Coliseum.
Denver, Col.—December 27, First Baptist Church.
Greeley, Col.—December 28, Opera House.
Omaha, Neb.—December 30, St. Mary's Ave. Cong. Church.
Des Moines, Ia.—December 31, Central Christian Church.
Washington, Ia.—January 1, Graham Theater.
Muscatine, Ia.—January 2, Columbia Opera House.
Aurora, Ill.—January 3, New England Cong. Church.
Sandwich, Ill.—January 4, Opera House.
Chicago, Ill.—January, 6, Y. M. C. A. Auditorium.
Elyria, Ohio—February 26, Opera House.
Willoughby, Ohio—March 5, College Hall.
Lorain, Ohio—March 11, Opera House.
Oberlin, Ohio—March 24, First Church.
Oberlin Ohio—March 27, First Church.





MORGAN. UPHAM. HATCH. JOHNSON.
SMITH. ENGLE.

Mandolin Club.

Officers.

WALTER E. HATCH . . . . . Director.
HARRY B. JOHNSON . . . . . Manager.
WALTER H. WINCHESTER . . . . . Librarian.

Members.

Mandolins.
WALTER E. HATCH,
ROY W. ENGLE,
ELLIOTT N. SMITH,
ROBERT A. UPHAM.

Guitars.
HARRY B. JOHNSON,
WILLIAM L. LONG.

'Cello.
GEORGE W. MORGAN.

Organizations.



Y. M. C. A.

G. J. Raynor, '97 . . . . . President.
F. P. Whitney, '98 . . . . . Vice President.
W. A. Hemingway, '98 . . . . . Corresponding Secretary.
J. B. Hoskins, '98 . . . . . Recording Secretary.
W. F. Thatcher, '98 . . . . . Treasurer.
C. N. Reitig, '99 . . . . . Assistant Treasurer.

Y. W. C. A.

Florence Fitch, '97 . . . . . President.
Grace Erwin, '97 . . . . . Vice President.
Marian Chapman, Con. . . . . Recording Secretary.
Ethelwyn Charles, '97 . . . . . Corresponding Secretary.
Marjorie Millikan, '98 . . . . . Treasurer.

Missionary Volunteers.

W. A. Hemingway, ... President.
Frances Bement . . . . . Vice President.
C. A. Downs . . . . . Recording Secretary.
Josephine Walker . . . . . Treasurer.



Organizations.

Political Clubs.

Republican Club.

J. M. Siddall . . . . . President.
W. M. Dick . . . . . Vice President.
G. W. Hales . . . . . Secretary.

Delegates to the National Intercollegiate Convention at Chicago.

R. A. Upham. L. B. Fauver.

Prohibition Club.

Henry Lutz, Seminary . . . . . President of the Ohio State Association.

Oberlin College Association.

C. H. Kiracofe, Jr., '98 . . . . . President.
H. E. Loehlin, Seminary . . . . . Vice President.
W. Shearer, Academy . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer.

Michigan Club.

S. P. Orth, '96 . . . . . President.
W. E. Nems, '98 . . . . . Secretary.
L. D. Glen, '98 . . . . . Treasurer.

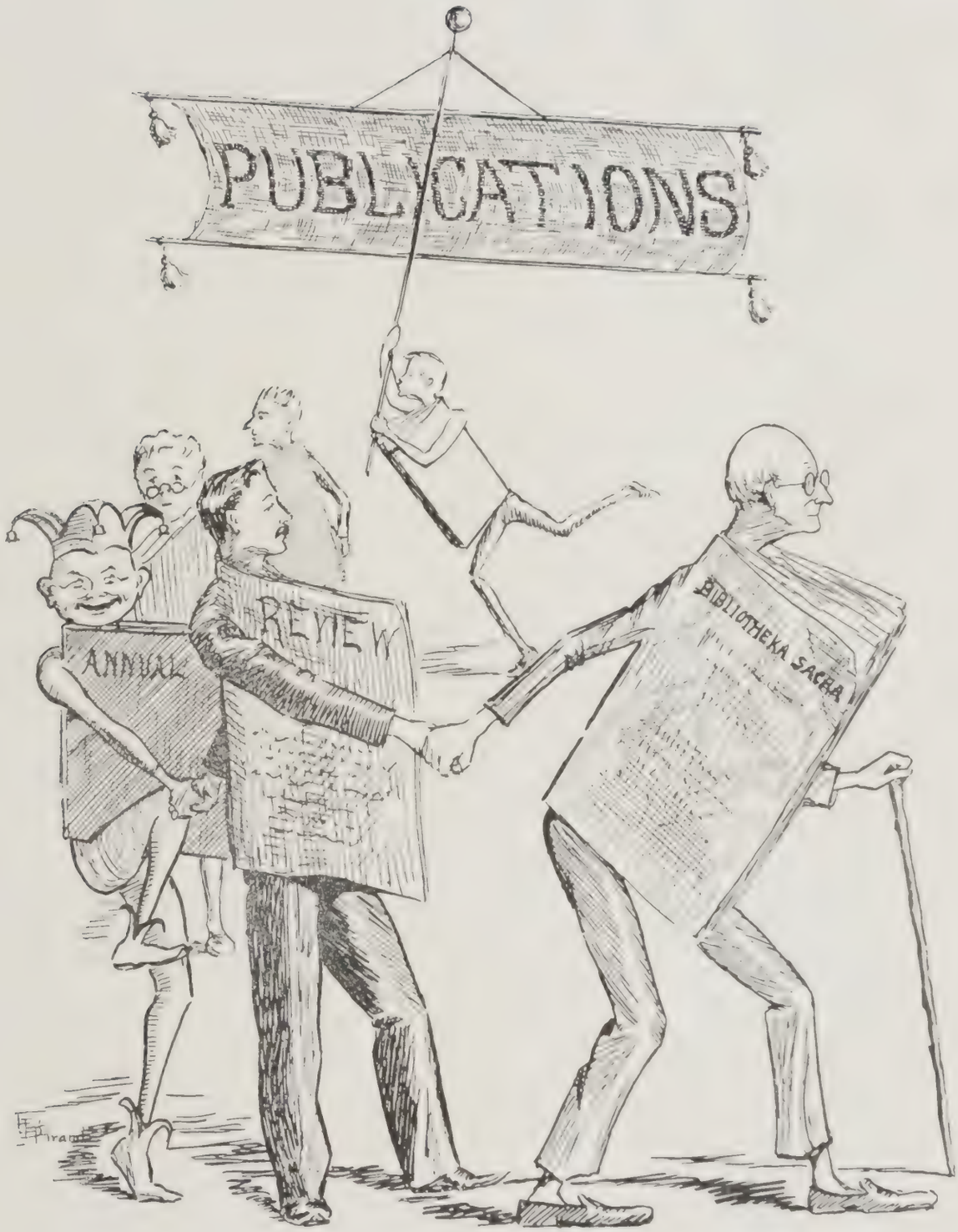
Yell.

Who are, who are, who are we?
We are, we are, we are the!
PEOPLE!!
Where from?
MICHIGAN!!
Where is Michigan?
TOP OF THE HEAP!!!



Book Four.




PUBLICATIONS
ANNUAL
REVIEW
BIBLIOTHECA SACRA

The Oberlin Review.

















Publications.

List of Editors of the Review.

1874—C. N. Jones.
1874—J. A. Winters.
1875—E. J. Malle.
1876—A. Hadden. E. A. Tuttle.
1877—I. W. Metcalf. M. W. Beacon.
1878—H. C. King. W. M. Graham.
1879—H. W. Compton.
1880—Sidney Strong.
1881—D. F. Bradley.
1882—H. N. Castle.
1883—Harry Ainsworth.
1884—F. Anderegg.
1885—R. A. Harper.
1886—J. B. Hendee.
1887—J. R. Commons.
1888—F. A. Hazeltine.
1889—W. H. Wilson.
1890—C. B. Firestone.
1891—Frank Wilder.
1892—E. D. Durand.
1893—G. M. Jones.
1894—C. R. Raymond.
1895—H. J. Haskell.

Board of Editors for 1896-97.

George W. Morgan, '97 . . . . . Editor-in-Chief.
Archer H. Shaw, '97 . . . . . Associate Editor.

Board.

Martha Chase, '97, Louis E. Lord, '97,
Minnie G. Ross, '97, Lucien T. Warner, '98,
William R. Kellogg, '98.

Edward A. Seibert, '97 . . . . . Financial Manager.
Louis D. Gibbs, '98 . . . . . Assistant Manager.


BINNER CHI.

Publications.

Ibi !=O !=Ibi ! Contributors.

Literary.

Harry J. Haskell, '96,
Martha Chase, '97,
Ray Stetson, '93,
Elsie M. Tade, Con.,
Jessie C. Childs, '96,
Elmer Whitlock, '96,
Curtis H. Waterman, '96,
Susan Zearing, '96.

Artistic.

Perry J. Carter,
Herbert F. Steven,
Henry Rudesill,
Alice Dean,
Charles S. Bateham.

also

Minnie G. Ross,
E. A. Seibert,
C. F. Witherby,
Grace E. Erwin,
John H. Behr.

Publications.

Bibliotheca Sacra.

Published Quarterly.

Prof. G. F. Wright,
Z. Swift Holbrook, } . . . . . Editors.



The Student's Hand-Book.

Published Annually by the Y. M. C. A., and Y. W. C. A., of Oberlin College.

H. B. Thurston, '96,
Gertrude E. Stiles, '96, } . . . . . Editors.

W. F. Thatcher, '96, Business Manager.

Book Five.



ATHLETICS





Ohio Intercollegiate Athletic Association.

M. H. Jameson . . . . . President.
Oberlin College.

C. W. Andrews . . . . . Secretary.
University of Cincinnati.

G. W. Straw . . . . . Treasurer.
Kenyon College.

Oberlin Athletic Association.

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B. B. Williams, '99 . . . . . Vice-President.
M. H. Jameson, '96 . . . . . Secretary.
L. T. Warner, '98 . . . . . Treasurer.
C. N. Rettig, '99 . . . . . Field Marshal.
W. B. Chamberlain, '96 . . . . . Foot-Ball Manager.
J. H. Behr, '97 . . . . . Base-Ball Manager.
H. A. Young, '98 . . . . . Track Athletic Captain.

Advisory Board.

Prof. W. W. Cressy . . . . . Chairman.

From the Faculty.

Prof. W. W. Cressy, Prof. E. D. Roe, Prof. J. R. Wightman.

From the Alumni.

Dr. F. E. Leonard, Dr. G. C. Jameson, A. G. Comings.

From the Students.

W. Y. Durand, '96, L. B. Fauver, '96, A. G. Thatcher, '97.

Athletics.

Field Day, May 27, 1896.

Running Broad Jump	H. A. Young, '98	20 feet 10¼ inches.
	H. C. Gould, '98.	
	E. A. Zeller, '99.	
120 Yard Hurdle	G. T. Abbott, '96	16⅖ seconds.
	H. A. Young, '98.	
440 Yard Dash	G. R. Kelsey, '98	54⅖ seconds.
	R. H. Bailey, '96.	
	C. K. Tracy, '97.	
One Mile Bicycle	Roy Engle, A	2 minutes 34⅗ seconds.
	J. F. Beatty, A.	
	H. G. Kribs, '99.	
100 Yard Dash	E. H. Boothman, '96	10 seconds.
	H. C. Gould, '98.	
	H. C. Stoughton, '98.	
Mile Run	C. T. Tinker, '98	4 minutes 53⅗ seconds.
	W. A. Hemingway, '98.	
	H. C. Tracy, '98.	
Half Mile Run	F. H. Warner, '98	2 minutes 12⅘ seconds.
	C. K. Tracy, '97.	
	J. E. Evans, '99.	
Hammer Throw	R. H. Cowley, '96	98 feet 2 inches.
	F. O. Wilford, '98.	
	H. A. Young, '98.	
220 Yard Dash	E. H. Boothman, '96	22⅖ seconds.
	H. C. Gould, '98.	
	G. R. Kelsey, '98.	
Running High Jump	R. A. Mosher, '98	5 feet 4 inches.
	H. A. Young, '98.	
	R. D. Pringle, '99.	
Putting Shot	H. S. Day, '99	33 feet 1 inch.
	F. O. Wilford, '98.	
	G. T. Abbott, '96.	
220 Yard Hurdle	H. A. Young, '98	25⅘ seconds.
	G. T. Abbott, '96.	
Pole Vault	H. A. Young, '98	9 feet 8½ inches.
	J. D. Scott, A.	
	R. A. Mosher, 98.	
400 Yard Relay Race	'98.	
	'96.	
	'99.	
	'97.	

Class Summary.

	Firsts.	Seconds.	Thirds.	Totals.
'98	8	8	5	61
'96	4	3	2	28
'99	1	0	4	9
'97	0	1	1	3

Athletics.

Field Day Records.

Intercollegiate.

Corrected to May 1, 1896.

Event.	College.	Winner.	Record.
100 Yard Dash	Princeton	Cary	10 seconds.
220 Yard Dash	Princeton	Cary	21⅘ seconds.
440 Yard Dash	Harvard	Baker	47¾ seconds.
Half Mile Run	Princeton	Dohn	1 minute 57⅕ seconds.
Mile Run	U. of P.	Orton	4 minutes 23⅖ seconds.
120 Yard Hurdle	Yale	Williams	15⅘ seconds.
220 Yard Hurdle	Harvard	Bremer	24⅗ seconds.
Running High Jump	Harvard	Fearing	6 feet ½ inch.
Running Broad Jump	Columbia	Mapes	22 feet 11¼ inches.
Pole Vault	U. of P. / Harvard	Buchholz / Hoyt	11 feet 2¾ inches.
Hammer Throw	Yale	Hickok	135 feet 7½ inches.
Putting Shot	Yale	Hickok	42 feet 11½ inches.

Oberlin.

Corrected to May 27, 1896.

Event.	Winner.	Record.
100 Yard Dash	E. H. Boothman, '96	10 seconds.
220 Yard Dash	E. H. Boothman, '96	21⅗ seconds.
440 Yard Dash	H. A. Young, '98	54⅖ seconds.
Half Mile Run	F. H. Warner, '98	2 minutes 12⅗ seconds.
Mile Run	C. T. Tinker, '98	4 minutes 53⅗ seconds.
120 Yard Hurdle	H. Keep, '97	16⅗ seconds.
220 Yard Hurdle	H. A. Young, '98	25⅗ seconds.
Two Mile Bicycle	W. H. Winchester, '97	5 minutes 33⅗ seconds.
Running High Jump	H. K. Regal, '94	5 feet 9 inches.
Running Broad Jump	H. A. Young, '98	20 feet 10¼ inches.
Pole Vault	H. A. Young, '98	9 feet 8½ inches.
Hammer Throw	R. H. Cowley, '96	100 feet 3½ inches.
Putting Shot	Hall, A.	38 feet ¼ inch.



YOUNG. WORCESTER. VOORHEES. BEHR. PEIRCE.
GOULD. CHAMBERLIN. BOOTHMAN. FAUVER. McDONALD. CLANCY.
CHURCHILL. McMURRAY. FULTON. MERRILL. KELLOGG.
BAER. MOSHER.

Athletics.



Varsity Foot-Ball Team, 1895.

E. H. Boothman . . . . . Captain.
W. B. Chamberlain . . . . . Manager.
W. M. Richards . . . . . Coach.

H. A. Young . . . . . Right End.
C. G. McDonald . . . . . Right Tackle.
E. Worcester . . . . . Right Guard.
J. H. Behr . . . . . Left End.
D. C. Churchill . . . . . Left Tackle.
W. J. Gould . . . . . Left Guard.
J. H. McMurray . . . . . Center.
C. K. Fauver . . . . . Right Half Back.
W. C. Clancy . . . . . Full Back.
E. H. Boothman . . . . . Left Half Back.
F. H. Fulton . . . . . Quarter Back.

Substitutes.

H. B. Voorhees . . . . . End and Half Back.
E. B. Merrill . . . . . Full Back.
W. H. Baer . . . . . Quarter Back.
R. C. Peirce . . . . . Guard and Center.
W. R. Kellogg . . . . . End.
A. R. Mosher . . . . . Half Back.

Varsity Foot-Ball Games, 1895.

October 5, at Berea	Oberlin	35	Baldwin-Wallace	0
October 19, at Columbus	Oberlin	12	Ohio State University	6
October 21, at Gambier, O.	Oberlin	0	Kenyon	0
October 26, at Hiram, O.	Oberlin	52	Hiram College	0
November 2, at Ann Arbor, Mich.	Oberlin	0	University of Michigan	42
November 16, at Oberlin	Oberlin	12	Adelbert	0
Totals	Oberlin	111	Opponents	48



ANGUS. MOSHER. JAMESON. L. CLANCY. BEHR, Manager.
SHERRILL. VAUGHAN. W. CLANCY, Capt. BOOTHMAN. C. FAUVER. VOORHEES.
G. FAUVER. W. FAUVER.

Athletics.



Varsity Base=Ball Team.

W. C. Clancy . . . . . Captain.
J. H. Behr . . . . . Manager.

A. W. Sherkill . . . . . Catcher.
H. B. Voorhees . . . . . Pitcher.
W. C. Clancy . . . . . Short Stop.
C. W. Peirce . . . . . First Base.
Win Fauver . . . . . Second Base.
Gar Fauver . . . . . Third Base.
M. H. Jamieson . . . . . Center Field.
C. K. Fauver . . . . . Left Field.
L. A. Clancy or H. F. Vaughan . . . . . Right Field.

Substitutes.

A. R. Mosher. A. C. Angus. E. H. Boothman.

Varsity Base=Ball Games, 1896.

April 22, at Oberlin	Oberlin	15	Case	0
April 25, at Hiram	Oberlin	8	Hiram	3
April 29, at Oberlin	Oberlin	12	Berea	5
May 2, at Ann Arbor	Oberlin	1	University of Michigan	15
May 9, at Oberlin	Oberlin	7	O. S. U.	6
May 20, at Oberlin	Oberlin	3	University of Wisconsin	5
May 23, at Oberlin	Oberlin	10	Allegheny	3
May 30, at Columbus	Oberlin	3	O. S. U.	8
June 6, at Ithaca	Oberlin		Cornell	
June 8, at Geneva	Oberlin		Hobart	
June 13, at Oberlin	Oberlin		University of Michigan	



REED. WILLIAMS. WASHINGTON. RETTIG.
WINTER. CLARK. MOSHER. MARSH. CONKEY.
EVANS. G. FAUVER. MOOREHEAD. W. FAUVER. SHERK.

Athletics.

'99 Foot-Ball Team.

Champions for 1895.

O. C. Clark . . . . . Right Guard.
W. H. Sherk . . . . . Right Tackle.
A. Winter, Jr. . . . . Right End.
Edgar Fauver . . . . . Right Half Back.
H. G. Morehead . . . . . Center.
C. B. Marsh . . . . . Left Guard.
W. E. Mosher . . . . . Left Tackle.
L. E. Conkey . . . . . Left End.
J. E. Evans . . . . . Quarter Back.
Edwin Fauver, Capt. . . . . Left Half Back.
W. L. Washington . . . . . Full Back.

Substitutes.

H. B. Reed. B. B. Williams. C. M. Rettig.

'99 Base-Ball Team.

G. Kilbon . . . . . Catcher.
C. A. Zeller . . . . . Pitcher and First Base.
J. McGee . . . . . Short Stop.
E. A. Stocker . . . . . Pitcher and First Base.
H. S. Day, Capt. . . . . Second Base.
F. H. Lamb . . . . . Third Base.
E. A. Sheldon . . . . . Center Field.
J. Olcott . . . . . Left Field.
W. H. Taylor . . . . . Right Field.
W. L. Washington . . . . . Center Field.

Substitutes.

W. Mosher. P. W. Williamson.



LORD. SHAW. HILL. THATCHER.
STONE. SHERRILL. G. G. BROWN. BAER. SEIBERT.
WINCHESTER. DIETRICK. MORGAN. E. D. BROWN.

Athletics.

'97 Foot-Ball Team.

G. W. Hill . . . . . Right Guard.
I. D. Shaw . . . . . Right Tackle.
E. D. Brown . . . . . Right End.
G. W. Morgan, Capt. . . . . Right Half Back.
R. M. Strong . . . . . Center.
G. G. Brown . . . . . Left Guard.
E. A. Seibert . . . . . Left Tackle.
W. H. Winchester . . . . . Left End.
W. H. Baer . . . . . Quarter Back.
A. W. Sherrill . . . . . Left Half Back.
A. G. Thatcher . . . . . Full Back.

Substitutes.

B. H. Stone, F. W. Lamb, J. E. Hafele, W. I. P. Dunlevy,
W. A. Dietrick, L. E. Lord.

'97 Base-Ball Team.

Fred Lamb . . . . . First Base.
D. E. Morgan . . . . . Short Stop.
J. H. Behr . . . . . Third Base.
H. H. Fritts . . . . . Left Field.
E. A. Seibert . . . . . Second Base.
C. F. Gilmore . . . . . Center Field.
A. G. Thatcher, Capt. . . . . Catcher.
J. H. McMurray . . . . . Pitcher.
C. F. Witherby . . . . . Right Field.

Substitutes.

L. E. Lord, G. J. Raynor, T. M. Taylor.



GRABILL. BEBOUT. ABBOTT. FAUVER.
CUNNINGHAM. DURAND. THOMSON. STILES. DORSETT.
ORTH. BAILEY. BURKE. BELLARD. HARDY.

Athletics.

'96 Foot-Ball Team.

R. C. Bellard . . . . . Center.
G. T. Abbott . . . . . Right Guard.
C. C. Bebout . . . . . Right Tackle.
E. P. Thomson . . . . . Right End.
A. S. Hardy . . . . . Right End.
E. V. Grabill . . . . . Quarter Back.
R. H. Cowley . . . . . Right Half Back.
L. B. Fauver . . . . . Full Back.
L. C. Skeels . . . . . Left Tackle.
R. D. Bailey, (Capt.) . . . . . Left End.
W. M. Burke . . . . . Left End.
W. Y. Durand . . . . . Left Half Back.
R. S. Dorsett . . . . . Left Guard.

Substitutes.

A. T. R. Cunningham, S. P. Orth, S. W. Neiderhauser.

'96 Base-Ball Team.

L. B. Fauver . . . . . Catcher.
A. T. R. Cunningham, (Capt.) . . . . . Pitcher.
E. V. Grabill . . . . . Short Stop.
C. C. Bebout . . . . . First Base.
F. B. Phipps . . . . . Second Base.
G. W. Harding . . . . . Third Base.
A. P. Laughlin . . . . . Right Field.
W. M. Burke . . . . . Center Field.
L. C. Skeels . . . . . Left Field.

Substitutes.

H. C. Barnes, B. F. Stanton.



HOSKINS. McDONALD. GEBAUER.

RUDOLPH. HEMINGWAY. GOULD. HOLT.

SHIPPEN. JOHNSON. NIMS. CROSS.

Athletics.

'98 Foot-Ball Team.

J. H. Griswold . . . . . Center.
F. O. Wilford . . . . . Right Guard.
T. H. Gebauer . . . . . Right Tackle.
M. R. Lacy . . . . . Right End.
J. F. Rudolph . . . . . Quarter Back.
J. B. Hoskins . . . . . Right Half Back.
W. P. Holt . . . . . Left Guard.
C. C. Johnson . . . . . Left Tackle.
S. H. Cross . . . . . Left End.
H. C. Gould, (Capt.) . . . . . Left Half Back.
C. S. Shippen . . . . . Full Back.

Substitutes.

W. E. Nims, W. A. Hemingway.

'98 Base-Ball Team.

J. H. Hoskins, (Capt.) . . . . . Catcher.
H. B. Johnson . . . . . Pitcher.
C. Z. Aughenbaugh . . . . . Pitcher.
M. J. Thompson . . . . . First Base.
H. C. Gould . . . . . Second Base.
C. P. Shippen . . . . . Short Stop.
C. G. McDonald . . . . . Third Base.
T. H. Gebauer . . . . . Left Field.
A. H. Young . . . . . Right Field.
W. E. Nims . . . . . Center Field.

Athletics.

Class Foot=Ball Series.

	Won.	Lost.	Per Cent.
Freshman Class	5	1	833
Junior Class	4	2	666
Senior Class	3	3	500
Sophomore Class	0	6	000

Class Base=Ball Series—First half.

	Won.	Lost.	Per Cent.
Junior Class	2	1	666
Sophomore Class	2	1	666
Freshman Class	2	1	666
Senior Class	0	3	000

Athletics.

Academy Games.

Foot=Ball Series.

October 26, at Oberlin	Oberlin,	4; Central High School,	4
November 2, at Berea	Oberlin,	0; Baldwin Wallace,	42
Totals	Oberlin,	4; Opponents,	46

Base=Ball Series.

May 2, at Oberlin	Oberlin,	9; Central High School,	12
May 13, at Wellington	Oberlin,	17; Blue Stars,	5
May 16, at Cleveland	Oberlin,	University School . .	
May 23, at Berea	Oberlin,	Baldwin Wallace . .	
June 6, at Oberlin	Oberlin,	University School . .	



ENGEL. EWALT. SAVAGE, (Coach.) STANLEY. POPE. JEWETT.
RICE. OSBORNE. ROBSON. BRITON. BLAND. WHITNEY.
PEIRCE. BROWN. MERRIAM. COOLEY. EDGERTON, (Capt.) SIGRIST.

Athletics.

Academy Foot-Ball Team.

T. P. Robson . . . . . Center.
W. P. Rice . . . . . Right Guard.
H. L. Edgerton, (Capt.) . . . . . Right Tackle.
J. F. Beatty . . . . . Right End.
C. G. Briton . . . . . Left Guard.
J. L. Sigrist . . . . . Left Tackle.
H. E. Whitney . . . . . Left End.
J. W. Merriam . . . . . Quarter Back.
M. W. Bland . . . . . Right Half Back.
C. A. Stanley . . . . . Left Half Back.
R. W. Engle . . . . . Full Back.

Substitutes.

W. B. Cooley, C. W. Pierce, R. E. Brown, C. W. Osborne, M. B. Jewett.

Academy Base-Ball Team.

Merriam . . . . . Catcher.
Pease . . . . . Short Stop.
H. Whitney . . . . . Second Base, (Capt.)
Allen . . . . . First Base.
Robson . . . . . Pitcher.
Mix . . . . . Pitcher.
Dewey . . . . . Center Field.
Miller . . . . . Right Field.
Ward . . . . . Left Field.
Bradley . . . . . Third Base.

Substitutes.

Price, Bushnell, Loofbourrow.



Oberlin Tennis Association.

L. T. Warner, '98 . . . . . President.
B. B. Williams, '99 . . . . . Vice President.
E. H. Fairchild, '98 . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer.

G. E. Woodhouse, Champion, 1896.

Hare and Hounds Club.

C. A. Sharp, '96 . . . . . Captain.
C. T. Tinker, 98 . . . . . Lieutenant.
H. C. Tracy, '98 . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer.



Athletics.

Oberlin Bicycle Club.

G. F. White . . . . . President.
Roy Engel . . . . . Vice President.
W. H. Winchester . . . . . Captain.

Physical Training Club.

Colors—Smilax Green and White.

Alberta Josephine Cory . . . . . President.
Myra B. Sturtevant . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer.

Basket Ball.

Lord Cottage.		Talcott Hall.
Ina G. Randall	Forward	Lena Tomson.
Jessie Kelly, (Capt.)	Right Wing	Lizzie Sheffield.
Nellie Leyde	Left Wing	Mae Emery.
Anna Fairfield	Center	Etta Patterson.
Ethel Hall	Right Center	Helen Knox.
Eliz. Standish	Left Center	Cora Seward.
Marie Doren	Goal Tender	Irene Childs, (Capt.)
Emogene Hart	Right Guard	Susie Dean.
Esther Sheldon	Left Guard	Laura McDonald.

Talcott Hall . . . . . 0. Lord Cottage . . . . . 0.
Talcott Hall . . . . . 2. Lord Cottage . . . . . 4.

Book Six.




HONORS
AND
EVENTS



"Through England on a Wheel."

PROF. A. S. ROOT, Oberlin College.

"The Cathedrals of England are, to an American, her greatest treasure. The streets of her cities and her country waysides, though different from those of our own land, have yet the same general characteristics. They are of to-day—more venerable, more solid, more enduring—yet, after all of to-day. But the moment you cross the threshold of Canterbury Cathedral you are in the middle ages. Here the hero of Poitiers lies. Here Becket gave up his life. This transept embodies the thought of William of Sens, while yonder in that tower the devotion of Anselm forever bears its testimony. The spirit of the place grows upon you, and before you leave this venerable pile your estimate of that age is more definitely, more truly real than it would have been after years of study in your own home."

"Student Life in Scotland."

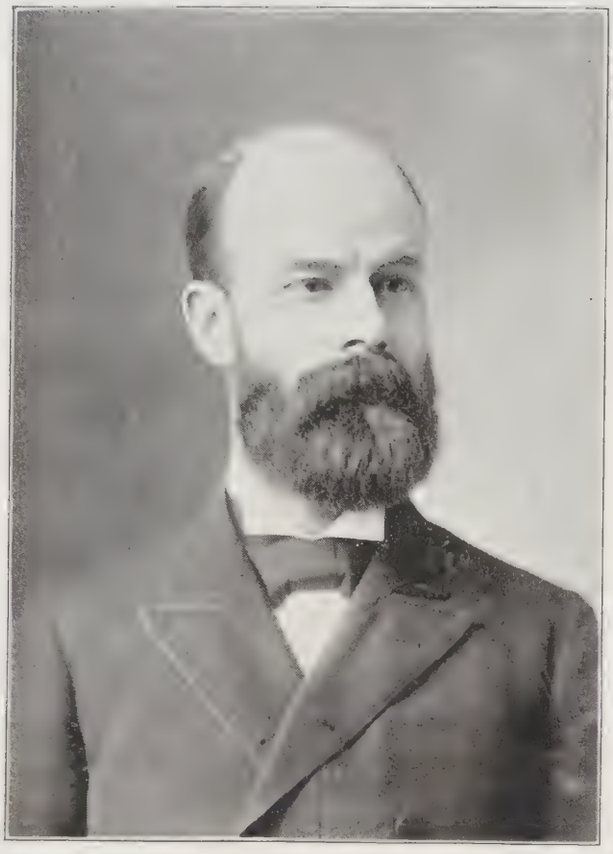
REV. PROF. BRUCE, University of Glasgow.

"What lives in my memory most vividly is the private gathering of students in each other's lodgings, the influence which they exerted on each other, their Saturday rambles or friendly discussions.

"The Scottish University system produces not so much scholars or specialists, as thinkers. It tends to develop individuality. The pre-eminent place occupied by the study of philosophy works strongly in that direction. The Scottish chairs of philosophy have been filled by many eminent men whose influence has tended to make philosophy the most prominent of studies.

"But the chief effort of philosophy is not to communicate positive knowledge, but to throw men back on first principles. This involves doubt and uncertainty of conviction—experiences with which many Scottish students are very familiar. But most of them come out all right in the end—through doubt to faith, through darkness to light."





"Christian Evidences."

PROF. G. F. WRIGHT, Oberlin College.

"It might have been as easy for the early Christians to establish the authenticity of the four Gospels, as it would be for us to prove that Abraham Lincoln delivered a certain oration at Gettysburg. And yet, when we think of it, it is astonishing upon what slight grounds we believe the latter fact. I have never seen a man who heard that speech; nor have I ever talked with anyone who had known a single person who was present at that time. Yet we have faith to believe this implicitly.

"You, as students, are setting out on an unknown sea. It is well that it is unknown, else life would be vain and uninteresting. Three things are necessary for success in life:

I. Faith in yourselves.
II. Faith in your mission.
III. Faith in the God who has appointed you to your mission.

"Without these, life will be a disappointment."

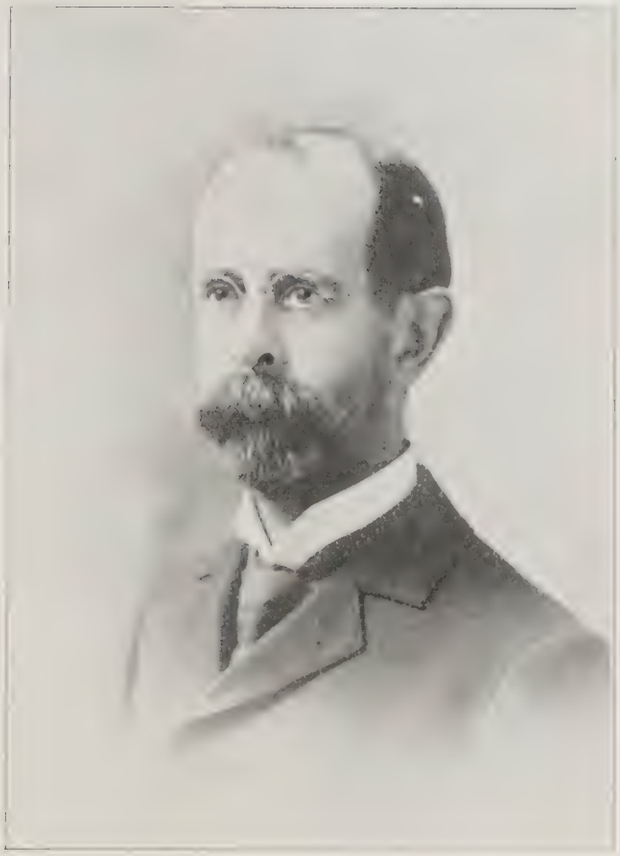
"A Question-Box Lecture."

PRESIDENT BALLANTINE, Oberlin College.

"For a student's general reading a very careful plan should be laid out and firmly pursued. The number of books is practically infinite. Reading must be elective in a pre-eminent sense. As it is the object of a liberal course of study to acquaint the student with all the general principles known to mankind, so it should be the purpose of a liberal course of reading to cover all the greatest masterpieces of literature.

"In 1886, Sir John Lubbock prepared a list of the 'One Hundred Best Books' of the world. If I were a student I should get hold of this list and, with the aid of our Librarian, I should make out a scheme of reading for myself so that I should be certain never to be spending time upon a merely good book, when there was a better and more famous book still unmastered. Let the book of the season sink into oblivion unread; but make sure that you know the immortal masterpieces."





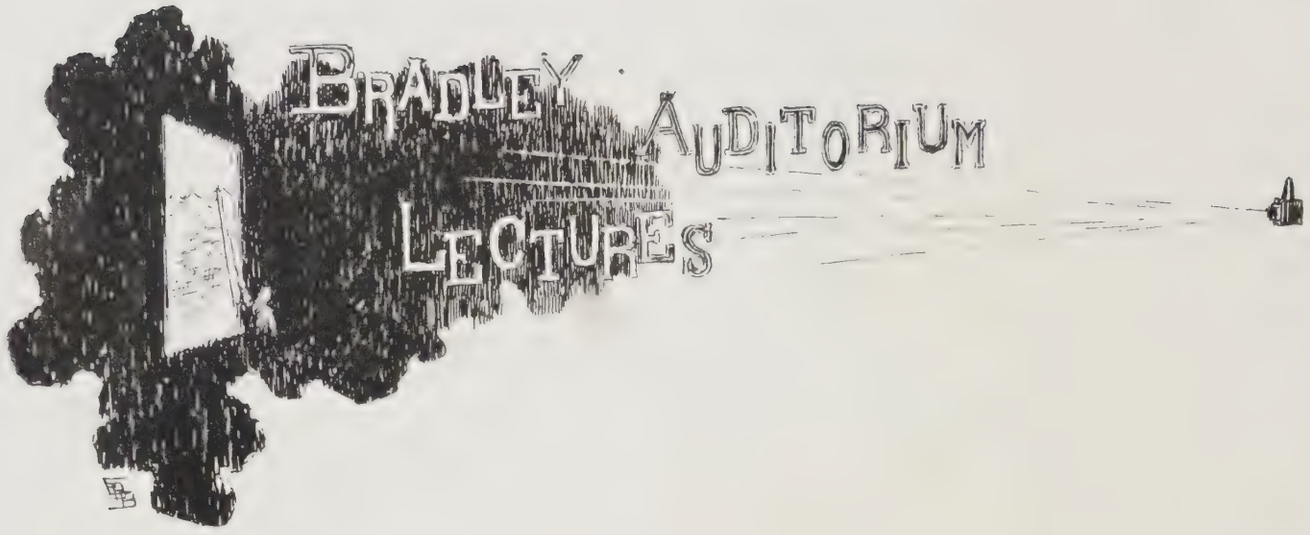
"The Relation of Church Music and Divine Worship."

PROF. EDWARD DICKENSON,

Oberlin Conservatory of Music.

"I have spoken of the analogy that exists between religious emotions and musical ecstasy; but we must remind ourselves that this is only an analogy, that ecstatic delight, although it be most refined, is not worship; that the mood of tenderness that follows a grand strain of orchestral music is not contrition, and that those who speak of all good music as sacred music do not understand the meaning of the terms they use. Devotion is not a mere feeling of ecstacy, it is more than a beautiful sentiment. It must involve a positive consciousness of an object of worship, a reaching up, not to something undefined, but to a God positively revealed and cognizant of the sincerity of the service offered Him."





Bradley Auditorium Lectures.

February 11, Prof. Martin—Egyptian Art.

February 21, Prof. Martin—Athens.

April 21, Prof. Martin—Ancient Rome.

April 22, Prof. G. F. Wright—Alaska.

May 8, Prof. G. F. Wright—Greenland.

May 15, Prof. G. F. Wright—The Alps.

May 22, Prof. G. F. Wright—The History of the Great Lakes.



GARFIELD MONUMENT

A LA PROF. MARTIN.



"The Last Days of the Confederacy."

General John Brown Gordon was born in Usponco, Georgia, February 6, 1832. He was educated at the University of Georgia, studied law and was admitted to the bar, but had practiced only a short time when he entered the Confederate army as Captain of Infantry. He rose to Lieutenant-General and commanded one wing of Lee's army at Appomatox Court House. During the war he was wounded eight times. In 1868, he was the Democratic candidate for Governor, and although the election was claimed by his party, his opponent secured the office. He was a member of the National Democratic Conventions and presidential elector in 1868 and 1872. The following year he was elected to the United States Senate as a Democrat. Although re-elected in 1879, he resigned in 1880. While a member of the Senate he took an active part in the proceedings and was a moderate supporter of Hayes' administration. In 1886, he was elected Governor of Georgia and re-elected in 1888. After his term had expired, he was again sent to the United States Senate, where his term will expire in 1897.

U. L. A. Lectures.

"Dangers of Our Second Century."

John James Ingalls now resides in Atchison, Kansas, although his native town is Middleton, Massachusetts. Born December 29, 1833, he graduated at Williams College, Massachusetts, in 1855, and received his degree of LL. D. in 1884, after twenty-seven years of practice. He removed to Kansas soon after graduating and was prominent in the early history of the State, being a delegate to the Constitutional Convention, secretary of the Territorial Council and of the State Senate. For three years he was editor of the Atchison *Champion*, and during the war held the offices of Major, Lieutenant-Colonel and Judge-Advocate of the Kansas Volunteers. He has served several terms in the United States Senate, showing himself an able debater, and in 1877, he was president *pro tem* of the Senate.





"Dr. Sevier."

GEORGE W. CABLE.

"'Halt! you hounds!' the cry rang out; and as Mary glanced back, three or four men were just leaping into the road. But she saw also her companion, his face suffused with an earnestness that was almost an agony, rise in his stirrups, with the stoop in his shoulders all gone, and wildly cry: "Go!"

"She smote her horse and flew. Alice awoke and screamed.

"The report of a carbine rang out. Two others followed in sharp succession, and there went close by Mary's ear the waspish whine of a minie-ball. At the same time she recognized, once,—twice,—thrice,—just at her back where the hoofs of her companion's horse were clattering, the tart rejoinder of his navy-six.

"'Go!' he cried again. 'Lay low! lay low! cover the child!' But his words were needless. With head bowed forward and form crouching over the crying child, with lips compressed and silent prayers, Mary was riding for life and liberty and her husband's bedside.

"Her Royal Highness—Woman."

MAX O'RELL.

"In France you will see the couples arrive together, walk abreast toward the table assigned to them, very often arm-in-arm, and smiling at each other—though married.

"In England, you will see John Bull leading the way. He does not like to be seen eating in public, and thinks it very hard that he should not have the dining-room all to himself. So he enters with his hands in his pockets, looking askance at everybody right and left. Then, meek and demure, with her eyes cast down, follows Mrs. John Bull.

"In America, behold the dignified, nay, the majestic entry of Mrs. Jonathan, a perfect queen going toward her throne, bestowing a glance on her subjects right and left—and Jonathan behind."





"The Silver Crown."

RUSSELL H. CONWELL

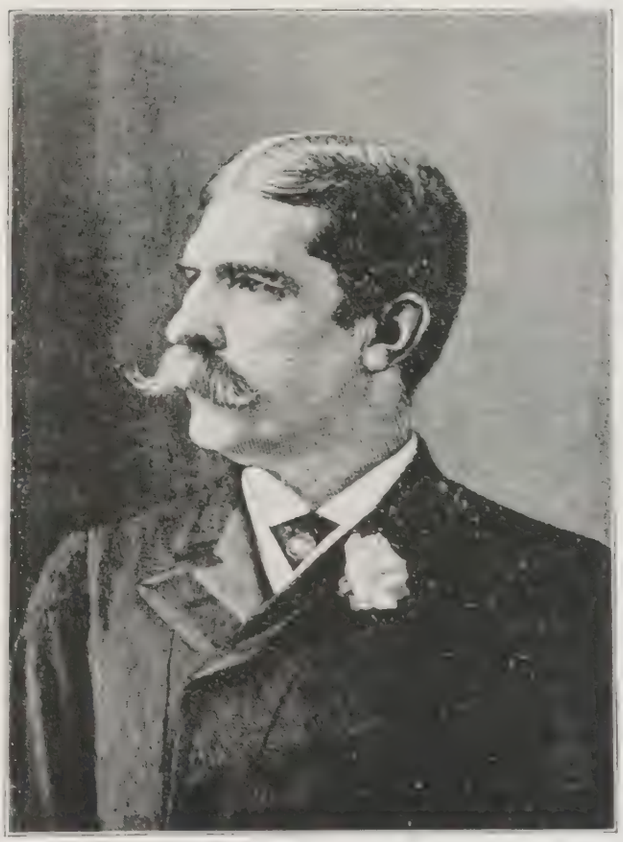
"Let me illustrate who are kings among animals and who are not. Beecher once rode up the White Mountains on a stage coach. When they came to a stop, he got upon the driver's seat and asked if he might hold the reins of the four horses. Upon once getting the reins in hand he wanted to drive, and let the horses start. The journey was very disastrous for a short distance, and when the coach was finally stopped, one of the horses stood with its head through a kitchen window. While the coach was under full way a man up in an attic window called out to Mr. Beecher 'Take a reef in the off rein, you old fool.' The man in the attic was the king, he had noticed something that Mr. Beecher had not."

"From Venice to Vermont."

F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

"And now for a jump of a thousand miles to show you the interior of a church away over in Spain. I was a voluntary prisoner there once, and I am going to tell you about it.

"Upon entering I had laid down my luggage and was watching the kneeling figures. One by one they rose and glided out into the sunlight. As I sat before my easel I was approached by a man who calmly said, 'Senor, it is not permitted for you to remain here longer. You may return again at eleven o'clock."





Northern Oratorical League Contest.

Chicago, Friday Evening, May 1.



*Oration—"Gettysburg" . . . . . F. L. Ingraham, University of Michigan.

Oration—"The Downfall of the World Empire" . A. H. Schmidt, University of Wisconsin.

†Oration—"The Turk Must Go" . . . . . H. F. Ward, Northwestern University.

Oration—"The Individual, An Agent in Man's Development" . . . . . W. T. Wilson, University of Chicago.

Oration—"A Theory of the Growth of Man" . . . W. C. Keeler, University of Iowa.

Oration—"Speculation and Panic" . . . . . E. V. Grabill, Oberlin College.

Oberlin Oratorical Contest.

Warner Concert Hall, Wednesday, April 8, 1896.

"The Scylla and Charybdis of Reform" . . . . . Helen Clark, '96, L.L. S.

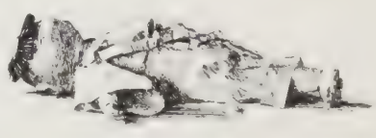
"The Hero of the Middle Ages" . . . . . G. F. White, '96, Alpha Zeta.

"American Feudalism" . . . R. A. Upham, '96, Phi Delta.

†"The Spirit of Romance" . . . C. E. Stubbins, Seminary.

"The Radical and the Conservative" . . . . . P. L. Curtiss, '96, Phi Kappi Pi.

*"Speculation and Panic" . . E. V. Grabill, '96, Phi Delta.



*Awarded first place.
†Awarded second place.

Honors and Events.

Junior Oratorical Contest.

"Harmonious Success" . . . . . Grace Erwin, Aclioian.
"Prison Reform" . . . . . D. Edgar Morgan, Phi Kappi Pi.
*"The Extension of Russian Domain" . . . . . C. K. Tracy, Phi Delta.
†"As It Should Be" . . . . . G. G. Brown, Alpha Zeta.
"A Republic's Safeguard" . . . . . A. H. Silva, Phi Kappa Pi.
"Weapons of Coming Warfare" . . . . . H. A. Ellis, Phi Delta.
"The Great Agitator" . . . . . C. F. Witherby, Alpha Zeta.

Sophomore Oratorical Contest.

"The Benefits of the French Revolution" . . . . . Sarah H. Manning, L. L. S.
"The Relief for the Poor" . . . . . L. D. Gibbs, Alpha Zeta.
*"Labor's Discontent" . . . . . L. T. Warner, Phi Kappi Pi.
†"The Larger Sympathy" . . . . . W. L. Long, Phi Delta.
"Evils of Immigration" . . . . . L. M. Thomsen, Phi Kappi Pi.
"Lifted Through Difficulty" . . . . . C. H. Kiracofe, Alpha Zeta.
"The Message of Altruism" . . . . . W. B. Shattuc, Phi Delta.

*Awarded first place.
†Awarded second place.

Honors and Events.

Society Congresses.

October 21, 1895.

Oration — "A Lesson from Lincoln" . . . . . Mr. Niederhauser, Alpha Zeta.
Story — "Did It Pay?" . . . . . Miss Elmore, L. L. S.
Oration — "An Old Problem Renewed" . . . . . Mr. Whitney, Phi Delta.
Essay — "My Only Adventure" . . . . . Mr. Haskell, Phi Kappa.
Debate — "Resolved, That the group system of studies should be adopted in Oberlin."
Affirmative . . . . . Miss Fitch, } Aelioian.
Negative . . . . . Miss Cann, }

November 25, 1895.

Oration — "Our Grandmothers and Ourselves" . . . . . Miss Watson, L. L. S.
Essay — "Jingoism in Newfoundland" . . . . . Mr. Wright, Phi Delta.
Oration — "Paternalism Viewed from the Other Side" . . . . . Mr. Sumner, Phi Kappa.
Essay — "The Women of Shakespeare" . . . . . Miss Partridge, Aelioian.
Debate — "Resolved, That the members of the Cabinet should not be required to be chosen from among the members of the legislative bodies nor should retain their seats in those bodies."
Affirmative . . . . . Mr. White, } Alpha Zeta.
Negative . . . . . Mr. Brown, }

Honors and Events.

Society Congresses.

February 4, 1896.

Oration — "The Day of Choice" . . . . . Mr. Alford, Phi Delta.
Essay — "The Calumet and Hecla Mines" . . . . . Mr. Siddall, Phi Kappa.
Oration — "America's Duty to Herself and Her Neighbors" . . . . Miss Erwin, Aelioian.
Essay — "An Ideal Summer Outing" . . . . . Mr. Phipps, Alpha Zeta.
Debate — "Resolved, That the subversion of the Turkish Empire would be a gain to its subjects and to Europe as a whole,"
Affirmative . . . . . Miss Hoppin, } L. L. S.
Negative . . . . . Miss Clarke, }

May 4, 1896.

Oration — "A New Era for Education" . . . . . Mr. Sharp, Alpha Zeta.
Essay — "The Need of Individualism" . . . . . Miss Herr, Aelioian.
Oration — "A Plea for Peace" . . . . . Mr. Durand, Phi Kappa.
Story — "Mr. Crosby's Adventure" . . . . . Miss Stiles, L. L. S.
Debate — "Resolved, That the present usury laws should be abolished.
Affirmative . . . . Mr. Hyde, } Phi Delta.
Negative . . . . . Mr. Raynor, }





REED. MILLER. KELSEY. BROWN. NOTT. STOREY. CORBIN. MOORE.

Honors and Events.

Thirteenth Union Annual.

March 13, 1896.

Essay — "What Life Means" . . . . . J. R. Miller, Acme.

*Essay — "The Horse in Literature" . . . . . D. B. Reed, Cadmean.

MUSIC.

*Oration — "The American Anarchist" . . . . . P. L. Corbin, Acme.

Oration — "Climax of Political Corruption" . . . . . E. R. Kelsey, Cadmean.

MUSIC.

Debate — "Resolved, That the Greenbacks Should be Retired."

Affirmative . . { R. E. Brown, Acme. / N. W. Moore, Acme. } *Negative . . { W. W. Nott, Cadmean. / Carroll Story, Cadmean. }

MUSIC.

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*Awarded first place.

Honors and Events.

Declamation Contest.

"Assault on Sumner" . . . . . *Burlingame,*
BURTON RALPH COLE, Hays City, Kan.

† "Caste" . . . . . *Curtis,*
ARTHUR HAROLD HOPE, South Haven, Mich.

"Patsy" . . . . . *Wiggin,*
MABEL LYDA LESLIE, Oberlin.

"Reply to Long" . . . . . *Garfield,*
HENRY THEODORE KECHELEY, Grand Rapids.

† "Daisy's Faith" . . . . . *Mathews,*
LEILA GRAHAM MUNSELL, Schenectady, N. Y.

MUSIC.

Summer (L'Été) . . . . . *Chaminade,*
MISS MARSH.

"John Brown" . . . . . *Finley,*
FRED WILLIAM WALLACE FORD, Manchester, Ia.

"Legend of Bregenz" . . . . . *Proctor,*
KATHERINE BELLE ROMIG, Tuscarawas.

"The Black Horse and His Rider" . . . . . *Lippard,*
FREDERICK EARLE BLUNDEN, Amesville.

* "Fourteen to One" . . . . . *Phelps,*
EVA GLENN LESLIE, Cleveland.

* "Jakey and Old Jacob" . . . . . *Anon,*
FRANCIS SESSIONS HUTCHINS, Cleveland.

MUSIC.

Minnelied . . . . . *Hoffman,*
Evening Song . . . . . *Schumann,*
MISS MARSH.

DECISION OF JUDGES.

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* Winners of first place.
† Winners of second place.

Honors and Events.

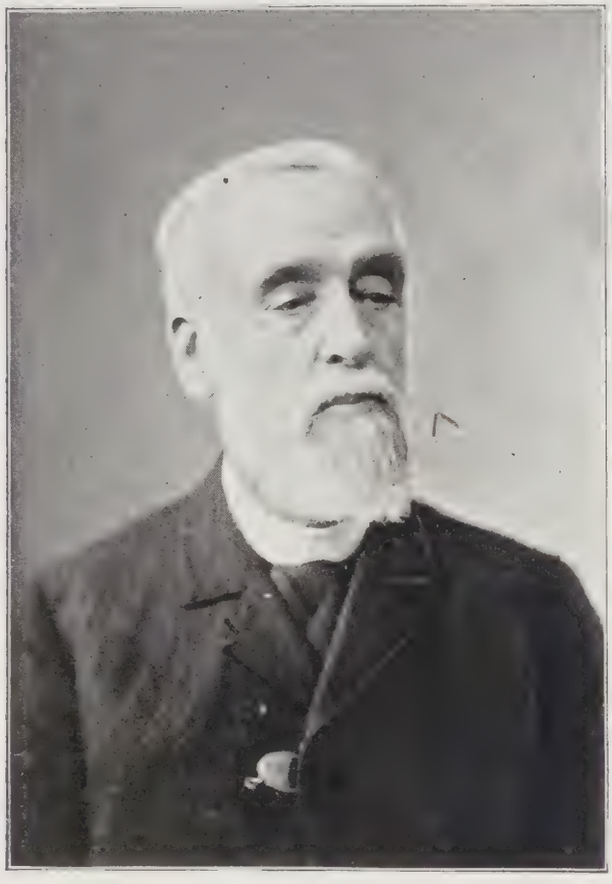
Junior Exhibitions.





G. W. MORGAN, Arch.

James Monroe.



Born Plainfield, Conn., July 18, 1821. Graduated Oberlin College 1846, and Oberlin Theological Seminary 1849. Professor Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, Oberlin College, 1849–1862. Member of the Ohio General Assembly in the House 1856–1859, and in the Senate 1860–1862. Consul of the United States at Rio de Janeiro 1862–1870. Member of Congress 1871–1881. Professor Political Science and Modern History, Oberlin College, 1883. Will retire from this Professorship at the close of the present school year.

It is eminently fitting, at the retirement of Professor Monroe from the Chair which he has occupied so long and filled so ably, that the pages of the Hi-O-Hi should bear witness to the love and esteem in which he is held, both by his colleagues and his pupils.

First.—We admire him as a teacher. Admirably equipped by nature for this position, his many years of public life have given him a breadth of view and a practical experience, by reason of which his courses have possessed a unique value, far beyond similar work in other institutions. Those who have elected these courses have been greatly stimulated by the freshness and practicality of the views presented, while at the same time they have been made to see just what were the limitations of law and of theory.

Second.—We value him as a *man*. His exquisite courtesy, together with his intellectual acumen, have been dominated by a sympathetic and generous heart. He himself has been a daily inspiration and an uplifting, educative influence to every pupil. Within the class room, these qualities, graced by rare oratorical gifts, have enabled him to secure the enthusiasm and the respect of his pupils. In his study, his warm personal interest and his heartily tendered counsel have been of incalculable value. Many a debate has been as the result of his suggestions and many a time his resources of diplomatic strategy have pointed out the path by which to triumph when all seemed lost.

Third.—We value him in the Faculty. As a member of that body he has steadily striven to promote high scholarship and to secure effective methods of administration. As chairman of the important committee on outside representation, he has wisely advanced the interests of the College in the state and throughout the nation. His wide experience, his ready wit, his unfailing courtesy, and, above all, his unselfish, whole-souled devotion to the interests of the College, have contributed to the progress of legislation and have softened the asperities of debate.

In the years to come we trust that he may carry out his plans of publication, so that a far wider circle may come to know and, knowing, to admire his noble character.

Honors and Events.

Prize Papers

In Prof. Monroe's Classes.

Spring Term, 1895.—International Law.

"International Arbitration" . . . . . B. F. Stanton, '96.
"The Monroe Doctrine" . . . . . Miss S. H. Manning, '98.
"The Rights and Duties of Nations in Regard to Immigration" . . . . G. W. Morgan, '97.

Fall Term, 1895.—Modern History.

"Influence of the Reformation on the Intellectual Progress of Europe" . . W. L. Long, '98.
"Benefits of the French Revolution" . . . . . F. P. Whitney, '98.
"Permanence of German Unification" . . . . . J. D. Yocum, '98.

Winter Term, 1896.—Political Economy.

"The Monroe Doctrine" . . . . . Miss Katharine Wright, '98.
"Immigration" . . . . . T. J. Remley, '96.
"The Laborer" . . . . . W. L. Long, '98.

Honors and Events.

Glee Club Concerts, March 24 and 27.



Holiday Concerts, December 12 and 13, 1895.

Given by the Musical Union.

THE MESSIAH . . . . . *Handel.*

MRS. KELISKI BRADBURY, of Boston . . . . . Soprano.
MR. GRAFTON G. BAKER, of Chicago . . . . . Tenor.
MISS GYDA SOHLBERG, of Oberlin . . . . . Alto.
MR. CARL E. DUFFT, of New York . . . . . Bass.
PROF. F. B. RICE . . . . . Director.
PROF. G. W. ANDREWS . . . . . Organist.

The May Festival, May 18.

Given by the Musical Union and the Boston Festival Orchestra.

SYMPHONY CONCERT BY BOSTON FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA.

SAMSON AND DELILAH . . . . . *Saint Saëns.*

Soloists.

SIGNOR CAMPANARI, MAX HEINRICH, MISS GERTRUDE MAY STEIN, MRS. KATHARINE BLOODGOOD, MISS ROSE STEWART, H. EVAN WILLIAMS.

Honors and Events.



Receptions.

September 24—Reception by Seminary Faculty.

September 27—Y. W. C. A. Reception to New Students.

September 28—Y. M. C. A. Reception to New Students.

October 4—Senior Freshman Reception.

November 5—Y. W. C. A. Reception to Conservatory Girls.

February 22—Faculty Reception.

March 21—Y. W. C. A. Reception to Academy Girls.



THANKSGIVING DAY
IN THE EVENING


Society Rooms
'96
'97 Baldwin Cottage
'98 1st Church Chapel
'99 Peters Hall
'00 2nd Church Chapel
Gen. Academy Talcott Hall
Seminary Bennett Hall
Conservatory Warner Hall


WASHINGTONS
BIRTHDAY

Honors and Events.

Washington's Birthday.

February 22, 1896.

At the College Chapel, 10 A. M.

MUSIC.

"The Processional March . . . . *Dubois.*
PROF. ANDREWS.

Address — "The Sentiment of Nationality as Developed by Daniel Webster" . . . . . .
PROF. HALL.

Ballad . . . . . *Henschel.*
W. J. HORNER.



Reading of Prize Odes.

"Sonnet to Washington" . . . . . ETHEL V. COOLEDGE, Conservatory.
"John Brown Condemned to Death" . . . . . H. J. HASKELL, '96.
"The Qualities of Washington" . . . . . G. W. HARDING, '96.

MUSIC.

The Battle Hymn of the Republic.

At Peters Hall, 6:30 P. M.

Reception given by the Faculty to the Students.

Honors and Events.

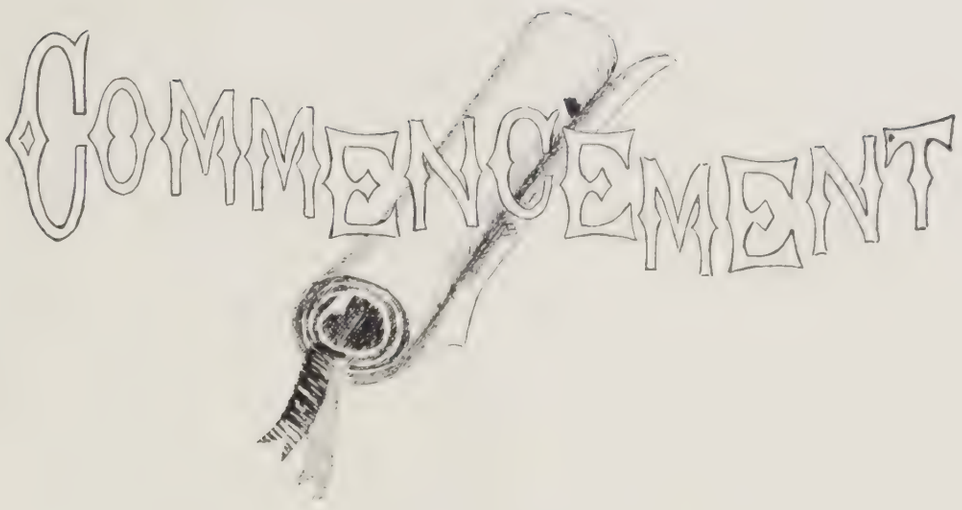


Prof. Andrews' Historical Organ Recitals.

February 7 — Period 1562–1734.
February 28 — Sebastian Bach.
March 23 — Period 1809–1886.
April 27 — Nicolas Jacques Lemmens.

General Entertainments.

October 25 — Lecture — "Frederick Douglass" . . . . . Prof. Monroe.
November 11 . . . . . Horr–Harter Debate.
"Protection *vs.* Free Trade."
April 8 . . . . . Oratorical Contest.
April 14 . . . . . Johnson–Smiley Entertainment.
May 1 — "Lord Chumley" . . . . . Leland Powers.



May 7.

Theological Seminary Commencement. Address by Dr. A. J. Behrends.

June 20.

Academy Commencement.

June 21.

Baccalaureate Sermon. President Ballantine.

June 22.

Conservatory Commencement.

June 23.

Alumni Reunion.

Senior Class Day.

Program.

Address to Undergraduates . . Miss Weston.
History . . . . . Miss Cann.

Class Introduction . . . . . Mr. Orth.
Ivy Ode . . . . . Miss Sillman.

Spade Oration . . . . . Mr. Waterman.
Poem . . . . . Miss Gibson.

June 24.

College Commencement.

Address by Dr. Lyman Abbott.

Alumni Dinner.

Honors and Events.



Artist Recitals.

1895='96.

October 29	Organ Recital	Prof. G. W. Andrews.
November 15	Piano-Forte Recital	Mme. Bloomfield Zeisler.
November 22		Thomas Orchestra.
November 29	Vocal Recital	Miss Gyda Sohlberg.
December 3	Violin Recital	Ondricek.
January 22	Vocal Recital	William Rieger.
February 14		Thomas Orchestra.
March 3	Vocal Recital	Fräulein E. Emery.
March 6	Vocal Recital	Fräulein E. Emery.
March 20	Piano-Forte Recital	Mr. Sherwood.
April 24	Vocal Recital	Watkin Mills.
May 2	Vocal Recital	Miss Margaret Goetz.
May 15		Kneisel String Quartette.

Honors and Events.

Phi-O-Phi Prizes.

The Prize of Ten Dollars offered for the best story was awarded to "Dawn," by HARRY J. HASKELL, '96.

The Prize of Ten Dollars offered for the best farce was awarded to "How They Make the Review."

The Prize of Ten Dollars offered for the best poem was awarded to "June," by ELSIE M. TADE, Con.

The Prize of Five Dollars offered for the best parody was awarded to "The Ten O'clock Rule," by CHARLES L. HULL, '98.

The Prize of Ten Dollars offered for the best translation was awarded to "Horace III, 9," by FORREST E. HYDE, '99.

The Prize of Five Dollars offered for the best collection of jokes was awarded to CURTIS H. WATERMAN, '96.

The Prize of Ten Dollars offered for the best collection of snap-shots was awarded to R. W. JOHNSON, Art School.

For these prizes we are indebted to our friends: EDMUND HALL, Detroit; REV. W. L. TENNEY, North Adams, Mass.; C. D. TENNEY, Tientsin, China; and to the professors and students of the college.

Book Seven.



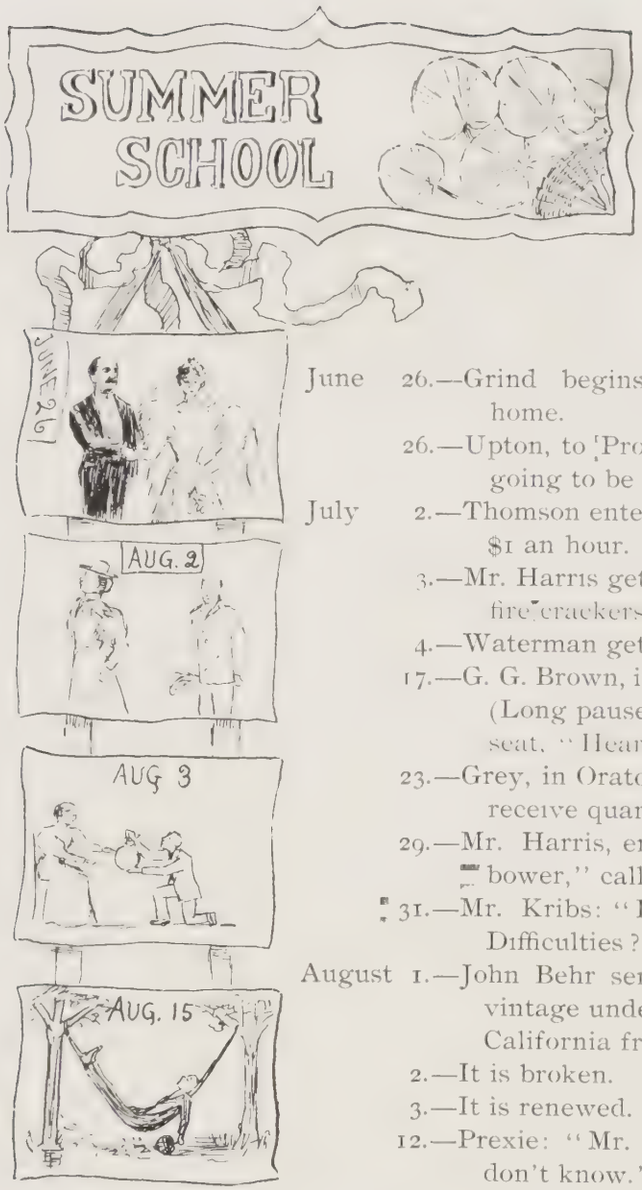

CALENDAR

Calendar.



1.—U. of M., 13, Oberlin 1. "Cy" is again able to use the hat he wore before the Cornell game.
2.—Gibbs in Y. M. C. A. "I find that all my tendencies are downward."
3.—Oberlin 10, Northwestern 8.
4.—U. of W. 5, Oberlin 3.
"Cy" gets a smaller hat.
5.—Reports of Reading in Archæology.—Orth, "Fifteen minutes short." Giles Brown, "All up."
7.—Artist Recital—Mrs. Lawson.
8.—Oberlin 15, Washington-Jefferson 6.
Prof. Root watches the ball game from the lane with appropriate company.
Ten Mile Road Race. Winchester breaks the State record.
10.—Miss Hosford called upon to recite at the University of Chicago, "I don't know, Professor; I didn't know the lesson went that far."
12.—Prof. Monroe, "Miss Rudd, what would you do if you had an elephant on your hands?"
13.—'96's Hi-O-Hi appears. Grabill leaves town.
The '97 Board holds its first meeting.
14.—Ex's begin.
Faculty go in training for the Faculty-Senior base ball game.
15.—Ex's continue.
Senior Academy Exhibition.
16.—Baccalaureate Sermon.
17.—Conservatory Commencement.
Faculty-Senior ball game. Seniors swiped. Prof. Gaylord on third base as Prof. Carver slugs the ball, "Good bye, proud world, I'm going home."
18.—Senior Class Day.
Brand presents Barnes with the wooden spoon.
First Commencement Concert.
19.—College Commencement.
Alumni Banquet.
Second Commencement Concert.
Rules cease and everybody stays out after ten.

Calendar.



June 26.—Grind begins. Everybody but the unfortunates goes home.

26.—Upton, to Prof. Kimball, about to be married: "Are you going to be in the *United States* this summer?"

July 2.—Thomson enters school and makes up Oratory lessons at $1 an hour.

3.—Mr. Harris gets a new suit and Thomson has to go without fire-crackers.

4.—Waterman gets a box of caps (one cent) and celebrates.

17.—G. G. Brown, in Oratory class: "Hear me, for I will speak." (Long pause while Brown thinks.) Voice from the back seat, "Hear him."

23.—Grey, in Oratory: "I tell the rebels I will neither give nor receive quarters."

29.—Mr. Harris, endeavoring to say: "Clear away that best bower," calls out, "Clear away that right bower."

31.—Mr. Kribs: "Have you read the farce 'Proposal Under Difficulties?'" Miss Ross: "No, you might act it for us."

August 1.—John Behr sends Miss Millikan some bananas of ancient vintage under the impression that he is sending some California fruit.

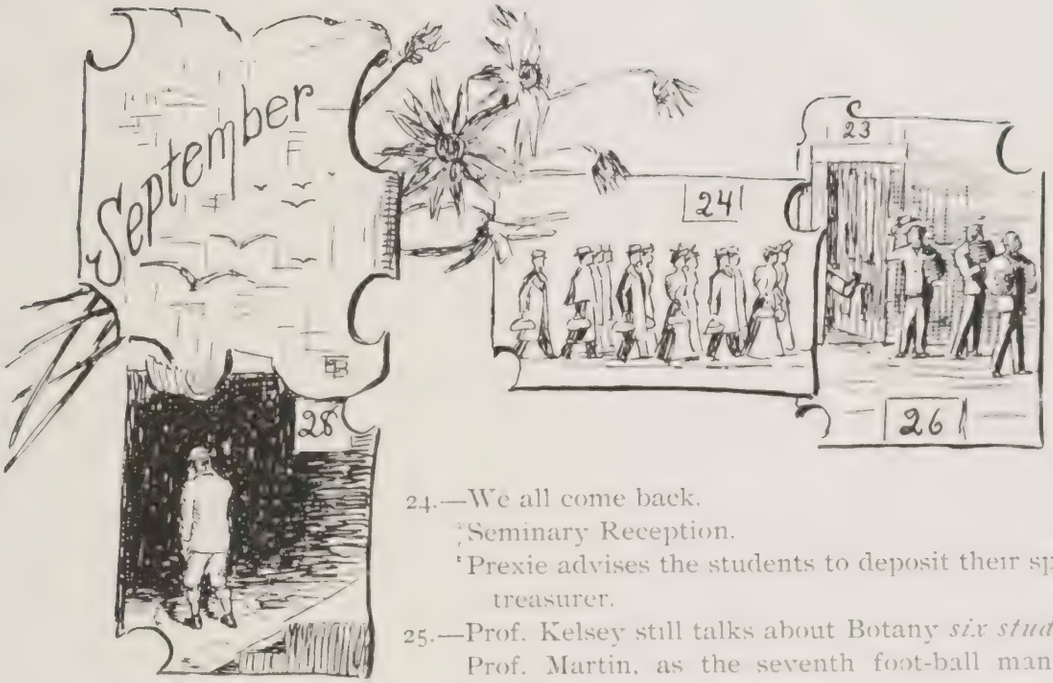
2.—It is broken.

3.—It is renewed.

12.—Prexie: "Mr. Thomson, what is virtue?" Thomson: "I don't know."

15.—"Rest, rest for the weary."

Calendar.



24.—We all come back.

Seminary Reception.

Prexie advises the students to deposit their spare cash with the treasurer.

25.—Prof. Kelsey still talks about Botany *six students.*

Prof. Martin, as the seventh foot-ball man elects Classical Archæology: "I tell you, this class is going to make a fine athletic team."

25.—Miss Johnson: "Now, if it's right for a boy to hold a girl's hand on the ice, isn't it right in other places?" Charlie Adams: "Of course it is."

26.—Students' Conference. Prof. Root announces that the Review and Annual Boards will have to vacate their office.

Dietrick confesses in Psychology class that he often has a state of nothing in his mind.

27.—Y. W. C. A. Reception.

Report on Association in Psychology class: "The appearance of Prof. Root calls up thoughts of the mummy of Rameses II."

28.—Y. M. C. A. Reception.

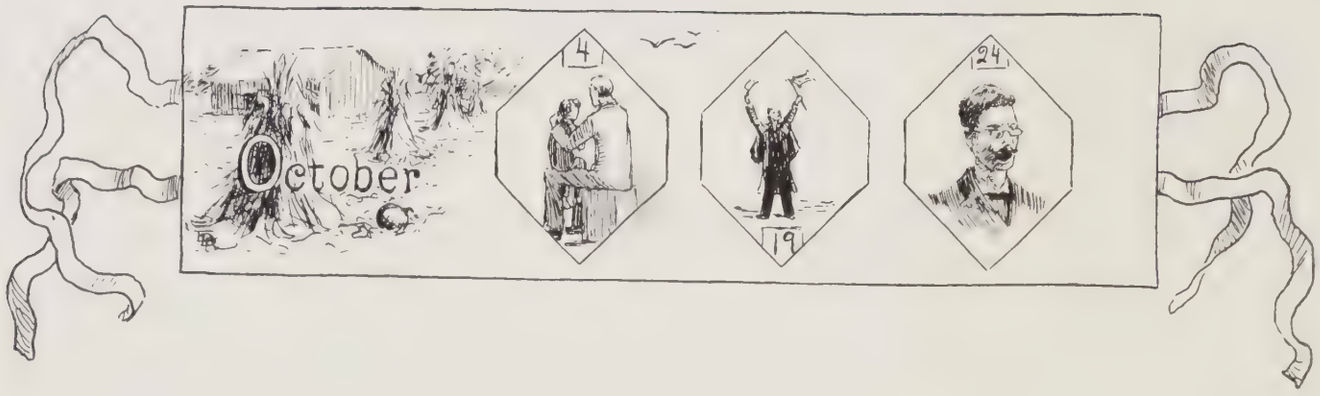
Lou Warner goes calling in his golf suit and gets the shake.

30.—Prof. Martin: "You, who have second-hand books, will find this joke marked ten lines further down, but I'm going to tell it here, anyway."

Prof. King, trying to illustrate a point to C. K. Tracy: "Did you ever hear of the soldier who—" Tracy: "Oh, yes."

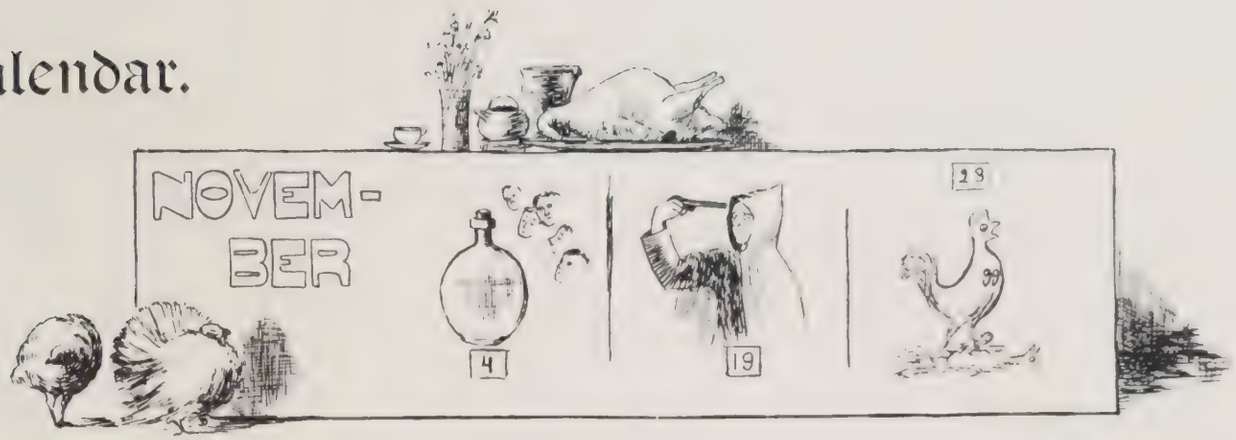
The doctor forbids L. C. Smith to use his voice. Public rejoicing.

Calendar.



2.—Jameson, in French class: "Professor Wightman, how would you tell a person to go to any place?"
3.—Prof. Bruce delivers the first Thursday Lecture.
I. D. Shaw and Co. go star gazing on the Library roof.
4.—Senior-Freshman Reception.
Freshman (six feet four) to Jessie Childs: "Come here, kid, and sit on my lap and amuse me."
5.—Foot-ball season begins. Oberlin 35, Baldwin-Wallace 0.
10.—Mrs. Johnston exhorts the girls to bring their hymn books to Chapel, "I find I get double the good of the worship if I only follow the hymn."
11.—Mrs. Johnston has a hymn book at Chapel.
17.—Dr. Leonard's "Side Talks to Young Men:" "I would not advise immature boys to play foot-ball except with men of their own age."
Mrs. Johnston, in "General Ex:" "My feet haven't been wet for twenty years."
19.—Oberlin 12, O. S. U. 6.
21.—Ex-Senator J. J. Ingalls lectures.
Oberlin 0, Kenyon 0.
22.—Society Congress.
23.—Prof. Monroe: "Mr. Dick has been ill somewhat lately but perhaps he can answer one question. Mr. Dick, what provision did Gustavus Adolphus make for the sick and wounded?
Penniman's girl leaves town.
24.—Penniman starts the hymn: "Sometimes mid scenes of deepest gloom."
25.—Lecture: "Frederick Douglas," by Prof. Monroe.
Tax for "Clark Fund." Supporters of the coach fund look blue.
D. E. Morgan: "This would be a perfectly deserted country inhabited by savages."
26.—Oberlin 52, Hiram 0.
Academy 4, Central High School 4.
Mrs. Johnston hasn't had a hymn book at Chapel for two weeks.
29.—Organ Recital Prof. Andrews.
Miss Shaw, translating: "If there is any labor I do not wish it."
Prof. Wightman, in French class: "Mr. Jameson, what is, 'We love one another?'" Jameson: "I haven't learned that yet, Professor."
30.—Prexie: "If there is a right angle, the sum of the squares on the two shorter sides is equal to the square on the hypothesis."
Prof. Monroe: "What great peace closed this war, Mr. Thomson?" Thomson: "The peace of Axle." Prof. M.: "Yes, that's nearly right; Aix La Chapelle."
31.—Prof. Root's Famous Lecture.
Hallowe'en. Chapel door smashed.
Giles Brown falls from grace and slugs Bob Upham.

Calendar.



2.—U. of M. 42, Oberlin 0.
Baldwin-Wallace 26, Academy 0.

4.—Prof. Wightman: "Mr. Voorhees, what is 'eau-de-vie?'" Voorhees: "I couldn't find it, Professor." Prof. W.: "No, you probably could not in Oberlin; it means brandy."

5.—Y. W. C. A. Reception.
Miss Clark: "It was a huge, rather large animal."

6.—Cowley: "I would not advise men who are engaged to take up canvassing for a summer work."

7.—Behr, in Psychology, "Do people see other animals besides snakes in delirium tremens?" Prof. King: "I don't know." Tracy, confidently: "They do!"

9.—Senior Social. Juniors lunch off Senior bananas.

11.—Horr-Harter Debate.

12.—Prof. Wightman: "What is the present indicative of 'aller?'" Ford: "Alasse." Prof. W.: "Alas, 'tis not alasse." Class faint.

15.—Piano-forte Recital—Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler.

16.—Oberlin 12, Adelbert 0.
Oberlin holds the State championship.

18.—Hafele, in debate: "I will say right here before I begin—"

19.—Horner, in History class: "Monte Carlo is famous for the religious zeal of its monasteries."
Prof. A. A. Wright: "What kind of insects chirp, Miss Weston?" Miss Weston: "Birds."
Miss Cressy begins boarding at the Hotel.

20.—Gen. J. B. Gordon's Lecture.
George Morgan goes to the Hotel to board.

21.—Prof. Wightman: "Mr. Jameson, how would you say in French, 'Nobody loves you?'" "That is not so, however."

22.—Thomas Orchestra.
Prof. Martin, describing Egyptian statue: "The woman has her left arm round the man's neck. That happens very often."

23.—'99 wins the College Championship. Seniors conclude that three years is long enough.

25.—Society Congress.
White: "Our government is the only republic that has stood for ages."

26.—Senior boys discussing the propriety of sending flowers Thanksgiving; Lou Fauver: "I'd rather pay a little more and have something pretty."

27.—Prof. Wightman: "Mr. Brown, if your name in French is 'brun,' what would the feminine be?" Brown: "I haven't decided yet."
Prof. A. A. Wright: "Now we have some interesting reptiles this morning, Miss Hutchins, for example, the Dixosaur."

28.—Thanksgiving Day.
Seniors, Freshmen and Senior Cads lose their refreshments.
Mosher swipes the hare and hound bags.
W. M. Burke calls on the minister with a *friend* and afterwards receives congratulations.

29.—Vocal Recital—Miss Gyda Sohlberg.
Prof. Martin: "This is a relief from the coffin of Rameses II."

Calendar.



2.—Prof. Martin, to Freshman, who is making wild guesses at the tense of 'regam': "Try again, I like to encourage home industries."

Thurston, Secretary of A Z, reading the minutes: "Mr. Brown led the Secretary in prayer."

3.—Violin Recital—Ondricek.

Prexie says the day of practical jokes is past. "Does he mean Thanksgiving Day?"

5.—Miss Cooley: "Are you a Junior or a Senior, Mr. Curtiss?" Curtiss: "A Senior." Miss Cooley: "How very young the Seniors are this year."

6.—Dr. Leonard, examining Grabill: "What exercise do you take?" Grabill: "I board at Baldwin." Dr. L.: "That is sufficient."

7.—"Mike" Winchester and Bill Chamberlin go for a ride and return from Elyria at 3 A. M. on foot. Burge collars 'em.

9.—Prof. Wightman, in French class: "How would you say, 'I have an apple and give it to my friend,' Mr. Mosher?" Mosher, in astonishment: "All of it?"

10.—Prof. Anderegg leads in chapel and does not mention "the cattle on the thousand hills."

11.—Miss Abbott, calling the roll: "Mr. Clark, are you here?" Clark: "Ya meine Frau?" Miss A.: "This is so sudden."

Loomis to Art Ballantine: "Where is the freak?" Art: "Do you mean my father?" Loomis: "No, why?" Art: "I've often heard him called that."

12.—First Messiah Concert.

Mr. Cowdery tries to furnish wind for the Chapel organ.

13.—Second Messiah Concert.

Miss Gilbert decides not to sing.

16.—Dietrick, at Rice's gallery: "I'll go home with any other three fellows."

17.—Prexie roasts the fellows who swiped the Senior refreshments.

Freshman, translating: "They expelled the Rutili." (Pause) Prof. Martin: "Well, how did they do it; have a Faculty meeting?"

18.—Glee Club start on their trip.

20.—Vacation begins.

Calendar.



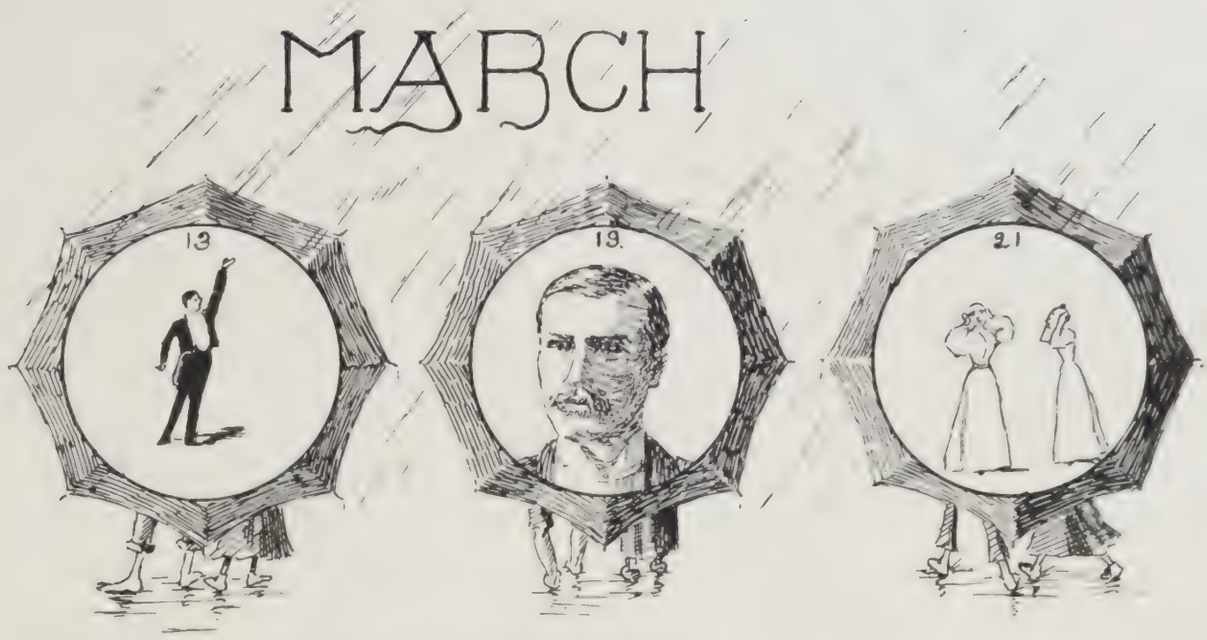
2.—Dorsett orders a suit for himself of Waramaker & Brown.
6.—Simpson, '99, and lady showered with rice.
7.—Dorsett receives a letter from W. & B. saying they cannot undertake an out-door job till the weather moderates.
School begins.
8.—A young lady starting her brother in the Academy has him assigned to Mr. Jones' Algebra class. Later she returns to Mr. Jones, asst. assigning officer, and asks to have her brother changed to Miss Pendleton's class, as she has heard that Mr. Jones is no good.
9.—Ramsey broke.—Borrows money of landlady to get a hair cut.
10.—Prof. Wightman, in French class: "Give me in French, 'I am dying of hunger.'" Fritts: "Je meurs de femme."
11.—Dr. Leonard in Physiology: "The Lymphatic duct enters the venous system just behind the collar button."
13.—Behr, J. H., is requested to speak in Phi Kappa on "Liberties Enjoyed Under a Severe and Exacting Spouse."
14.—Gebauer, '98, writes out his reports for the winter term.
15.—Mr. Harding translates "un curè cheuveux blancs," "a priest on a white horse."
16.—The Junior 'Cads vote as their class distinction, to wear gowns—at night.
17.—Miss Hosford: "There are no very young or inexperienced girls at Chicago University since they have no Academy or Conservatory."
18.—Report handed in by Fairchild, '98: "Absent from church.—Took a bath."
20.—Prof. Monroe, as Stanton and Wright leave the room: "I have excused a couple this morning."
22.—Preliminary Oratorical Contest.
Pres. Ballantine, in Logic: "Give example of the Fallacy of Many Questions." Ellis: "Have you left off beating your mother-in-law?"
23.—Miss Abbott, in class: "The writer, Mr. Wright, has his endings right there!"
Pres. Ballantine gives a Question-Box Lecture.
24.—John Behr says Grace three times a day.
Fred White, in Prof. Monroe's class, asks if brandy and champagne are not necessaries of life.
Max O'Rell's Lecture.
25.—Mr. Greenlee: "How much do Chinese laborers get?" Prof. Monroe: "Do you mean Coolies?"
27.—Barnes, in society: "Like a pug-dog with his hair on end, shaking his fists in his neighbor's face."
Soph. theme question: "She was an angular woman, somewhat bent with rheumatism and a creaky voice."
28.—Senior Theology. Skeels: "The sinner probably knows that something—eh—in the future life—eh—he must—eh—suffer the consequences of wrong doing." Pres. Ballantine: "Well, Mr. Hazel, can't you put Mr. Skeels' idea into stronger language?"
29.—Tisdel to class: "So if anyone is absent, sick, or dead he gets a zero."
30.—Day of prayer for colleges.

Calendar.



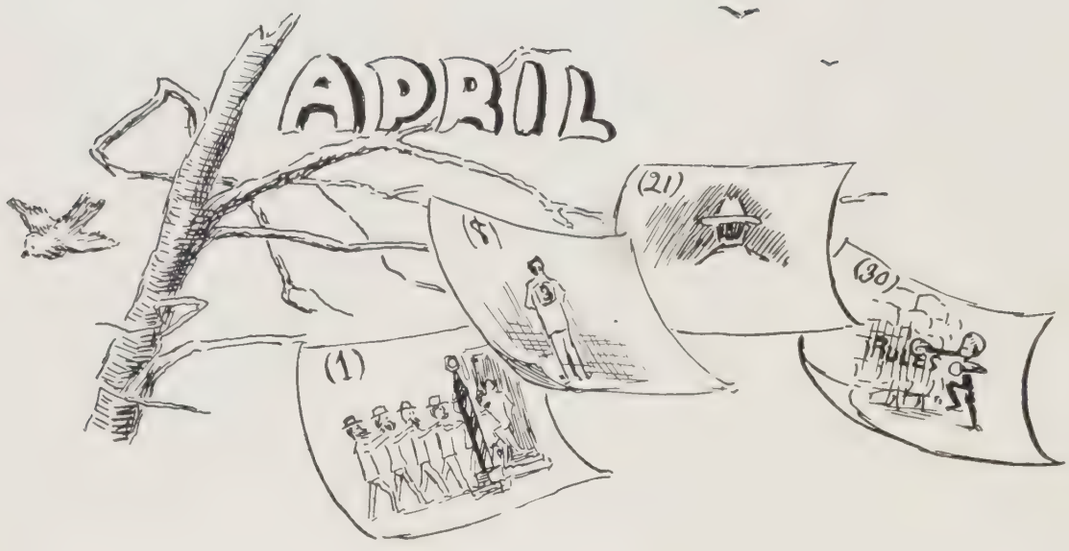
1.—Prof. Monroe: "I like to have a lady for a queen."
3.—George W. Cable's Lecture.
Tisdel, in Soph. Theme class, Monday: "I noticed while correcting your long themes yesterday afternoon—"
4.—Pres. Ballantine, in Logic class: "What is the effect of a sword thrust on a man?" Lamphrey: "A physiological disarrangement."
4.—While Dr. Leonard is performing on the parallel bars a package of cigarettes falls from his pocket.
5.—Tisdel just finishes a talk on that choppy Anglo-Saxon as Charley Hull enters the room.
6.—Miss Harrington: "I have the wrong place." Prof. Wightman, translating: "Yes, it is you, ma chère—" "Go on from there."
7.—Hill, in Logic, discussing inseparable accident: "One of those inseparable accidents, such as changing your name—"
8.—Winchester finds a rival in Goodheart.
10.—Behr, '97, in debate: "I don't know how nearly my time is up, but I suppose it is."
11.—Moore, speaking of debate for Union Annual: "I can get the deliberation and flowery language all right, but I don't seem to be able to get the thought."
Glee Club at Elyria.
12.—Pres. Ballantine, in Freshman Bible, summing up the book of James: "Has anyone a virtue that hasn't been named?"
Whisker Club formed.
13.—Dorsett, in History: "Augustus desired nobility rather than weight."
14.—Thomas Orchestra.
Mr. Tracy prays for the Whisker Club: "O Lord, forgive our shortcomings."
15.—The first Whisker Club man who asks a young lady for her company at the Faculty Reception refused.
It is rumored that Alford had shaved for the sake of his family. Whiskerites look care-worn.
17.—Whisker Club wail: "Mockers call us ugly, ugly, hairy imps."
18.—Prof. Monroe: "I hope to see a great many of you in my class next term, (looking toward the girls) I 'like to see old faces.'"
19.—Prof. Monroe tells W. F. Thatcher that he certainly knows something.
20.—Prof. Martin: "All that they have to do in this country is to scrape off a foot and start a brick factory."
Dudley shaves.
21.—Baer: "Constantine died at his death in 727."
Alford gets a hair-cut, free.
22.—Faculty Reception.
Dudley "sets 'em up."
23.—Miss Baer: "O, yes, I have used the microscope—used it while studying Philosophy in Cleveland."
24.—Millenium looked for,—Prof. Hall tells his class not to work too hard on the lesson.
25.—Hill, '97, "I made one division of it and sub-divisions under that."
26.—Stone shaves.
27.—Behr shaves for family reasons.
28.—Grabill (in society): "As usual, Pres. Ballantine knew nothing about it."
29.—The Whisker Club eats oysters on Stone and Behr.
Freshmen have an entertainment in Peters Hall—but no oysters.
Brand talks on: "How to Choose a Help-Mate." Tomson, '98, takes notes for future use.

Calendar.



1.—Miss Perrine: "So this one sat down together."
2.—Sophomore Oratorical Contest.
3.—Glee Club concert at Lorain.
4.—Prof. Tisdel (at close of recitation in English V.): "Did you wish to speak to the class, Mr. Yocom? That is, if you will wake up."
Prof. Wightman: "I see Mr. Fulton is absent this morning. Is he ill, Miss Gilbert?"
5.—Glee Club gives a concert at Willoughby.
6.—Fräulein E. Emery's Piano Recital.
7.—Miss Clark: "Professor Martin, I can't see what's on the board because it's right behind your face."
9.—President Ballentine: "What is a choice?" Grabill. "A snare and a delusion."
10.—Russell Conwell's lecture.
11.—Glee Club at Lorain.
12.—Prof. A. A. Wright: "What about the next subject, Mr. Childs?" Childs: "The author said we would discuss that later and I took his word for it."
13.—Union Annual.
Behr wants to know if one ticket will admit two.
16.—President Ballantine: "Miss Silliman, what is your deduction from the total depravity of man?" Miss S.: "He is totally gone."
17.—Choppie Hull, to maid at Talcott: "So you really like the feeling of a mustache?"
18.—Miss Perrine: "By the unseen sight they were frightened."
19.—Professor Carver goes to class without his necktie.
20.—Elyria Democrat: "Mr. Frank Wilford was quietly married to Miss Nellie Spencer last Wednesday evening."
21.—Miss Patton gives a serenade to the Lord Cottage girls. Several of them scared into hysterics.
22.—Miss Hayes (at chapel, intently looking down the girls' stairs): "When you see Fred come, nudge me and I will go out."
23.—Miss Johns: "I haven't seen an hepatica in bloom in the woods yet." Prof. Kelsey: "Why, that is strange." Miss J.: "Well, I haven't been in the woods since I was youthful."
24.—First Home Concert of the Glee Club.
25.—President Ballantine (in Logic, after Tracy has talked several minutes): "Now tell us what you mean."
26.—Prof. Monroe: "What might happen to silver on a six months' voyage?" Miss Follansbee: "It might go down."
27.—Second Home Concert of the Glee Club.
28.—"Mike" Winchester entertains friends.
30.—Prof. Monroe (as Clayte Fauver leaves the room): "The Hottentots are silently fading away."
31.—Soph. party. Whitney, '98, and——bring up in Purgatory before the evening closes.
School closes. Rest for the weary flunker.

Calendar.



1.—The Whisker Club visit Glenn's in a body.

8.—Spring grinding commences.
Grabill swipes the Home Oratorical Contest.

9.—Miss Fleigh (after Oratorical Contest): "Wasn't Mr. Grabill perfectly fine last evening? They say it's his first attempt, too."

10.—The Chicago *Tribune* telegraphs Grabill for his picture and short sketch of his life.
Orth telegraphs to Northern Oratorical Association to reserve last place in the contest for Oberlin representative.

11.—Prof. Wightman (wearied by too much talking): "Suppose we talk in German upon this subject." Dead silence.

13.—The Dean gets a hair cut.

14.—The Johnson & Smiley Base Ball Entertainment.

15.—Mr. Gibbs translating Greek Testament): "What man, by taking thought, can add one cubit to his stature?"

16.—Prof. Wright (in Greek Testament): "What text do you use, Mr. Cross?" Cross: "The Revised Version."
D. E. Morgan (in Ethics): "Yes, sir, I have the well-being of Satan at heart."

17.—Skeels (in Money and Banking, after talking five minutes on fiat money): "You never hear of anyone of sound judgment talking about the scheme."

18.—"Review and U. O. A. Board for '96–'97 chosen."

19.—Fred Loomis goes to church.

20.—Dunlevy (in Society): "As far as our trade with Spain goes, it doesn't go very far."

21.—President Fairchild calls upon Miss Cressy to recite.

22.—George Morgan strikes Russell for a job with the Anti-Saloon League.

24.—Watkin Mills Recital.

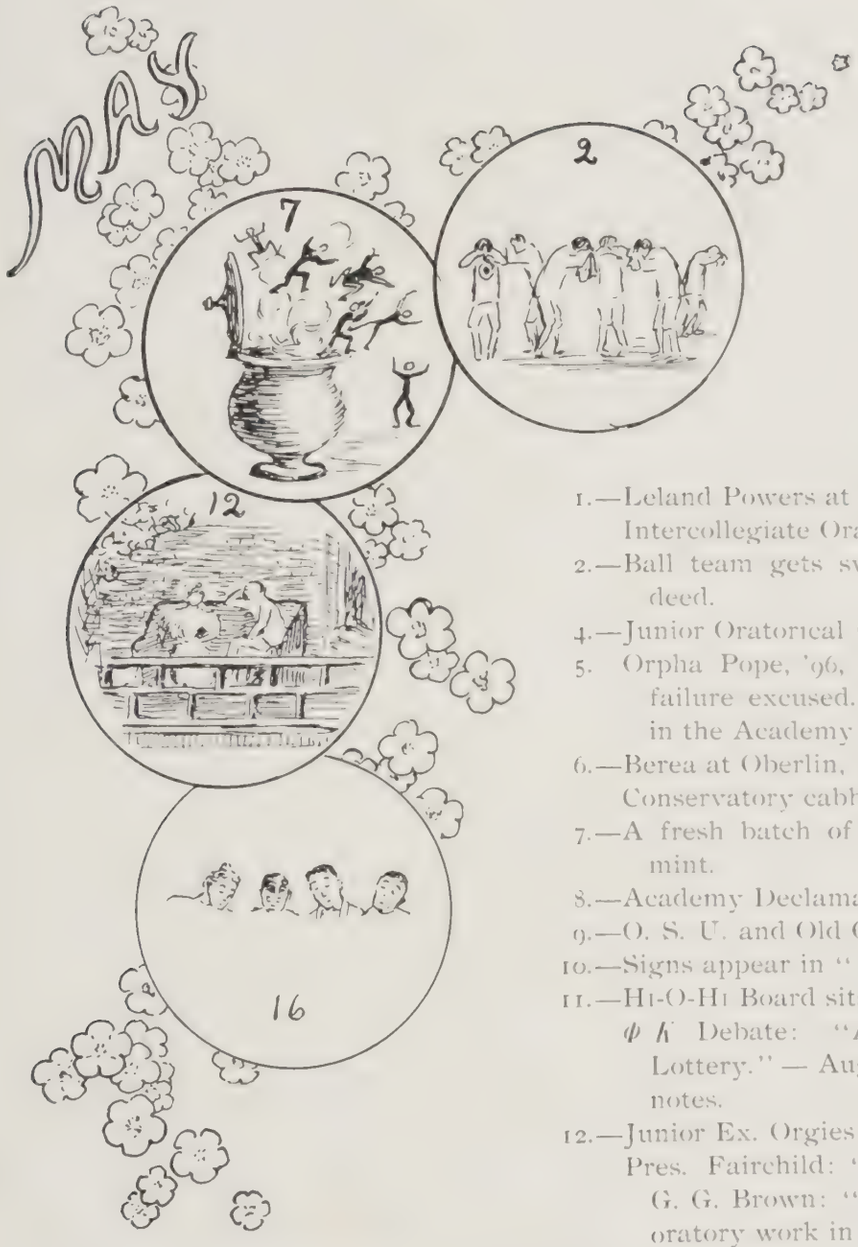
27.—Lou Warner gets a second-hand hat of Herb Hinman.
Historic Organ Recital, Prof. Andrews.
Prof. Martin moves to suppress the ANNUAL.

28.—Prohibition State Contest.
Hi-O-Hi Board decides not to dedicate the ANNUAL to Prof. Martin.

29.—Ed Thomson, '96, joins.

30.—Student Conference. Faculty idols broken.
Chase (after trying to prove to Prof. King that he is arguing in a circle): "I see it plainly enough; King is too stupid to see it, that's all."

Calendar.



1.—Leland Powers at First Church.
Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest at Chicago.

2.—Ball team gets swiped, 15-1. U. of M. does the deed.

4.—Junior Oratorical Contest.

5. Orpha Pope, '96, goes to Mrs. Johnston to have failure excused. "Oh, yes, Miss Pope, are you in the Academy?"

6.—Berea at Oberlin, 5-12.
Conservatory cabbage gardens started.

7.—A fresh batch of Theologues turned out of the mint.

8.—Academy Declamation Contest.

9.—O. S. U. and Old Oberlin play ball.

10.—Signs appear in "Bright Idea Park."

11.—Hi-O-Hi Board sits for a picture.
ΦΚ Debate: "*Resolved*, That Marriage is a Lottery." — Aughenbaugh attends and takes notes.

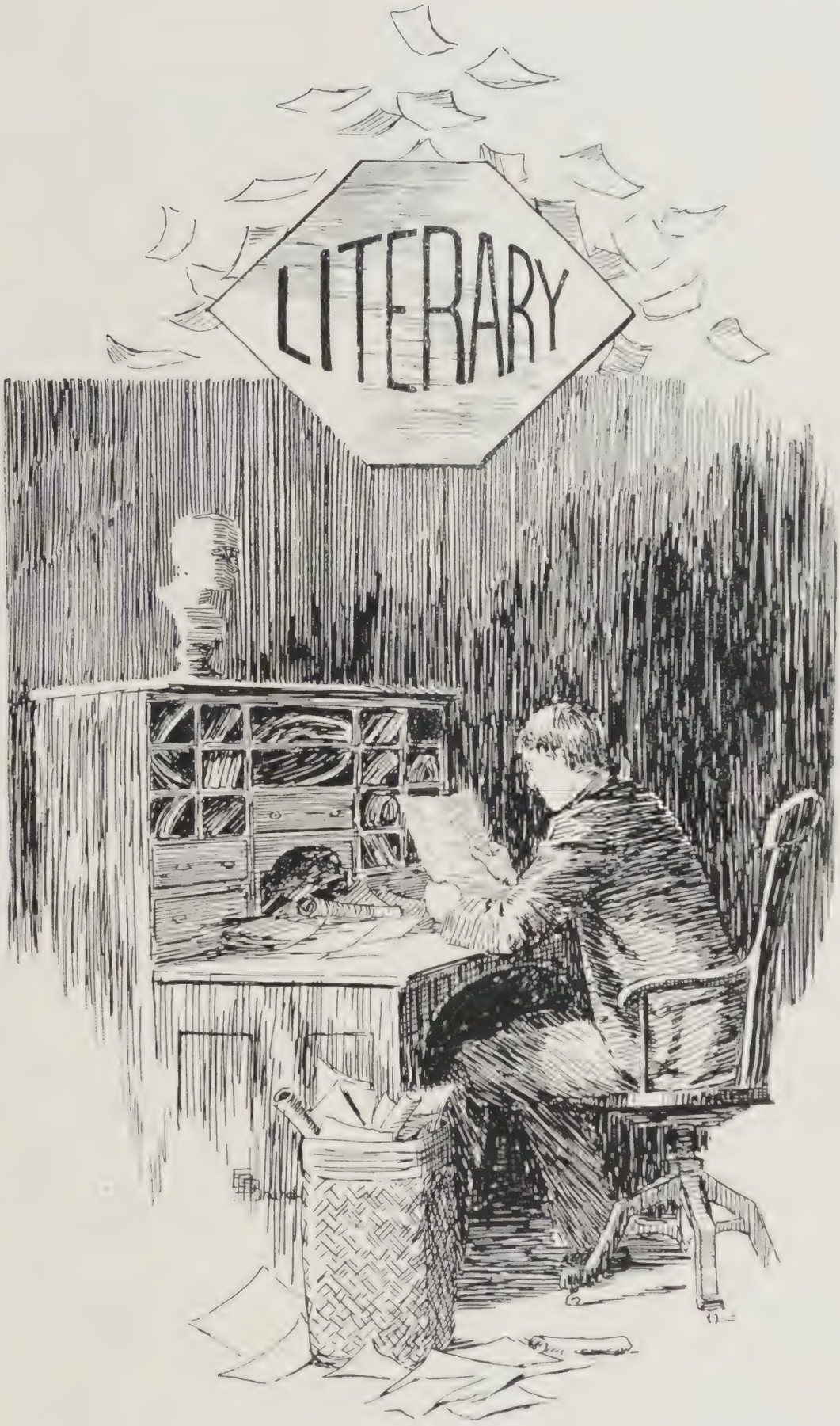
12.—Junior Ex. Orgies on the Campus.
Pres. Fairchild: "Mr. Bebout, 'What is love?'"
G. G. Brown: "Mr. Bebout is absent doing laboratory work in that subject."

13.—Hi-O-Hi Board skips Chapel to work on Annual.

16.—Annual goes to press and Editors go to sleep.

Book Eight.




LITERARY



Memories.

D'YE mind yon wee house, Jeannie,
Just ablow the heather hill?
That nestled awa' sae cosy
In the glen o' the haunted mill!
Oh, it lay like a dream o' sunlicht
In the daintiest veil o' green;
The laigh field fu' o' flowerets,
The hills in a purple sheen!

D'ye mind the whisperin' burnie
That wimpled owre the stanes,
Whaur we twa tots in simmertime
Gaed fishin' a' oor lanes?
An' the hedges, red wi' roses,
An' the hawthorn-scented air,
An' the gowans I pu'd by handfu's
To weave in your gowden hair!



D'ye mind the mavis singing
An' the merle in the rowan-tree,
An' the lintie's nest in the thorn-bush
We gaed ilka day tae see?
Can ye no come back tae me, lassie,
An' let us be bairns again,—
Then ask that oor heavenly mansion
Be just yon wee house in the glen!

JAMES W. RAIN.

Literary.

At Dawn.

GRAHAM came out of the lobby of the Lennox and looked down the avenue. It was a bitter winter night and a sharp lake wind was driving the snow, whirling against the electric lights. He was a slightly built fellow and he hesitated a moment at the prospect, then plunged out into the storm and boarded a Euclid car. There was only one other passenger.

"Hello, old man," he called out, as Graham entered, "what are you doing here on a night like this? Don't you know it's any amount more comfortable at the club?"

"I just heard Harris is worse. I'm going out to see him," returned the other, briefly.

The first speaker looked out into the storm, then at the slight figure beside him. "Why, man alive," he expostulated, "you don't mean to say you're going out to the Lake Front on such a night as this? You can let the nurse look after Harris. I must say I fail to see what you find so wonderfully attractive in that man. Oh, to be sure, he's an easy-going, good-natured sort of fellow; but he could never be depended on."

"That's where you're off, Adams," replied Graham, with some feeling. "Whatever else Harris may be, he has always been true to his friends, and it would be a pity if our friendship should count for nothing, now that he is dying."

The other man seemed hardly to understand the vehemence of the speaker and did not answer. The car ploughed on through the storm. The motor whirred noisily to the accompaniment of the windows rattling in their cases. At length the lights of Lake View crossing came in sight.

"Say, Graham," said Adams, suddenly breaking the silence, "is it true, as people say, that Harris began going to the devil when Miss Huntington refused him?—Mrs. Tyler she is now, I believe."

"People are at liberty to say what they like," returned the other, shortly.

"Well, you don't need to get excited over it," replied Adams. "Oh, Miss Huntington was an old flame of yours once, wasn't she? I forgot."

Graham rose abruptly, and left the car. People always said he was a queer fellow—extremely over-sensitive. Two years before it had been rumored that he was in love with Miss Huntington and everyone else but he thought she cared as much for him. But for some unaccountable reason she began to treat him coldly and their friendship came to an abrupt end. Then it was hinted that Harris had also been infatuated with her, but that she had refused him. Finally she had married a man of her father's selection. He had plenty of money and people said it was a good match. They rather wondered that Graham's friendship with Harris had not suffered, though, to be sure, Harris could not be to blame for falling in love with the girl who had rejected his friend.

Graham caught a Lake Front car. A ten-minute walk brought him to Harris's bachelor quarters—a desolate, one-story house on a bluff overlooking the lake. The housekeeper greeted him effusively. It was a lonely place for her and the nurse to spend the night with a dying man.

The doctor was just leaving.

"Ah, Mr. Graham," he said, "I am glad you came out. He can hardly live till morning and there is little chance of his rousing before the end; still, of course, they may need you. I hope I can make the next car to the city. It's a wild night. Good-evening."

The nurse seemed exhausted, and Graham sent her off to bed, though she insisted that she would look in toward morning to see what she could do.

Literary.

He entered the sick man's room. Harris lay unconscious, breathing heavily. Graham stood watching him a moment, then turned to the table, picked up a book, and sat down. He heard a clock, muffled by distance, strike the hours as he sat staring across the room, starting occasionally when some unusually fierce gust of wind swung the flapping shutters with a crash against the side of the house, for fear the noise would disturb Harris. On one such occasion he happened to notice that his book was upside down, and he closed it, and laid it on the table.

The clock was just beginning to strike four when the nurse came softly in. For some minutes she regarded the dying man in silence, then turned away.

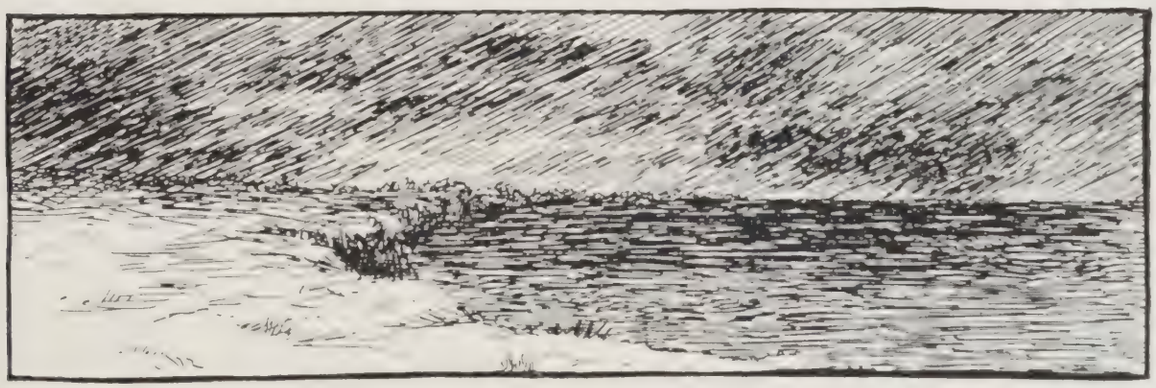
"There won't anythin' wake him up now," she whispered. "We ought to be thankful he don't get to carryin' on. It was perfectly dreadful last night, Mr. Graham. He got to ravin' about tellin' somebody he called 'Alice' how 'Tom' didn't care for her; and then he'd just yell it was a lie. But generally I couldn't make anythin' out of what he said. I s'pose it was some crazy notion about somethin' that never happened, most likely, but it was awful to hear him go on. Why, Mr. Graham, what's the matter? You look as if you weren't feelin' well. Let me make you some tea. Sittin' up don't seem to agree with you."

She broke off abruptly and looked toward the bed. The heavy breathing had suddenly stopped. The first pale light of early dawn was struggling into the chamber and a ray fell across the set face of the motionless figure. He was dead.

Graham rose, walked across to the window, and looked out. The snow was drifting heavily across the barren meadows; dark clouds hung thick over the black waters of the lake; from the shore below came up the ceaseless lapping of the waves.

"Thank you, Mrs. Burge," he said; "never mind the tea. I shall do very well."

H. J. Haskell.



A Martyr.

The anxious throng is pressing close
To gaze upon a form laid low.
Outstretched upon the field he shows
The malice of an unknown foe.

Some stand with angry mien near by
And swear swift vengeance for foul play,
While others kneeling o'er him cry,
"Give air! Stand back, you fools, away!"

The form so still shows life! He sighs,
He groans, shakes free from death-like thrall,
And lifting slow his frame he cries,
"I've got my wind! line up, play ball!"

Literary.



June.

DOWN in the orchard cool and sweet,
Where breezes blow and a robin sings,
Hidden away from the noisy street,
Softly and slowly Margery swings.
Merrily hums the bee—the rover—
Sipping the sweets from the scented clover ;
And the shadows play on the grass below
While Margery softly swings to and fro.

Down in the orchard cool and sweet,
Robin a lullaby tenderly sings ;
While far away from the noisy street,
Dreamily, drowsily, Margery swings.
Fainter and fainter the bee's low croon,
In the golden glow of the afternoon ;
Over the grass long shadows creep ;
Fair maid Margery's fast asleep.

ELSIE M. TADE.



Twilight.

SOFTLY the winds are dying,
Gently fadeth the silver twilight of the West,
Calmly the cloudlets are sleeping,
Hushed in dreamy stillness, lying
Where the far-thrown Phœbus-kisses longest sweeten rest.

Now the night wind comes sweeping
Slowly from the star-rimmed portals of the deep,
Slightly-woven stuff for dreaming
Bearing from its phantom-keeping
To the hosts who wander in the shadow-land of sleep.

Literary.

A Talcott Cinderella.

Dramatis Personæ.

Mr. William Knight, } Freshmen.
Mr. Thomas Lawrence, }
Mr. Hawley, ... A Conservatory Youth.
Miss Mollie Brown, } Conservatory Maidens.
Miss Polly White, }

Other youths and damsels to whom no names are ascribed.

Scene I.

A room on West College street. Present, Mr. William Knight and Mr. Thomas Lawrence.

Mr. Lawrence: Oh, now, come on. Dip your lily hands into this bowl, mop your face off slightly, and turn your cuffs the other side up. In other words, brace up and be a man. That graveyard smile of yours doesn't please me. There *are* people who would be happy if I favored them with my company. When you have the opportunity to bask in the sunshine of my society you ought to *bask*, and not look as if you were taking a cold shower-bath.

Mr. Knight: Aw, basques aren't stylish now, the "Ladies' Home Journal" says. I don't see anything wrong with my manner, anyway.

Mr. Lawrence: You don't, don't you? Well, there *is* something decidedly wrong. Your digestion must be seriously impaired, and if you don't take Hood's and regain your accustomed buoyancy of temper, I shall have to seek another room-mate; for I cannot have my angelic disposition ruined by you.

Mr. Knight: You mistake calm and gentlemanly dignity for moroseness and piety for indigestion.

Mr. Lawrence: Nay, verily, I do not. Selah! But if you were trying to be good, let me advise you not to bother about it, William Knight. It's of no use.

Mr. Knight: Why not?

Mr. Lawrence: Oh, the Scripture says there shall be no Knight in heaven. But honestly, you must be sick. If you only said "Ha!" a few times and slapped your forehead once in a while, I should think you were in love; but I've looked up all the authorities and they agree that those are two things never omitted in such a dismal situation.

Mr. Knight: Oh, I could slap my forehead and say "Ha!" if it would enable you to diagnose my case satisfactorily. I should be glad to do any little favor like that for a friend.

Mr. Lawrence: Well, I shall watch you; remember that. And I'll find out your secret.

Mr. Knight: I haven't any dark and deadly secret, and you're welcome to watch me all you want to. Conscious of my innocence, I can defy the closest scrutiny. Come on, let's go to supper, for I'm as hungry as a wolf.

Mr. Lawrence: All right, I'm with you.

Exeunt.

Scene II.

A second-story room in Talcott. Present, Miss Molly Brown and Miss Polly White.

Polly: What dress are you going to wear down to supper, Molly? It's Saturday night, and we really ought to dress up.

Molly: I don't mind telling you, not for publication, but merely as a guarantee of good faith, that I shall wear my black with a red collar.

Polly: I shall wear my brown, for it is still in the heyday of youth and beauty, which I cannot say for my entire wardrobe.

Molly: I haven't told all. I'm going to array my feet in my new slippers, for though they are tight, yet they are beautiful, which is all that could be desired.

Polly: College does much for a woman, but it can't keep her from wearing tight shoes if she can thereby enhance in any degree her beauty.

Molly: I say that college has accomplished wonders for a woman when she will acknowledge that her shoes *are* tight.

Polly: True, my dearest Molly. Now put them on, for I want to get a little used to them before we go downstairs, so that I shan't gaze too fixedly upon them to-night.

Molly (struggling to get them on): Oh, dear, they're tight!

Polly: But how they shine! They fairly hurt my eyes.

Molly: That isn't where they hurt *me*. Well, they are pretty, even if they do pinch. And what pleasure I shall have in crossing them in front of me to-night.

Polly (thoughtfully): Yes, I fancy Mr. Knight will rather like them.

Molly: It's nothing to me whether he likes what I wear or not, and you know it as well as I do, Polly White.

Polly: Yes, I know it just *about* as well as you do. Really, Molly, what is the matter with you two people? He has the manner of one who has swallowed a good but indigestible mince pie the night before, and you look equally funereal. I'd like to shake you both.

Molly (going to the glass and extracting from her eye with a clean handkerchief a liquid substance which seems to impair her vision): All I have to say is, that Mr. Knight seems to prefer other society to mine, and that I don't care in the least. Shall we go down?

Polly: Yes, come. I think we are "arrayed like one of these." Let's go down.

Exeunt.

Scene III.

The parlor of Talcott after supper. Miss Molly Brown comes limping in.

Molly: Oh, whatever shall I do? I am the most unlucky girl in the world. Why was I so foolish as to take off my slipper under the table? I might have known I never could get it on again. But I couldn't help it, it hurt me so, and I thought no one would notice because the knives and forks and dishes were rattling. I know he saw me try to get it on again when supper was nearly over. Oh, why doesn't Polly come? Maybe she could get it for me. It is rightly named a *slipper*. It seemed to slip off across the floor of its own accord and stop right by Mr. Knight's foot. I know he knows it is there, and he has probably picked it up by this time, and to-morrow will laugh over it with the other boys. Well, I'll sit right still in this chair and won't move until seven o'clock, but that's a dreadfully long time.

(Mr. Hawley approaches Miss Brown with some music in his hand.)

Mr. Hawley: Miss Brown, will you play my accompaniment if I sing "Oh, Promise Me?"

Molly (nervously putting her foot as far as she can under her chair): Oh, I don't think I can play it, Mr. Hawley.

Mr. Hawley: Why, you played it last night, Miss Brown.

Molly: Well, I don't think I can. I mean—I believe—I have a sore finger.

Mr. Hawley: You believe you have a sore finger? Maybe it would be a good plan to find out, because it might need treatment.

Molly: No, I mean I *know* I have a sore finger. I burnt it to-day. Polly will play for you.

Polly: Indeed I won't. I can't play at all.

Mr. Lawrence: Why, Miss White, I have heard that you could play on almost any instrument. In fact, some one told me that when you were only a year old you played on the floor.

Molly (in a despairing aside): Polly, do go and play. I've lost my slipper.

Literary.

Polly: Oh, if you all insist, I'll play. I was only waiting to be asked a certain number of times anyway.

(Mr. Hawley sings while Polly accompanies him frightfully).

Oh, promise me that some day you and I
Shall wend our way to Munson's for some pie.
Where we can be alone and eat it all,
Yea, can devour it till the shadows fall,
Hearing no sound except the Elyria band
Playing so sweetly in the distance, and
Filling our lonesome hearts with joy and glee.
Oh, promise me! oh, promise me!

Mr. Lawrence: That was fine, Hawley.

Mr. Hawley: You flatter me. The success was due entirely to Miss White's faultless accompaniment.

Mr. Lawrence: It must be prejudice or jealousy on the part of the Glee Club, that they don't ask you to join them. Say, Hawley, how many notes below the piano do you sing?

Mr. Hawley: It has been asserted by some of my friends that I can reach two notes below the piano, but this is incorrect. In the interest of candor, I will say that my record is only one below.

Mr. Lawrence: Miss Brown, that chair isn't at all comfortable, is it? Let me give you mine.

Molly (aside): It seems as if everybody were conspiring to make me leave this chair. (Aloud): Thanks, Mr. Lawrence; I'm entirely comfortable.

Mr. Knight (smiling grimly as he feels a small leather article in his pocket): Oh, are you?

Mr. Hawley: Come on, Lawrence. Jack Wilkins is going to tell a ghost story out by the fire-place. Get the rest of the folks out here.

(Mr. Lawrence rises and goes on his pleasing mission, and Mr. Knight drops into the vacated chair by Miss Brown's side.)

Mr. Knight: Do you want to go out there and hear the ghost story, Miss Brown?

Molly (with a manner so frigid that she might have conducted a cold storage establishment at small expense): I don't care to go, but don't let me keep you.

(The parlor has been deserted by all except themselves.)

Mr. Knight: I would rather stay here, I think, if you don't mind.

(Molly glues her vision to a point on the floor some distance away, and is obstinately silent. Suddenly she sees a small dark object moving about under a chair. She jumps upon her chair with a slight scream.): Oh, Will, it's a mouse. I know it's a mouse. Take it away, can't you? Oh, We-e-u-ll! (She draws her dress closely about her feet, showing her one shoeless foot, then with a little scream lets it hang loose again.)

Mr. Knight: I don't believe that's a mouse. (He goes to the chair and picks up the supposed monster—a black feather.)

Molly: Oh, I thought— (She covers her face with her hands and still stands upon the chair.)

Mr. Knight: Molly, you know in the old story the prince picked up the little slipper of the one he loved and tried it upon the foot of every fair lady in the kingdom, and the one who could wear it—well, you know the rest. To-night I found the slipper of the lady I love, and if you will, you shall be the first to try it on. May I try?

Molly: Yes, Will, but it is very tight. You ought to have a shoe-horn.

THE END.

HERMA CLARK.

Literary.

Lætitia Juventutis.

(Locus sub pino Baldwiniensi)
Ecce puer et puella
Ambo in eadem sella!
Juvenis tum ei dixit,
Zonam manum circumfixit,
"Osculum da mihi, bella!
O pulcherrima puella!"
Primo virgo et rubescit,
Tamen illi acquiescit.
Quis beatos dubitat
Cum eam puer osculat?

A Snake Story.

EVERY man in Sitka carries a cane to guard himself from slipping on icy places, and it is their curious custom to use for this purpose frozen snakes; that is, in winter time.

Davidson's cane was conspicuous among the four which stood in the corner of Padrewski's saloon. It was a large yellow and maroon striped snake of beautiful proportions, a Christmas present from his wife, and the finest one in town. The other three were the common native black snakes and much smaller. Padrewski's stove was getting hotter. In fact, the temperature of the place had reached a degree which was disastrous to Sitka canes. All four thawed out. Their owners meanwhile were interested in a second round of Tom and Jerry.

A snake who has not tasted food for four months is naturally hungry. His appetite demands immediate satisfaction and plenty of it. The three black snakes looked at each other, and Davidson's big snake looked at them. Davidson's snake, perceiving that he was larger than they, promptly swallowed them one after the other. Still he was hungry. He had been a cane for four months. After a moment of deliberation he put his tail in his mouth and swallowed himself.

The next Thursday there appeared in the *Sitka Weekly Blizzard* the following card:

I will pay twenty dollars ($20.00) for the conviction of the thief who stole my yellow and maroon striped cane, from Padrewski's saloon, last Tuesday morning.

(Signed) R. Davidson.

First Declension.

"Ach! schön Fräulein,
Für dich allein,
Mein Herz ist dein!
Ach, bist du mein?"
"—Thanks, I decline."

Literary.

A Girl's Prank.

"WHY, what's the matter, France? Your face is as red as fire and you look ready to take somebody's head off."

"Well, I am. I'm so mad at Rexy I could take her head off with pleasure."

"What's she been doing now?" Then, tragically: "France, she hasn't heard of that basket we sent out the other night?"

"Oh, no, Nan, it isn't that! This really doesn't amount to much; but I've stood just about all I can from her, and it was the last straw."

"But what was it? Tell us about it, France!" put in Helen Conan, the third girl in the group.

"Well, you know I forgot the water to-night till after seven. I was simply choked and had to go down after some. I got down all right and back in the hall upstairs. It was just as dark as pitch. (I guess Ham forgot to light up, or something.) All of a sudden I felt someone clutch my arm from behind. Well, I never was so scared in my life. I screamed as loud as I could, and dropped my pitcher, smashing it all to pieces on the floor. Then I heard Rexy's voice in its most sepulchral tones: 'What are you doing out of your room at this hour of the night, Miss Gregory?' She scared me so I could hardly speak; but I managed to say I'd been down after a drink. 'A drink after seven o'clock! Never during my entire college course did I go down after seven to get a drink. If I had been careless enough to forget to bring it up, I went without. Go to your room! I will see Mrs. Johnston to-morrow about this matter of girls getting drinks after seven;' and away she sailed in one direction, and I in the other. Mean thing, I perfectly hate her!"



"Isn't she just horrid!"

"Never got a drink after seven! I'll bet anything she's done things lots worse than that. She's a regular old hypocrite, anyway." Nan and Helen were loud in their expressions of sympathy.

"But don't let's let her spoil all our fun! Get out the stove, Nan, and I'll make the chocolate right away." And France seated herself Turkish fashion on the floor in front of the stove where the tin pan of milk was soon simmering; Nan piled wafers on a plate, while Helen threw herself down luxuriously on the couch. These three girls were kindred spirits, and very little mischief went on in Talcott Hall in which they did not have some share.

"Girls, I'd just give anything to get even with her! She treats us as though we were in the primary department. If only she'd get fired—or *married*, or something, we might have Miss Peck for teacher. Don't you suppose we can marry her off, Helen? She isn't bad-looking, you know."

"I'd pity the man who got her. Wouldn't he lead a cheerful life, though?" laughed Nan, busily scooping cocoa into the cups.

"Speaking of marriages, here's something I cut out of the *Gazette* I got from home to-



day. Thought one of you girls might want to answer it. It seems a remarkably good chance. Just listen: 'A middle-aged gentleman, of good family and fortune, of spotless honor and unblemished moral character, with a heart full of affection which he is desirous of lavishing upon some worthy object, wishes to enter into correspondence with a young lady of a gay and sprightly disposition. Object matrimony.' Isn't that rich, girls? This is an opportunity of a life-time. You may never again have the chance of getting a heart full of affection lavished upon you. What do you think, my 'gay and sprightly' France? Will you go in for the prize?"

"Wouldn't it be fun to answer it, girls? The letters are all sent through the office of the *Gazette*, it says; so he couldn't even suspect where we live, and of course we'd not sign our own names. Let's do it. What do you say?"

"I don't know, France. I've heard lots of stories about girls who got themselves into fearful scrapes by answering those things. I don't believe I'd do it."

"Oh, yes! Come on, do. And I'll tell you what, girls: Let's send him Miss Rexford's picture, just out of spite. She'd be so furious to think anyone would *dare* take such a liberty. It'll be a perfect lark!"

"Good; that's what we'll do! Wouldn't it make her mad, though! Of course she'll never know anything about it, but we can enjoy thinking how she'd feel if she did. Look out for that milk, France, it's going to boil over!" and Nan seized the pan from the stove and filled and passed the cups.

"Well, I don't know as I object. No one will ever find out about it, and it would be fun," said Helen, thoughtfully munching a wafer.

Action followed swiftly upon words and before the evening closed not only were chocolate and wafers entirely consumed, but the letter, with Miss Rexford's picture enclosed, had been written, signed "Kate Clark," sealed and directed ready to go out on the early mail in the morning.



As soon as it was reasonable to hope for an answer, the girls began to haunt the postoffice, inquiring for "Miss Clark's" mail, but over a week went by and no letter.

One evening, after supper, as the three friends sat together in Helen's room, reading the last Harper's, France suddenly declared she "felt it in her bones" that there was a letter waiting for them at the postoffice, that very minute. "I shan't be able to sleep a wink to-night if I don't get it, and I'm going down."

"Oh, never mind about it to-night, France. I want to finish this story before seven, and besides there is always such a crowd of boys down there after supper, not to mention the slight and unimportant fact that you'll be having a failure," said Nan from the depths of the big sleepy-hollow chair.

"Well, I can't help it. A failure balanced against a sleepless night doesn't count, and I'm going. You wait here till I come back, for I'll be sure to have it."

And sure enough she did. In ten minutes she was back, waving triumphantly in the air an envelope, which was eagerly welcomed by Nan and Helen.

"Girls, I had the most dreadful time getting it. Rob Graham was in the office. (Of all people in the world, he was the last I cared to meet just then.) He actually came up, and with that wicked twinkle in his eye, asked if he could walk back with me. I simply withered him with a look and went on up to the window. I didn't feel so brave as I acted, though, for I was in mortal terror for fear he'd hear me ask for that letter."

While France talked she tore open the envelope, and then all three put their heads together over the letter.

"Oh, girls, isn't it rich! He feels that he has at last found one whose soul is akin to his own. And think of any one carrying Rexy's picture on his heart! 'When I look into those pictured orbs'—orbs, gracious!—'my heart beats faster, all feeling of loneliness in this cold world vanishes, and a sense of sweet communion, soul with soul, makes the sky of my existence shed upon me sunbeams of hope and possible happiness.' And then this:

"'Nothing in this world is single,
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle,
Why not I with thine?'

"Girls, this is glorious! Wouldn't Rexy be flattered if she could hear that panegyric upon her charms?"

"Of course," said Nan, "a man who can write that must be a perfect goose, so there's no reason why we shouldn't go on and have our fun without any pangs of conscience. If he'd shown one spark of common sense, I'd have a little pity for him. But it's striking seven. Come, my little room-mate, we must go home and read our Greek. Good-night, Helen." And the two girls left just as the crowd from the parlors began to fill the upper halls.

The girls did not allow the correspondence to lag, but kept it up briskly for a couple of months. "Mr. George Hillard," as he signed himself, continued to give rein to his fancy and his rhetoric, in the touching replies he sent, and the three young mischiefs were in high feather over their success in making a fool of him.

But finally Mr. Hillard began to hint that the affair had gone far enough on its present basis, and that he now thought himself justified in asking his fair one's address.

As the excitement was beginning to die out, France proposed that they drop the affair here before the gentleman had a chance to make himself disagreeable. So no answer was returned to this letter, and as the end of the term was approaching, with numerous examinations in prospect, all thought of the matter became of secondary importance.

A couple of weeks went by, and "Mr. George Hillard" and his letters were already things of the past, when one day, as France was looking over the mail on the hall table, she found a letter directed to "Miss Kate Clark" in the familiar handwriting, and with the address "Talcott Hall" underneath.

Poor France almost fainted at the sight, for she foresaw trouble. Quickly seizing it, she rushed upstairs; interrupted Nan and Helen in the midst of the fourth book of the Aeneid, with the startling announcement, "Girls, that man's written again, and I'm positively afraid to open his letter. I'm just sure there's something terrible in it."

"Don't be frightened, dear. I don't believe that poor little man could do anything very desperate. Let me take it." Nan had scarcely read five lines when her face grew white and a horrified exclamation escaped her.

"Oh, Nan, what is it? Don't keep me in suspense! I can bear it," said France, sitting up on the bed and speaking as though giving an order to fire.

"Oh, what shall we do? He's coming. He knows everything. Oh, dear, dear, dear! why did we ever do it? It was fearfully wicked, and now we're punished! Just listen:

"'My dear Miss Clark: Your silence is quite incomprehensible to me, unless I come to the conclusion that you wish to have nothing more to do with me. Allow me to remark that I do not choose this to be. The matter has gone too far to be dropped. You think you are beyond my reach, that I won't know where to find you; but *the Gazette knew where to send the letters.* Nor is this all I have to go upon. The other day I carelessly left your picture out on my table. A friend came in, and seeing it, asked how I came to have a photo-

graph of Miss ———, who was a teacher in an institution of learning which I will not more definitely specify than that it is within a half-day's ride of Chicago, my native place. With a few careless questions I managed to find out everything I wanted to know, your boarding place and all, and will have the pleasure of calling upon you next Saturday *with your letters.*

"Very truly yours,

"GEORGE HILLARD."

"Oh, oh! we shall every one of us be expelled! I know we shall, and it's my fault. He's going to bring the letters. Miss Rexford knows my writing as well as I do. Oh, why did I ever do such a dreadful, dreadful thing!" wailed France from the depths of the sofa-pillows.

The other girls sat quiet and subdued, having no words with which to comfort her.

"Perhaps," faltered Helen, "he won't really come, but is only trying to frighten you into answering his letters."

"No, he will come, I know. Don't you notice how different this letter sounds from the others? He's not such a goose as we've thought him, and there's nothing left for us now but to face the music and take whatever comes." France's voice became quite tragic as she spoke and took on a tone of defiance. "I wonder if they'll let me stay for the rest of the term, or if I'll have to go right away?" she continued, faintly.

"Oh, Francy dear, don't talk that way! You won't have to go home, I'm sure. That hateful man won't *dare* come. He couldn't." And Nan threw her arms about the neck of her afflicted room-mate.

The letter arrived on Wednesday, and in the two days which intervened between its receipt and the fatal Saturday, the three girls went around with such woe-begone faces that all their friends noticed the remarkable change, and as Friday wore away the nervous, harassed look became more and more apparent.

"What's the matter with the three graces?" Rob Graham asked France that evening after supper. "You all appear to be suffering from a temporary depression of spirits. Let me recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla for that tired——"

"Rob Graham, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! If you knew what was the matter, I guess you wouldn't make fun of it," and France's voice was a little choked as she spoke.

"Do tell me about it, Miss Frances. Perhaps I can help you. Two heads are better than one, you know.

"'Nothing in this world is single,
All things, by a law divine,
In one another's being mingle,
Why not I with thine?'"

quoted Rob, with a comical twinkle in his eye.

France got up slowly and stared at the young man before her, till it seemed as though her eyes would start from her head.

"Rob Graham, do you mean to say that it was *you*, that you are——"

"George Hillard, at your service, madame." And Rob bowed profoundly.

MARTHA CHASE.



Literary.

To Lydia.

HORACE. BOOK III. ODE IX.

DIALOGUE.

Horace. On that day, Oh distant day,
When I was dear to thee,
Nor favored rival held his sway,
How fair was life to me.
No higher gifts could fortune bring,
And happier I than Persian king.

Lydia. On that day, yes, distant day,
When thou was't mine alone,
And thou was't true, nor Chloe's sway
Was stronger than my own,
Then every tongue knew Lydia's name,
And greater mine than Ilia's fame.

Horace. My heart is Thracian Chloe's now,
'Neath whose touch from tuneful shell,
The softened measures sweetly flow.
I love the sweet-voiced maid so well,
I fain for her my life would give,
Would death relent and let her live.

Lydia. Calais now has set my heart
With mutual torch aflame,
Till I can ne'er from him depart,
And would Fate release her claim,
Then my life I twice would give,
Would Death relent and let him live.

Horace. What if former love return
And sundered hearts join fast
With firmer bands, and passion burn
Again and blot out all the past
Auburn Chloe be tossed aside,
And jilted Lydia be my bride.

Lydia. Though fairer than the stars is he,
While fickle as the cork art thou
And rougher than the raging sea,
Yet, still I love thee, even now,
And wholly thine I'll ever be,
And gladly live and die with thee.

F. E. Hyde.

Literary.

Was It a Success?

Dramatis Personæ.

Tom Warren	A Freshman.
Billie Munro	His room-mate.
Florence Rogers, Nan French, Bessie Brown, Jessie Stearns, Dell Ludlow,	College girls.
Mrs. Smith	A boarding-house keeper.

ACT I.—Scene, Oberlin.

A boarding-house parlor, immediately after dinner. Florence seated at the piano; Bessie, Dell, Jessie and Tom in attitudes of expectancy.

[*Enter Nan.*]

Dell: Hurry up, Nancy. Take the chair. We're simply expiring to talk about the Begorra celebration of Decoration Day. It must be big, and include Tom, weak-minded as he is. Tom, why *did* you put on that white straw hat the other night when we let that ice-cream out of the window? You don't *look* so stupid.

Jessie: What are we going to do? Flo, play something awfully loud, so Mother Smith's head will ache, and she'll evacuate the back parlor. This conference must be strictly private. Who has a plan?

Nan: My dear young friends, *I* have. We're going to Elyria, don't you think? Two horses, three seats, supper at the Andwur, each girl to ride precisely three and three-fifths miles apiece with Tom——

All together: With *Tom.* Nan, you're crazy.

Nan: Can't you wait? That part isn't perfected yet. How *are* we going to take you, Tom?

Tom: Girls, I can't go. It would be nothing but pure foolhardiness. I don't care for myself, but I don't want to be the cause of you five innocent maidens being suddenly gathered home. That rule-book is a deservedly unpopular volume, young ladies, but just the same, "Fired" would not look well on white marble in the family lot.

Dell: Can't we meet you a mile or two out?

Tom: Yes, and run into the whole Junior Faculty in Elyria, trying to escape Prof. Kelsey's speech at the G. A. R. fracas here. No.

Nan: Don't jabber, but think. (They all accordingly think.) Say, I've got it! Tom, would you?

Tom: Yes, I think so, Nan, if you, our honored president, advise it; though whether you refer to a wholesale slaughter of the Ladies' Board, or a simple "set-up" of soda to you five, I don't know.

Nan: Neither, bright youth. You shall be our driver. Black up, bribe Henry Lee, drive up here, and we, the immortal Begorras, the noblest secret society that ever flourished, will be a united six on Decoration Day.

Bessie: Wouldn't that be elegant, though? And think of how we'd delude the public. We might even meet Mrs. A. A. F. herself. Girls, you'll all do it, won't you?

Tom: I'm afraid. We might be caught. And as I said——

Jessie: Oh, Tom, say yes. It's perfectly safe. Oh, you *must*. Now, let's plan about the blacking up.

Tom: Well, girls, on your heads be it, then, and if we are banished, and there are six names never spoken, don't blame Tom Warren.

Dell: Of course not. You are just as innocent as the Jersey, to say nothing of lambs. But how are you going to do it?

Tom: I've been thinking. What do you say to this? You know that little dark room Billie keeps for fixing his Kodaks? Well, I'll go in there, and he'll black me up, and if any unbelievers happen along, Billie'll just sing out, "I'm developing negatives. Get out!" and they'll get.

Mrs. Smith (looking in at the door): Children, it's ten minutes after two.

Tom: Oh, is it? That's too bad. I'll speak to Mrs. Lord about it, of course. It's that watch of mine again, and we were so interested in talking about next year. *Au revoir*, sistering. Come carelessly, one by one, out on the porch after supper, and we'll see all about it.

Girls: Good-bye, Tommie. Don't forget to go to Greek.

[Exit all.]

ACT II.

Afternoon of Decoration Day. Porch of the boarding-house. The girls out waiting for Tom.

Nan: Girls, how do you feel? Are you scared or conscience smit? I'm not. And I've just thought it all out clearly. The rule-book says "riding and walking with gentle*men*," and who could ever conceive of Tom even at a green old age as being gentle*men?*

Florence: You are right, as usual, Elizabeth Ann, but permit me to remind you that Thomas Warren, the only honorary, the only masculine member of the Royal Order of Begorras, will not have a *green* old age.

Dell: Girls, look there—that colored fellow going by—that's *Tom*, for that's that big hat Billie had when he first came here, that Nan always called his green umbrell. Oh, those clothes! Isn't this fine, though? It *is* Tom, isn't it? But don't dare to speak to him.

Mrs. Smith (emerging from the hall): Girls, how are you going to Elyria?

Nan: In one of Lee's three-seated rigs.

Mrs. Smith: That is just what I wanted you to say, Miss French. And I'm going to ask you to let me go along. I have been longing for just such a ride for a month, and I know there will be plenty of room for me, if you care to have me. (A long silence.)

Bessie: Why, of course, Mrs. Smith, we'd be—glad, but I hope we—you won't be crowded.

Mrs. Smith: Oh, of course I shan't. But I'll go to get ready. [Exit.]

Jessie: Girls, we're in it now. What *shall* we do? Tom will surely give it away. He will never be able to keep it up all the way to Elyria and back.

Florence: He *must*. There's no backing out now, but what will he do when we take her out to the carriage?

Literary.

Mrs. Smith (coming out with her bonnet on): Girls, I see the man is coming. I guess we are all ready. Come on. (They all go out to the gate.)

Nan (to the driver): We hired the carriage only for five, but we are going to take another lady along. That is all right, of course.

Tom: Yessum.

Mrs. Smith: Now, girls, I'll sit with the driver. I always have been fond of the colored race, and you can have a good time among yourselves. (Great consternation.)

Jessie (pleadingly): Mrs. Smith, I love horses so well. Can't I sit on the front seat? I never can endure riding where I can't hold the lines once in a while. *Please* let me.

Mrs. Smith: Well, my dear, of course, if you insist. (They all get in, and ride along, no one talking except Mrs. Smith, who converses eloquently without assistance.)

Tom (beginning to hum, no one hearing his words but Jessie):

"We shall sleep, but not *forever.*"

(Jessie bursts out laughing.)

Mrs. Smith: What is it, Miss Stearns?

Florence: I think the driver was singing, and it sounded strangely to her.

Mrs. Smith: Oh, yes, some old plantation song, I suppose. (They go on silently as before, and finally reach Elyria. Mrs. Smith, Bessie and Jessie alight first, and walk on. Florence, Nan and Dell loiter behind.)

Tom (in an undertone): Girls, "I hain't got long to stay here," if this keeps on. If you can't put poison in her tea, rush that supper through and let's get back to Oberlin and breathe again as soon as possible.

Girls (pityingly): Oh, Tom!

Mrs. Smith: Come, girls.

ACT III.

Carriage just entering Oberlin on the return trip.

Mrs. Smith: Well, girls, we're almost home. What a delightful time we have had, and how good you have all been; not even as noisy as usual. (Then in a stage whisper): And the driver seems to be a nice young man. I am under the impression that I have seen him at the Second Church, although the whole race has those same features. (Tom groans.)

Dell: Yes, we have had a lovely time. I hope you'll go with us some time again, Mrs. Smith.

All: Yes, of course.

(They approach the boarding-house, and Billie, who has been lying in wait in his hammock next door, rushes out in the darkness.)

Billie: Tommie, *did* the black melt off? That was a plaguey poor cork, but I did my best. (Silence.)

Bessie: Why, Billie, what on earth do you mean? This is we girls and Mrs. Smith; we've been to Elyria, and I thought you knew it, and I haven't seen Tom to speak to him since morning. (Calling after the retreating carriage.) We'll pay Mr. Lee to-morrow.

Susan F. Zearing.



Literary.

The Ten O'Clock Rule.

BETWEEN early evening and midnight,
In Oberlin where we're at school,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is caused by the Ten O'clock Rule.

I hear in the boys' room above me
The sound of hurrying feet,
The slam of a door, as it closes,
And a mad, wild rush for the street.

From my table I see, in the hallway,
Descending the winding dark stair,
A couple of jolly good students
Who have just been calling up there.

A whistle, a rapid departure,
And I know, by their hurrying gait,
That they're racing and running together
So as not to be out too late.

A stealthy step on the stairway
And a whispered good-night in the hall,
And my room-mate now walks in upon me
Who has been out too late, that's all.

He puts his feet on the table
And he tilts away back in his chair,
And he tells of the pie up at Preston's
That both he and the boys had there.

He tells of the crowd that was with him,
And his stories like sea-billows surge,
Of how he and a half dozen others
Have been making life weary for Burge.

"Think you, my sporty old room-mate,
That, along toward the end of the fall,
The Discipline Committee will not
Be onto your game, after all?

"They know you hit hickies on Main street,
They know of your poker games, too;
They're aware of your morning prayer failures
And at chapel they're looking for you.

"You think because they don't say much,
You are fooling them all right along;
But you'll find, when the end of the term comes,
You will sing quite a different song."

CHARLES L. HULL.

Literary.

The Rime of the Cold-Eyed Principal.

A cold-eyed Principal meeteth three gallants bidden to a spread, and detaineth one.

IT is the cold-eyed Principal,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy cold blue eye and yellow shoe,
Now, wherefore stopp'st thou me!

"For I am bid to yonder spread,
I fain would haste me in.
The pie is set, the fellows met;
May'st hear their boisterous din."

He grasps him, gasping by the throat.
"On Friday last," quoth he—
"Hold off! Unhand me! Choke me not!"
Eftsoons his hand dropped he.

He holds him by his cold blue eye.
The luckless 'cad stands still
And whimpers like a three years child.
The Principal hath his will.

The Principal relateth his journey to the distant metropolis.

"The whistle blew—the train did start,
And merrily sped we
Below Main Street, below the switch,
Below the Rust M. E.

"And in the East up leaped the sun.
He shone exceeding bright;
But ere he climbed the height of heaven
On Cleveland we did light."

The 'cad forebodeth the loss of pie.

The luckless 'cad here beat his head,
For he feared the pie was gone,
And jovial song within was heard;
But the Principal spake on.

The Principal detecteth the 'cad's unlawful presence.

"I seized my grip, sped to the town,
And bargains there did drive,
When lo! a horrid spectacle,
I saw thee, wretch, arrive.

Horror ensueth.

"Then glassy-eyed, jaws gaping wide,
I marked thee strutting past.
Gramercy! I for joy did grin,
And all at once my breath drew in,
For thou wast caught at last."

Literary.

"I fear thee, cold-eyed Principal,
I fear thy yellow shoe,
For it is fiendish large and bright;
Alas, 'twill work me woe.

The 'cad beggeth for mercy. The yellow shoe seemeth to him ominous.

"The cold sweat welteth from my limbs;
Have pity, sir, be kind!"
"Nay, shudder—shake, thou graceless wretch,
No mercy shalt thou find.

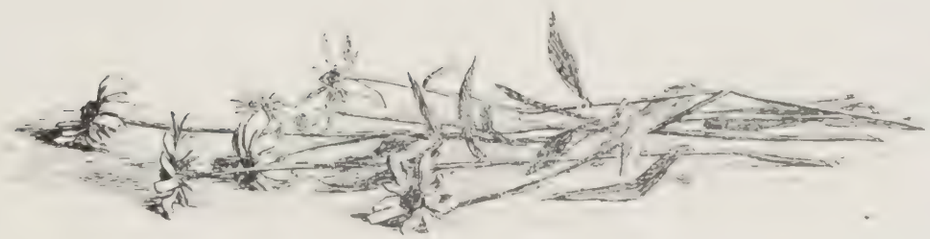
"Farewell, farewell, and this I tell
To thee, thou trembling wight,
Thy awful doom hath now been sealed,
For thou art fired this night."

The Principal speaketh his doom.

The Principal, whose eye is cold,
Whose shoe afar doth gleam,
Is gone; and down the 'cad's fair cheeks
Full many tears do stream.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn.
A very sad dejected 'cad
Went home the morrow morn.

The 'cad leaveth for home on the morrow.



Literary.

A Matter of Nerve.

THEY said that Ward had all his money up on the fight; and they said that he was a fool. The Black Pearl had started a hot favorite, but some one was backing the Unknown so heavily that suspicion had been aroused among the supporters of the Pearl, and money was slow in being covered. Ward had remarked that it was tough on the profession not to recognize talent any better than that. The Pearl had fought Paddy Ryan to a draw the year before, and it was an outrage that even money was offered on the Unknown who had no reputation.

So Ward came into the club rooms on Saturday night and offered to cover $15,000 on the Unknown with $20,000 on the Black Pearl; and his offer was taken on the spot.

Adams had no use for such rashness and told him so.

"Ward, you've no business to risk your last dollar on this fight. You don't know the men and you're dead reckless to back the Pearl so heavy."

Ward listened, evidently bored.

"I've seen the Black Pearl in the ring," he said, "and he could knock out any man in the State in five rounds. Besides, my money's up. What the devil do I care now?"

One of the younger men who had been standing near by, fumbling nervously the paper he was trying to read, turned toward them. He looked admiringly at the clean-shaven, inscrutable face of the man who had risked all he had on the fight.

"Say, Ward," he said, "how do you manage to keep so cool? Is it just a matter of nerve? I've only got a few hundred up on the mill, but I'm so deucedly nervous I can't do a thing."

The other looked him over half contemptuously. "I'm going to win," he said.

"But supposing you don't," urged the younger man, "how will you dare go home?"

"Don't suppose I should go home," replied Ward. "Let me see that paper, will you, if you're done with it? Did Nancy Hanks win?"

The man glanced at him curiously a moment as he handed him the paper, then joined a party at a billiard table.

Ward looked over the paper, then sauntered past some of the tables, discussed the arrangements of the fight with Adams, and left the rooms, remarking that he had told his wife he should be home early.

From the window Adams watched him board the car.

"I never knew a man so idiotically reckless," he commented to a friend. "He's staked his home and his last cent—what he's spent his life working for—on that fight."

The next evening the club rooms were deserted. The officials had selected a large barn on a secluded farm some thirty miles up the river, as the best available spot for pulling off the fight, and a special train had brought two hundred or more spectators to the place. By eight o'clock the smoky lanterns hanging from the rafters of the barn dimly showed a crowd packed in to the ropes that enclosed the sawdust covered square in the center. Ward, next the ropes, could barely make out across the ring his nervous friend of the evening before, trembling with excitement.

A buzzing sound—the crowd was too well trained to talk out loud—announced the entrance of the Black Pearl and the Unknown. They made their way to the scales and the weighing-in took but a moment. The crowd sized the two men up at once, and the Pearl was evidently the favorite. A murmur of approval went up from those near by, as he turned to

his corner. He showed no appreciation, however, of the feeling of the spectators. His face was brutal, sullen, and absolutely impassive, and the crowd whispered that it would be a bloody mill.

Ward's position was near the Unknown, who was talking with a knot of his backers, while the seconds were arranging sponges and buckets convenient for use.

The referee mounted a grain bin. "Are you all ready, men?" he said.

The Black Pearl was at the scratch in a bound, and the Unknown was not far behind. They shook hands, backed off, the referee called time, and the fight was on. The crowd had hoped it would be a dirty one, and it was. The Black Pearl landed square on the nose of the Unknown in the second round, and in an instant the white gloves were red with blood. The Pearl had considerably the best of it, and as he was being sponged off between rounds, the nervous man from across the ring made his way up to Ward.

"Isn't he great!" he whispered, pointing to the Pearl. "Fresh as ever not punished a bit."

Ward assented carelessly. He had been watching one of the scattered knot of backers of the Unknown who had worked over to the excited man at his side, and now spoke to him in a low tone. A few sentences passed between them, then the stranger disappeared in the crowd. The other turned excitedly to Ward.

"I've just put up $500 more on the Pearl at even money," he whispered, "we've got it dead."

"You're off there," returned Ward. "That man was no fool."

His friend was paying no attention, for the next round had commenced.

"Look there," he cried, excitedly. "What's the matter with the Pearl? He's lost his head!" and he leaned far out over the ropes, as though he would ward off some of the blows the man he backed was receiving.

Ward looked on indifferently. "I thought it might be a fake fight," he said, "and so it is, damn 'em!"

The crowd began to look ugly as they saw their favorite weakening. The sixth round was finished by a blow from the Unknown that fairly took the Black Pearl off his feet.

The man next Ward poured out a volley of oaths. Ward himself stood carelessly fumbling his watch-chain. "Hell, your money's gone; what's the dif?" he said to his friend.

The man looked at the speaker. "Ward, you're the coolest devil I ever saw." But the seventh round was on. The crowd, forgetful of all danger, in the excitement of the moment yelled, shook their fists at the Black Pearl, threatened and cursed. The Black Pearl, however, his face smeared with blood, regarded them more sullenly than ever.

Ward smothered an oath at the fake that was being worked, turned and began making his way to the outskirts of the crowd. One of the club men was not so excited but that he noticed him and caught his arm.

"Where are you going, Ward?" he demanded.

"Oh, the fight's over. What do you lose?"

"I didn't have anything up this time. What ails you, man? Where's your nerve? You've seen too many fights to get sick over a little blood."

"Let go," returned Ward, savagely; "let go; I'm not sick."

"You are. You'd better sit down."

A shout from the ring interrupted them, and they both turned back. There were cries of "Foul! foul!" on all sides.

Literary.

The Pearl's voice, addressing the referee, rose above the uproar. "He hit below the belt, damn him!"

"He did not," yelled the referee. "Shut up, or you lose the fight."

The Black Pearl leaped into the center of the ring, and those who were close by could see the white foam about his mouth. As his opponent squared off cautiously, the Pearl made a rush upon him, broke down his guard, landed a savage right and left on his head, and the Unknown lay unconscious on the floor. The crowd yelled, stamped and threw up their hats in uncontrollable excitement. They could see the movement of the lips of the referee as he slowly counted ten, and for a moment they were quiet.

"Gentlemen, the Black Pearl wins," he announced.

Ward extricated himself from the yelling mob inside, and stood at the door. The club man joined him. "Those men act as though this fight was a matter of life and death," he said, contemptuously, looking back at the scene by the ring.

Ward drew a deep breath. "It's a devilish inconvenient place for a fight. I understand we can't get back to the city till four o'clock." And they crossed over to the train.

H. J. Haskell.

Catullus at the Tomb of his Brother.

CI.

I PASSED through many nations,
I crossed o'er many a sea
To reach thy grave, my brother,
And offer here to thee
Death's sad and final tribute;
And to thy lifeless dust
To speak these words of sorrow,
Though vainly, as I must,
Since thou didst heed death's summons,
To tear thee from my side.
Alas! alas! my brother,
Not justly hast thou died.
Behold these gifts of mourning
Which I have brought to thee
By ancient Roman custom.
Oh, take these now from me!
Oh, take them wet with weeping,
For I have wept full sore.
All hail! I leave thee, brother,
Farewell for evermore!



The Whatfore O't.

'TWAS no a bonny, gladsome day,
Nor in the month o' June,
Wi' ilka birdie liltin' gay
An' laughin' skies aboon;

The day was mirky, wat, an' chill,
The rain an even doon pour.
Alane I gaed out oure the hill,
Awa' across the moor.

Alane gaed I, by drippin' birk,
An' past the tangled whin,
But, spite o'wind an' cauld an' mirk,
My heart was blythe within.

There skraighed ae craw as black as night
Frae ae auld treetop lane.
I laughed to see't, my heart was light,
Whatfore I dinna ken.

Sae cantily I jinked alang,
A croonin' to mysel'.
A bonny wee bit Scottish sang,
Whatfore I canna tell.

Cauld, wat, alane, nae lass or lad
Tae gie a word o' cheer,
Whatfore was I sae unco glad
When a' the warld was drear?

My heart was blythe; there doesna kythe
A whatfore o't, an' so,
Spier no whatfore I suld be blythe,
But rather, whatfore no!



Literary.

The Oberlin Idea.

OLD Oberlin has led the way
In scores of questions day by day;
Yet still it seems a little queer—
She can't define her own *Idea.*
Much thought and labor has been spent
In finding out just what was meant.
The business man with air sedate
Of this Idea is wont to prate.
The far-off missionary oft
To his new converts has held forth
Of Oberlin and her Idea,
While open-mouthed the heathen hear.
In all the walks and grades of life,
In quiet ways or worldly strife
Still comes this question to the ear:
What is the Oberlin Idea?
Just what this is or in what line
It seems no one can well define.
And so to end this constant strain
On weary hearts and restless brain,
A conference was called one day.
This happened in the month of May.
The moderator took the chair
With sober step and serious air.
"My friends," he said, "we're gathered here,
To catch the Oberlin Idea.
It's brought us many a vexing case,
And I, for one, give up the chase.
Three minutes for each speech will do;
We'll settle this and push it through;
And let your thoughts be clear, not dim.
Will someone kindly start a hymn?"
The hymn was sung with earnest zest,
A little flat,—be it confessed.
And some just whispered "Bah! that stuff
Is not quite classical enough."
And, then, there rose a learned Prof.
With an apologetic cough.
He hemmed—he threw his shoulders back
And then began,—"My friends, I lack
The eloquence to thus address
This audience upon a quest
The like of this. Full many years
I've toiled and labored,—yea, with tears,
To bring before the student shirk
The value of good, solid work.
Why, eighteen hours are far too few
—With graduation yet in view—
For lessons that I give each day.
I keep at work, and why not they?
Life is too short at best I hold;
Labor is real, and so is gold.
A man has now no right at all
To dilly dally with foot-ball;
To play at games like forty-two;
When I give lessons, those he'll do,
Or if I find less time he spends
Than that required, not any friends
With zealous care can save that man.
I'll flunk him every time I can.
The Oberlin Idea is this,
An idea too of very bliss,
No one this standard can surpass—
To get a five in every class."
He sat him down and wiped his brow,
All eyes were on another now.
She rose to view, a stately dame,
Of air majestic, born to fame.
"My words are few,"—she raised her head,
"When I have spoken, it is said.
The Oberlin Idea is nought
That need to trouble one in thought.
It not at all concerns the boys;
Each girl must simply keep her poise.
No failures on her page shall be
To mar complete serenity.
I wish to make my meaning clear,
This is the Oberlin Idea."
None other would have dared to speak
After this check to any cheek.
But deaf alike to word or sign,
The captain of the base-ball nine:
"I hold," he said, "this world's a field
To men of muscle, weaklings yield;
A healthy body makes the brain,
Much learning will not lessen pain.

Literary.

The Oberlin Idea, I find,
Builds up the body for the mind;
Makes men of muscle, men who know
How best to take the hardest blow,
How to live out three score and ten,
And then be called athletic men."
He spread himself with look of pride,
Then sat him down well satisfied.
This seemed to move a half a score,
And each one clamored for the floor.
With mild discretion, passing fair,
These soon were called up by the Chair.
There was the girl with fine physique,
Who, independent, rose to speak.
She held that girls take gym who can,
And smiled upon the base-ball man.
The Annual Editor looked resigned,
And said he had made up his mind
To work his foes, to work his friends
Unto the very best of ends,
That nothing might at all surpass
The Annual of the Junior Class.
This Idea had the truest ring,
To want the best of every thing.
One represented the *Review*,
And he was certain that he knew
This idea in each varying phase.
He looked about with haughty gaze,
He clinched each argument to fit,
And well displayed his ready wit.
The Oberlin idea—'twas plain—
Subscribe for the Review again.
Then spoke up one whom all revered,
Who was beloved but never feared.
He said: "My life work lies behind;
But as I longer live I find
That I can learn some bit each day
To help me o'er Life's rugged way.
I've heard your sentiments expressed,
And to us all it stands confessed
We're working each a different way,
That soon or late will bring dismay.
I've noted progress in the world,
And Learning's banner all unfurled.
And now within these latter days
Have come these curious X-rays.
Our problem's simply at an end
If you, your influence will lend.
From Cleveland these rays we'll gain
And then will photograph each brain.
These taken, we will reach the goal,
A grand composite of the whole.
And now I feel this once again;
I have not lived my life in vain."
He sat him down mid wild applause,
He well had spoken for the cause.
And so they named—altho' 'twas late,
A committee to investigate.
And soon the world will know no doubt
What all are longing to find out.
It soon will be as clear as day
As taken by the Roentgen Ray.

Literary.

"At Chapel."

THE clock points to ten minutes of five and the chapel is almost empty. The boys' part is entirely deserted. On the other side there is a sprinkling of girls; some in groups of twos and threes, chatting busily over the day's happenings; some indulging in a slight repast of pop-corn or candy; while one or two industrious ones snatch the few precious moments to study upon the next day's lessons.

The sunlight streams in through the open windows, and a slight breeze gently stirs the boughs of the elms outside, which have just put on their spring garments of delicate green.



Old Silas comes in and takes his accustomed seat beside the organ, his charge for so many years. He is a picturesque figure as he sits there, with his face the color of the wood beside him; his red handkerchief knotted about his neck; his elbows resting on his knees, and his dusky face peering out, calm and mildly inquiring, from its dim corner.

Now there is the sound of hurrying feet, and crowds of girls begin pouring in from the left, while a few boys straggle in on the right and drop into seats in various attitudes of comfort and ease. The girls make a pretty picture in their gay spring gowns and hats of all shapes, sizes and colors.

The clock strikes five, and the bell begins to ring. Classes just dismissed come crowding in, with their arms full of books, the girls looking eagerly around for seats in their already well-filled half of the house. The boys are entering now by the score; some with a rush, falling into the first seats they come to; others, strolling slowly along, try with the nonchalant air they assume to conceal the eager interest with which they scan the other side of the house, for the sight of a particular face under a particular sailor-hat.

As he removes his hat on entering, each boy gives that furtive little smooth to his hair, which answers to the dainty little pulls, shakes and pats a girl bestows upon herself as she sits down.

The bell tolls. The last stragglers hurry in and drop hastily into seats, and the hum of conversation ceases as the president rises to read the notices.

A chapter from the Bible, and then the twelve hundred voices unite in the stirring strains of Coronation. It is inspiring, and whether one knows anything about music or not, he finds himself joining in heartily, and singing as he never thinks of singing anywhere but here.

Then a beloved teacher, whose white hair forms a silvery halo about his head, utters a simple fervent prayer; the organ sends forth its deep Amen; heads are raised; the rush for the door begins, and chapel is over.

Literary.

In the Court.

A SUCCESSION of mysteries is all I have to relate; my hope is that with your superior intelligences you may be able to understand the questions which have perplexed me for years. You may be interested to know that I am the large clock in the court of Peters Hall; I am not beautiful, but I am recognized as one of the most indispensable benefactors of the college. Just below me is a fire-place which has some funny marks over the top; perhaps you can tell what they are. I have to twist my neck so far to catch a glimpse of them that I never am quite sure whether they are letters or not.

Around the walls are pictures of people, some of them good-looking, some old-fashioned, but I cannot tell who they are. I have often wished someone would put in each frame a little card with the name of the person.



I cannot go any farther without telling you about the people. There are so many peculiar things they do. Right beside the door are the bulletin boards, and it is interesting to watch them read the notices there. Sometimes they look so provoked, I am glad that whoever put the notice up is out of reach; again they seem excited and talk enthusiastically; and often they laugh so hard that I become very curious to know what the joke is. As the classes change, I enjoy watching the students throng the court; they are so busy and energetic. There are certain boys and girls that always come in together; others that always start for home together, and I really believe I am as disappointed as the girls themselves when the boys do not appear at the accustomed minute.

One of the exciting tricks some of the girls play between classes is a unique one, I am sure. They stand on the second floor, lean over the railing, and then, as the boys pass below, drop a book or two as nearly on their heads as possible. The result is that they look up, lift their hats, and say good-morning, and the girls turn away satisfied; why, do you suppose?

At the close of the morning classes, the dean's office at my left becomes quite popular among the boys, but the girls never go there. This I do not understand, for both boys and girls go into all the other rooms.

At the beginning of every hour, after the court has grown empty and still, I can hear music coming from many of the rooms; it is pleasant just to be quiet and listen, when there are not too many different hymns at once.

My life might seem monotonous to others, but I assure you it is not, for there are always new things and energetic people to interest and entertain me.

Literary.

Winter.

I.—Morning.

ADRIFT, this winter's morn, the snowflakes stray.
Chaste-white, in soft descent from realms above
They kiss with lightsome touch of gentlest love
A fair young face; and drawn by modest sway
Of eyes whence look a pure, sweet soul of truth.
The flakes seek timid entrance there, but caught
On lashes' sheath turn diamond drops all fraught
With rainbow light of strong and joyous youth.

II.—Night.

Through leaden gloom swift hurls the bitter wind
Its sting of edged sleet. Against the gale
A woman, poor and old and bent and frail,
Strives feebly on, alone, without a friend;
Till, failing footstep, stilled and spent the breath,
A wrinkled cheek lies pillowed on the snow,
While o'er the palid brow unheeded blow
The thin gray hairs—and care is fled with death.

W. T. Durand.

The Islands of Our Dreams.

FAR out within the misty sea of sleep
The islands of our dreams in darkness lie.
Upon their silent shores roll in and die
The waves of slumber from the shadowy deep.

Dim fancies flit across their lonely plains.
Strange phantoms, borne upon that restless tide,
Among the island waters silent glide,
While over land and sea deep quiet reigns.

But on these mystic shores there dawns the light.
Before the messengers of coming day
The islands of our dreams have fled away
And vanished with the shadows of the night.

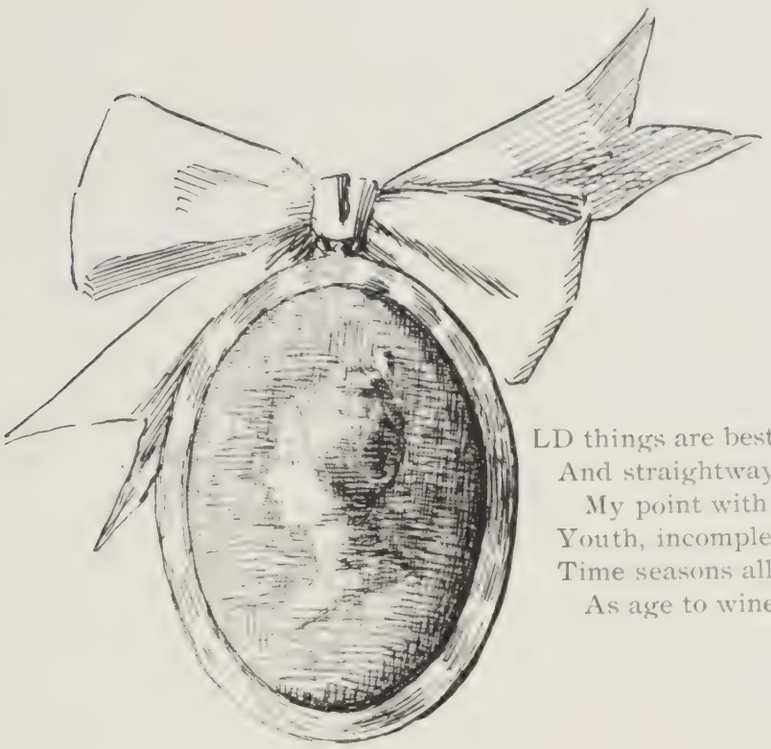
A Fancy.

STRANGE, but something sounds familiar
In that strain of music rare.
Something sweet, though full of sadness
Trembles on the evening air,
Ringing out in burst of gladness,
Falling into untold woe,
Full of light and full of darkness,
Strange that I should seem to know.

Where, I wonder, have I heard it,
What's the tale it softly sings,
What lies deep within the echo
That through all the music rings?
Yes, I know, yet cannot grasp it;
Words die into hopeless sighs,
For what heaven-born music reaches
Far beyond the finite lies.

Literary.

Love and Logic.



LD things are best, I tell my love;
And straightway I proceed to prove
My point with logic fine.
Youth, incomplete, lacks what is best;
Time seasons all and gives it zest,
As age to wine.

Old times were best, I tell my love;
The past is rich with treasure trove
Of ballad, tale, and jest;
Of ladies faire and courtiers gay;
Of knights and steeds in bright array,
At beauties' hest.

Old friends are best; true worth finds proof;
Tried stuff that makes the warp and woof
Endures the wear and strain.
For those who get a love or friend
On sight, oft lose him in the end
At fortune's wane.

Old tales are best; the heart brims o'er
With what it holds of love and lore
And songs of long ago.—
My arguments seem builded well;
Her smiles, as on each I dwell,
Affirms "'tis so."

And then, becoming still more bold,
I tell the story, Oh! so old,
As men before have done.
I pause—the light of glad surprise
Swift rushes to my Peggy's eyes—
My suit is won.

—H. S. Ross.

Literary.

Rubbish.

WHY, yes, it's a box of relics,
With memories sorry or glad,
And just the oddest assortment
That ever college girl had.
Trinkets and bits of ribbon,
Once of much value no doubt,—
But now with house-cleaning season
Of course I must sort them out.

Here are the coupons of tickets—
A dozen or more I possess;
Who 'twas presented these tickets
My ignorance now I confess,
The lectures of course were splendid,
The evenings could not have been slow—
I've quite forgotten who took me,
So the coupons will have to go.

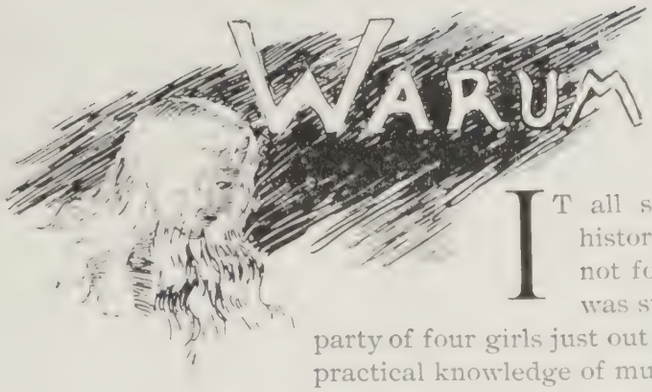
Here is a bunch of silk ribbons,
A knot of the crimson and gold
Won at the time of a ball game,
But now most dreadfully old.
Somebody—I don't remember—
Gave them to me with a sigh,
That time is past and forgotten,
And so I will throw them by.

Here is a string of poems
Written in praise of my eyes;
To me there is something saddening
In the way that sentiment flies;
Lines and lines of these verses
Struck from a poet's lyre—
His initials signed at the sending—
Yes, these may go in the fire.

Here is a jet-black ringlet
Along with a perfumed note;
I think that I know the writer,
But it wouldn't be wise to quote.
And here are so many others—
Flowers and pictures small;
They have had their day—I care not—
Yes, I will part with them all.

And now the box is quite empty,
Except for these flowers that cling.
I think I am partial to violets,
For they make me think of—spring.
To be sure, they are just a remembrance
Of the happiest kind of a day,
So perhaps I'd better keep them,
For—*I can't throw violets away.*

Literary.



IT all seems more like fiction than a bit of sorrowful life-history; and I could almost believe it all a dream if it were not for the ring. It happened a year or two ago, when I was studying music in a classic Eastern city. We were a party of four girls just out of boarding-school, consumed with a desire for a more practical knowledge of music than had before fallen to our lot. Our means were limited, but after much searching we found rooms in an old mansion, once fashionable, now merely respectable, which answered our purpose for light housekeeping.

The owner, for some reason best known to himself, had refused to sell the property, or even the furnishings, but allowed an old family servant and his wife to rent rooms on the upper floors. The lower floor was kept intact. The rooms were never opened except for the periodical sweeping and dusting, and year after year they had remained quiet in their faded splendor.

We had been settled in our new quarters but a few weeks, when a small excitement came into our lives. The little hall room, the only vacant room on our floor, had been rented. The new arrival made no stir. She gave her name as Hoffmann, and quietly, almost silently, slipped into the life of the house.

For several days after her arrival I happened to meet her on the stairs or in the hall. Sometimes I feared our noisy chatter tired her, and I ventured to say as much to her one day.

She stopped and smiled ever so faintly. "No," she said, "I do not mind." There was a kind of hopeless apathy in her voice. Her whole figure and air suggested poverty and sorrow. She was perhaps thirty-five, with a pale face and large, dark eyes; and as we stood together she seemed fully a head taller than myself. She wore a close-fitting black bonnet and a veil that streamed over her shoulders, while her black dress was worn and rusty, yet exquisitely neat.

She seemed so out of place in the whirling life of the city, so utterly forlorn, that, forgetting caution, I stretched out my hands impulsively. "Let me come and see you some time, will you not? It must be lonely for you here." She smiled again, and the tears filled her eyes as she took my hand between her own. "Yes, come, little one," she said, and then turning, she passed swiftly up the stairs and entered her own room, leaving me in a dazed condition as to my extraordinary behavior.

One evening just after tea I knocked at the door of the hall room. There was a slight rustling sound within, and then the door was timidly opened.

My new friend was finishing a frugal lunch, and I apologized for my intrusion. "Oh, come in," she said. "I am taking only a cup of tea." I noticed that there was a slight German accent that gave her sentences a quaintness that well suited her. The black bonnet had been replaced by a large, unshapely cap, but I noticed the beautiful hands were without ornament save for one ring with a curious setting of fire opals and small diamonds.

The room was severely plain in all its appointments. There was no bric-a-brac of any kind, and the only articles beside the regular furnishings were a shelf of books and a small

foreign packing trunk. There was a fascination for me in all she said. I casually mentioned the rooms downstairs, and spoke of the drawing-room with its faded hangings, and the grand piano kept in tune by the whim of the owner.

She looked at me eagerly. "Think you I might go there some time?" she asked. "I practice away from here—and yet it is so little I do," she added, pathetically. "Oh, why—" and then she stopped abruptly. I saw she was disturbed, and hastened to change the subject, and a few minutes after I took my leave.

We met often. Once or twice she came to our rooms, but she seemed to shrink from notice and chose rather to see us in her room.

I became acquainted with the occupant of the hall room as far as I could. She always greeted me with a smile and begged me to come often. When I came from practice in the afternoons she would sometimes call to me through the open door. As I look back those times seem bright spots in the busy day. She had evidently travelled extensively and had a fund of delightful stories and bright bits of description. Not unfrequently she would read passages from her favorite authors, Goethe and Schiller; beautiful paragraphs from German stories; and in her lighter moods she even told me fairly tales with an unsurpassed charm. Sometimes she spoke English, but most often she would read from the original, and I soon learned to interrupt where I could not follow. And with a kindness and ready sympathy she would carefully explain any perplexity.

Of her own life she never spoke; and I, feeling that there was some old sorrow, dared not touch upon it, though ever so lightly.

One afternoon in the winter she reminded me of my promise. "I have not been yet downstairs," she said. "We will go and you will play for me." We entered the long drawing-room just as the sun was setting, and the light fell directly on the old piano. With a quick step my companion crossed the room and opened it; then seated herself as if to play, but the light faded from her face as she turned to me. "No, you play."

With a merry conceit I sat down and began a snatch from a half-learned Mazurka. At the end of a long and somewhat brilliant scale passage she stopped me. "Let me show you, little one," she said. "Now play that very slowly, and then I will play it after."

I did as she directed and she took my place. "See," she said, "your fingers are not—what do you say?—supple." And with a brilliant flourish she swept her fingers over the keys from one end of the piano to the other.

I was beside myself with amazement. "Oh," I cried, "you said you could not play, and you can take a passage like that magnificently. Do play for me, please do." But she slowly shook her head. "I have the hands for it, that is all; but I cannot read the notes—this is what I learn now." In illustration she played some exercises such as a child might remember after a few lessons. As she spoke she had become my commonplace friend again, and I saw she was shivering in the cold room. She seemed strangely oppressed, and at my suggestion we closed the piano and left the room.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Winter passed, and the spring came in, warm and enervating. Miss Hoffmann had come home one evening thoroughly exhausted, and before morning she lay tossing with fever. The doctor was called, and with professional gravity recommended care and rest. In spite of our efforts, she slowly failed. I grew accustomed to creeping softly into her room at night to give her medicine and see that everything was arranged for her comfort. And some-

times she would open her eyes and look the thanks that she seemed too weak to express.

One night I found her restless, tossing uneasily from side to side, occasionally muttering to herself in unconsciousness of her surroundings. There was nothing to be done for her comfort, and with a few directions to the woman in charge I had gone to my own room.

I threw myself into an easy chair. How long I slept I do not know; but I was awakened by quick, stealthy footsteps passing the door and the soft swish of silk as it fluttered from stair to stair. I softly opened the door and peered over the banisters; a tall white figure stood below, and in an instant it disappeared through the drawing-room door. In the silence I could distinctly hear my heart beat. In another moment the sound of a piano came from the direction of the drawing-room. Still I did not move. A wild burst of music floated up from below, and with that revelation of sound I stole down the stairs through the gloom. The door of the drawing-room was ajar and the sight I saw I shall never forget.

Seated at the old piano, playing some wild, rollicking melody, was the occupant of the hall room. The light from the deserted street shone in through the window and bathed her in an almost unearthly radiance. It touched to silver brightness the white satin robe she wore; and her long yellow hair was unbound and fell in rippling masses almost to her feet. Her face was very pale and her dark eyes shone like two stars. She was so young and beautiful as she sat there, and in humiliation of soul I remembered I had called her old and plain. In the adoration of the moment I could have crept to her side and prayed forgiveness. She did not appear to notice me, but played on and on, as if her life depended upon it. Only once she spoke. "Little one, you will stay with me, will you not?" And as I promised she went on with her playing.

I shall never again hear music like that. Up and down, back and forth, went those beautiful fingers over the keys, storming, striking, caressing, bringing out floods of melody. I cannot tell what she played, I only know that I sat there drinking in the bliss of it, not even stopping to wonder at the meaning of it all. Nor did I wake to actual existence until she tottered and fell heavily forward.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

We carried her to the old satin couch in the drawing-room, and there she lay dying. We stood about her as she opened her eyes. She was looking at me. "Will you stay?" she asked, and again I promised, while, with a wave of her hand, she motioned the others away.

The streets were very still, and the clock chimed out the hour. It evidently disturbed her, for she turned to me. "It was one o'clock, was it not?" she said. "Come and sit here; I have much to say, and I go away—away with the outgoing tide. Little one, you have been kind, and to you I must tell it, and you shall keep my secret—only a little while. It then shall be yours to do with as you like. Oh, I am happy—so happy! It has come back to me—my music, my music——" She shut her eyes a moment as if for rest, and then continued: "Come close to me, little one, while I talk to you. It is like a lesson that I have had by heart so long, and now I say it to you. All my life I have lived for my music. Do you know what it is to love it with a love intense? And, oh! I worked so hard and so faithfully, and at last I came before the great world—the world with its blame and praise—and the praise came to me. Do you know what it is to play so that people grow wild with excitement, and then by a touch to send them back to tears? Do you know what the lights and the perfume from thousands of flowers and the smiles of friends and flatterers mean? Do you know what it is to have wealth and gifts poured into your lap like rain? All these I had.

And then there came such a dreadful time in my own Fatherland—a long, long illness, and I awoke to find my brain turned—yes, turned; for my music was gone. My fingers regained their strength, but the notes meant nothing to me. I had forgotten all, and my heart was like lead. The learned men could do nothing. They took money and gave me only dry hopes in return. Rest, they said, I needed—rest and strength. I rested, but what I had lost did not return. Strength came, but not my lost music. And then, like a thief in the night, I stole away from them all to this land beyond the sea, disguised where once I was so proud to be seen; poor where once I was rich; sorrowful and heavy of heart, and despised by those who once would have been glad to kiss the hem of my dress. And then you came to me, light-hearted and free. I loved you, and I said, 'She shall be my friend;' but I could not tell you then. But you understand, little one."

She paused for breath, but in a moment began again:

"I am dying, but I am so happy. My beautiful gift has come back, and I take it with me. I am tired and I go—oh, so gladly! Let me be buried in this dress. It is the only one of them all that I saved. Draw off the ring; it is for you. It is an heirloom. The opal is the stone of sorrow, but the curse has come upon me; it cannot hurt you now. Keep it always for my sake. And one thing more: keep my name when I tell you my secret. Bend closer. I must whisper it."

I did as I was bidden, and she breathed a name that had taken the musical public by storm a few years before. The artists had striven to do her honor, and the critics had raved in vain; she had carried all before her in three short years, and then as suddenly disappeared from public notice. She spoke once more:

"It is getting so dark I cannot see you, and it is so still—so still! Let me take your hand, little one. All seems strange, and I am so tired! It is not hard to go; the loved ones have gone on before, and they are waiting for me. There is enough for all expenses. You will find it. Remember those who were kind to me."

She was whispering now, and I bent down to catch the sweet words that in the greatness of her heart she intended for me:

"Nur ist, als ob ich die Hände
Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt',
Betend, dass Gott dich erhalte
So rein und—schön—und—hold."

One last pressure of her hand on mine and a whispered "Auf wiedersehen," and the weary lids closed over the beautiful eyes.

I sat by her side watching her faint breathing, and as the clock struck the hour of three I heard a sound as of far-off music. It may have been some imprisoned melody in the heart of the old piano; it may have been the far-away song of an earth-free soul; but at that instant her grasp relaxed and her soul had gone out with the tide.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

In a lovely spot in one of the cemeteries of that Eastern city is a quiet grave. There is no name on the headstone, only this inscription: "Entered into rest." And there, unknown, sleeps the great artist.

Elsie M. Tade.

Literary.

A Thanksgiving Party.



'TWAS Thanksgiving evening—gay time for us all,
Not a creature was studying, not even Prof. Hall.
The Seniors were seated 'round tables so bare
In hopes the refreshments would soon be placed there.
The youths and the maidens, the greatest and least
Had settled themselves for an elegant feast.
When out in the hall there arose such a clatter
Fred Loomis looked up to see what was the matter.
He rose from his seat; rushed madly away,
And soon he found out to his utter dismay,
By the looks of confusion on six dusky faces,
That little was left for the banquet but cases.

For what should appear to his wondering eyes,
But deceitful top layers —and—awful surprise.
No turkey below, not even a cake;
He knew in a moment 'twas through no mistake.
More rapid than Boothman, he flew to the door;
He whistled and shouted, and stamped on the floor.
Oh, Remley! Oh, Upham! Oh, Haskell! come quick!
The Juniors have played us a miserable trick.
Search the nooks and the corners throughout Peters Hall,
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away, all.
As callers at Talcott with one accord start,
When Mrs. Lord tells them it is time to depart,
The boys all jumped up, looked about for a club,
And fain would have hunted that miserable *cub*.
But there in a twinkling occurred to each mind
The many fair maidens they'd thus leave behind.
They returned to the table to feast upon toast,
And in place of pressed turkey, each had his own roast.
The president fittingly brought on this course,
He introduced speakers with vigor and force,
Who told them of mittens, both old kinds and new;
Of thanksgiving parties and foot-ball games too.
They were merry and gay, a right jolly young band,
The young ladies smiled while the gentlemen fanned.
A clap of the hand, on the table a knock,
Soon gave them to know it was past ten o'clock.
They spoke not a word. They went straight for their wraps,
But their walk home was slow and crooked perhaps.



Literary.

Despair.

NOW is the summer of our sweet content
Made howling winter by these daily themes;
And all the sunshine once we did enjoy
In grim and dark despair is buried.
Now are our brows all furrowed o'er with care;
Our unused skates hung up for ornaments;
Our nightly quiet changed to troubled dreaming;
Our morning joys to sad and themeful musing
Smooth visaged Soph has wrinkled up his front;
And now instead of mounting flying wheel,
To skip away to neighboring skating pond,
He walks the floor within his little chamber,
Tearing his hair for subject of a theme.
But I, that am not shaped for weary toil,
Nor fear the critic's frown before the class—
I, that was lazy born, and wanting industry,
To squirm and sweat about to-morrow's theme!
Theme, with paragraphs in false proportions,
Lacking in clearness, or redeeming feature!
Unformed—unfinished, sent ere noon to-morrow
To meet its doom—scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That beardless boy would ne'er acknowledge it!
Not I! A villain I myself will prove,
And steal a theme from Shakespeare.



Our Poet Laureate

Remarks on Ideal Themes.

COME forth, my faithful Parker,
And pen me now a theme,
A theme so dry and simple
That you may yet redeem
Yourself from idle jesting,
For your intended jokes,
Your nonsense used to season
Our tiny Prof. provokes
Who writes upon the margin:
"This lacks simplicity,"
Or else, "In plain description
This spoils the unity."
So now my pen be careful,
For you must realize
That when you write descriptions
You must not moralize.
Although your themes, my comrade,
Are marked below a three,
Except on theme descriptions,
We usually agree
To profit by the lessons
Experience has taught:
That just a little nonsense
Will season deepest thought.
And when we paint a picture,
A picture made by words,
Of trees, a brook, and flowers,
With orchestra of birds,
With chipmunks and mosquitoes,
And golden butterflies,
Must nature's voice be silent
For fear we moralize?
And would it spoil the picture
To turn our eyes away
And listen just a moment
To what the flowers say?
Each flower has a secret
Or message to reveal;
And songsters set to music
Emotions that they feel.
No prophet, sage or poet
Will ever thrill our hearts
With truths or precepts grander
Than nature's voice imparts.

Literary.

The Immortality of Song.

HORACE—BOOK III, ODE 30.

A MONUMENT I've reared, more firm
Than one of bronze could be,
More lofty than the pyramids
In their regal majesty.

Nor gnawing rain, nor furious wind
May cause its overthrow,
Unharming, o'er its stately form,
The countless years shall go.

I perish, but not all of me,
The best shall still remain;
'Tis but a small and useless part
Libitina shall gain.

For, while the ages onward roll
My fame shall ever grow,
As long as stands the Capitol,
While up its steps shall go,

With labored tread, the pontifex,
The virgin by his side
Whose lips are closed in silence,
Whose heart no guile doth hide.

There men will speak of me, where runs
With bubbling noisy flow
The little torrent Anfidus,
And where long years ago

King Dannus ruled in royal state
His illy watered land,
Where dwelt in rude simplicity
A sturdy rustic band.

And they shall say, "He first, although
From humble source he sprang,
With genius rare th' Aeolian song
To Latin measures sang."

Take now, Melpomene, the prize,
Long sought and fairly won,
And with the Delphic Laurel wreath
My hair and temples crown.

Flower Song.

IN the springtime, warm and bright,
In the woods and meadows light,
Little flow'rets, fresh and sweet,
Form a carpet 'neath our feet.
And the dainty blossoms there
Seem like tiny faces fair.

Like the bluette, baby's eyes
Hold, reflect the blue of skies,
And the sweet anemone
Is the flush of pink we see
On his cheek when he awakes,
When the spell of slumber breaks.

Adder tongues, so bright and gay,
Are the little ones at play;
Golden heads they're tossing high,
As the wind goes blowing by.
Trilliums, both white and pure,
Are like little maids demure.

Violets that grow so low
That their haunts no one can know,
But the loving hand and heart
That with tender, tactful art,
Seek to draw them into sight
In their beauty to delight,

Are the little children dear,
Sent to bring us hope and cheer,
Who, though timid, never bold,
Yet to loving hearts unfold
All the beauty and the grace
Of a flower or baby face.

Literary.

Valentines.

THE chanticleer sings to the dawn,
The gnat sings to the flea,
The frog sings to the silent stars,
And I sing now to thee.

The slender bean vine loves the pole,
The codfish loves the sea,
The tadpole loves the muddy pool,
And *do* I love but thee?

The snowflakes kiss the frozen earth,
The raindrops all kiss me,
The sunbeams kiss the cabbage-heads,
And yet, *would* I kiss thee?

The woodbine hugs the stalwart oak,
The hollyhock the bee,
The miser hugs his yellow gold,
And I, *could* I hug thee?

The owl may sing to silent night,
The fish may love the sea,
The sun may kiss the cabbage-heads,
The vine cling to the tree,

The frog may love the marshy pool,
The blossom hug the bee,
But why does all this gush mean naught
To you, and less to me?

ICH muss ein Liebesbriefchen schreib',
Weil Valentin's Fest hier ist,
Est ist eine schön' Gelegenheit
Zu sag' wie hübsch Du bist!

Für mich ist da kein Andere
In diesem ganzen Land,
So geb' mir schnell, oh, Liebchen mein,
Dein' süsse, plumpe Hand.

THE coon is black, the creole yellow
And my best girl loves another fellow.
The dago sells a good banan,
The Hebrew ist ein guter man,
Munson macht ein schöne stew,
But your best fellow he loves you.

These lines no Shakespeare wrote,
These words no Byron penned.

Literary.



Memories That We Keep.

AH! the memories we are keeping
  Of the things we used to know;
How they come to soothe and cheer us,
  When the heart is full of woe.
When our heads bend low in sorrow,
  And the soul is sick of care,
Then there come, like sweetest music,
  Memories of some old-time prayer.

Just a thought of some old story,
  Just the echo of a song,
Just the face of some dear loved one
  That we've missed for Oh! so long;
It is nothing but a memory,
  It is nothing we can tell,
But the head lifts up in gladness
  At the magic of its spell.

Ye old memories, do not leave us!
  Stay and keep us pure and true;
All the world would lose its beauty
  If we could not turn to you.
And at night when worn and weary,
  And we close our eyes in sleep,
Perhaps we are nearer Heaven
  For the memories that we keep.

V.

Book Nine.




SALARY REDUCED
Cuts and Grinds.
De Date
ENGLISH
COFFEE
B. Carter

Cuts and Grinds.



How They Make the Review.

A Farce.

Scene: "News" office. At right toward front, desks of "News." Table covered with hand-bills, etc., seen in dingy rear. On left, desk of "Review;" should contain a number of dirty pigeon-holes labeled "Alumni," "Copy," "Eds.," etc. Desk is littered with refuse of copy, proofs, scattered text-books, exchanges, dirty paste-pot, rusty shears, etc. A few dilapidated or defunct chairs hover about disconsolately. Under desks are waste-baskets, empty. Waste is scattered on the floor. Wall at left of stage is decorated with a collection of postal cards from the Dean, locks of tawny hair, and a conspicuous cartoon with skull and cross-bones, with the motto: "Go and Die," dedicated to the Dean.

"Captain" Randolph is seen wandering 'round uneasily.

[Enter Haskell—a rather immature youth with a meek, aspiring air.]

Cap. (who meets him at front of stage with his anxious look on): Come, come, Harry, they're calling for more copy—have been for half an hour.

Haskell (walks over to "Review" desk): Oh, now, you go to thunder, Cap.! Here's a lot of college verse yet, and then there's those revised editorial forms right here; Mr. Maynes knows how to work 'em just as well as I do, if he gets short of copy.

Cap.: Yes, yes, Harry, but a man can't set up college verse all the time. He's got to have a change.

[Harry seats himself, gets a few items out of a pigeon-hole labeled: "Reforms: Ladies' Rules, Chapel, Compulsory Church," etc., screws up his mouth and goes to writing. Enter Mr. Maynes, the foreman.]

Maynes: Mr. Haskell, we shall have to have something besides college verse to set up for a while. Two of the compositors are prostrated, and one of 'em, who's at work on something by "O," is fainting now.

Haskell (who takes it as a matter of course): All right, Mr. Maynes. Here's some more editorial.

Maynes (shaking his head sadly): No, that isn't any better. Guess they'll have to keep on with the verse.

[Exit Maynes.]

[Enter Hardy and Shaw—H. Yankee type; S. pale, quiet, and youthful. They sit down at desk, Hardy with leg over arm of chair.]

Hardy: Dog-on it, Harry, are you going to put in that blamed "Sobbing of the Evening Glow" that you showed me?

Haskell: Yes, I s'pose so. Course, we don't like to print that sort of hysterics, but the person that wrote it's on the Board, you know, and I guess it'll have to go. Got to have copy, anyway. Say, Shaw, where's that kid Jesse James? He was going to be down here an hour ago.

Shaw: Childs? Don't know. Down to Lord, I presume, with les Freakieuses. He stays awhile, mostly, after dinner, with two or three of 'em.

Haskell: Great Scott, I didn't s'pose the Lord Cottage season came till spring.

[Enter Fauver—solidly made up; with frock coat, points of shoes turning up; walks well back on heels with important air—goes to rear of stage and gets out mailing list.]

Fauver: Cahp., don't you suppawse that if we cawt down the list of exchanges a little, and run in a foo free items faw the "News," you knaw, Cahp, that you could get us out a foo issues at a couple of dollahs less?

Cap. (with a saddened and reproachful look playing about his nose): Ay, golly, Lou, don't you know that I'm losing money on every issue that we get out for you fellows? We print the thing just out of sheer benevolence, Lou, just out of sheer benevolence, I tell ye. (Shakes his beard a little aggressively.) Say, do you know it, we can't possibly get this number out on time, if you don't get that advertising in right away? Don't know's we can then. Got every man in the office at work on it now. Worked all night last night. Set up some type myself.

Fauver: Aw, Cahp., it's my opinion youah an ouwtrageous liahr. Now see heah——

Haskell (interrupting): W'y we always have got it out on time, and we aren't any more behind with copy than usual.

Cap.: I'll see, Harry, I'll see. Mebbe we can pull it through. But it'll be a tight squeeze. I don't know about it.

[Enter Seibert and Kellogg. S. goes to back of stage, K. walks indignantly up to Haskell.]

Fauver: Hello, here, Seibert, where hahve you been, anyhow? W'y I hahd to do a little on this mailing list myself. Great Haht, you must get to work on it, old mahn.

Kellogg: Somebody changed the paragraphing in that article I handed in, didn't they? You did it, didn't you? I noticed that the changes were particularly bad.

Haskell: Er, w'y, yes, I did, I——

[Exit Kellogg.]

[Enter Childs with Lou Lord. C., a slight, bright-headed youth, talks in a rather high, monotonous, nasal voice.]

Childs (to Lord, as they come on): You bet. I always go to sleep Sunday evenings when they ring in an escaped missionary on us——

Haskell: See here, Jesse James, where's that "College World" you was going to have ready? Where've you been?

Cuts and Grinds.

Childs: Now, Hairry, don't talk that way. Been playing 42. That's a great game. Miss Tade, she——

Haskell: Yes, but they'll be round after that "College World" pretty soon.

Lord: For Scott's sake, Harry, don't run in any more editorials 'bout that Annual Office the Dean's got. I'm in trouble enough with Azarier now, and I don't want 'em accusing me of having it run in. Just go slow on that, can't you?

[Exit Lord.]

Childs: Hairry, what makes you sit there and write up all that editorial for? Why don't you give it to one of the cubs (competitors) and let them write it up? Don't be afraid, Hairry, they won't use the editorial *we* when it ain't good form, and they'll always spell "faculty" with a small letter; it'll be all right; everybody in town knows about your nice points of style by this time; just let it go; you can cross out all their "verys" when it comes up in galley-proof. (Goes up to desk.) Here's a story Kribs brought in; have you seen it?

Haskell (reads title and looks contemptuous): "How He Found His Darling." Humph!

Childs: I've read it; it's a pretty good wan. Guess parts of it would please Uncle Lyman B.; the hero worked something like twenty hours or so a day while he was in love. But then I should think she'd know we don't print love stories in the "Review."

Haskell: "She?" I thought you said Kribs brought it in?

Childs: Oh, yes, he did; but of course everybody knows *she* wrote it.

Fauver: Well, fellahs, I'm going down to get the mail.

[Exit Fauver.]

Childs: Say, Hairry, I'm awful hungry; I'm going into the bakery and see if they won't stand me off for cream puffs for the crowd.

All (in unison): Good work!

Hardy: What a funny little cuss! Remember the day he said he thought he was in luck 'cause his hair was turning darker, and Miss Stone was in here? He's a queer kid.

[Enter Childs with puffs. Distributes them to crowd. Cap kicks on his share. Elderly, dignified lady in black seen entering at the front. Cap. shows her in with his best smile somewhat obscured by a mouthful of puff.]

Cap.: Good-morning, madame, good morning. Have you subscribed for the "News?" We will take any little thing you may have—spring chickens, honey, anything, madame.

Elderly Lady (frigidly): Ah, sir, are you the editor of the "Review?"

Cap. (aside—Great thunder!) Oh, no, madame. This is Mr. Haskell, the able editor of the "Review;" he'll no doubt be glad to do anything he can for you.

Elderly Lady (to Haskell): Sir, my daughter has never been engaged to the Rev. Ananias B. Smith, as stated in your Alumni column, and I may hope never will be!

[Hardy suddenly gets an idea and goes out with it abruptly.]

Haskell (swallowing last of his puff in haste): Ah, really, madame, I—the fact is, madame, er—the young man who writes the Alumni news has just stepped out; no doubt he——

Elderly Lady: I hope it will never occur again.

[Exit Elderly Lady.]

Cap. (whistles): Whew!

[Enter Fauver with mail, which he opens and reads.]

Cuts and Grinds.

Fauver: Yes, here's anothah one of the Profs. who sends in his $1.50 a week late, and dates his letter March 1st! Here's one for Hardy; says, "Give us more Alumni news." The blamed idiot doesn't seem to say anything about himself. Don't wondah Hardy kicks. A mahn cahn't get Alumni news by inspiration.

[Enter Mr. Maynes with proof.]

Maynes: We shall have to have a little verse or something to fill out this page, Mr. Haskell.

Haskell: Ah, just wait a moment. (Writes.)

Childs: See Hairry turn on the spigot. Poetry runs right out of him.

[Mr. Maynes takes the bit of verse gingerly, and goes out with a look of patient disgust. Shaw and Haskell read proof.]

Shaw: Oh, bother! I wish Hardy would let up on this "So and so's teaching at ———, and is enjoying his work very much." This is the fifth consecutive instance.

[Haskell starts convulsively and shows symptoms of an approaching spasm.]

Fauver: Great heavens! what's the matter, Hahwy?

Haskell (groans): Oh, one of the correspondents—ugh!—has used—ah-h-h! oh!—the editorial "we" in a communication!!

[They manage to get the proof out of his sight, and bring him to after some work.]

Fauver: Well, what are we going to hahve for ouwr next covah?

[Haskell and Fauver go to looking over a box of old junk with some rejected half-tones mixed in. Enter "Prof." Stetson. Walks as though strung on a trolley wire. Goes up and leans against desk, and tries to look dignified. Childs and Shaw sing "'Nita, Wau-uh-au nita," one in A, the other in B.]

Fauver: Aw, great Haht, Jesse, shut up, do. We cahn't hear anything with such a thundering noise.

[Jaunita subsides. Prof. looks relieved.]

Haskell: Well, I don't know, we'll probably have to run a cut of the men's gymnasium, or else Mrs. Johnston; everything else is used up. Don't know but the gym'll be the best. Ruins are sort of picturesque; we'll have it run off in mud-colored ink.

Cap. (coming up): Going to run your "Side Talks to the Faculty" under a regular heading after this, Harry?

Haskell: No; guess we'll omit 'em this week. Don't know but I'll write an editorial asking the students to try to take the faculty standpoint; it seems to me the students are liable to be too severe on the fac. I don't think the fac. means anything out of the way. I shall have to have more editorial, anyway, if Durand don't bring some in.

Childs: Hairry, I'm losing all faith in you; hain't got any more confidence in you since you took to looking at things the ways the faculty does. Mebbe you're working for a stand-in.

Siebert: Hold on, Harry, before you fill up your editorial space. Gimme room to write up a little leg-puller about Prof. G——'s work and his class-room drill, and all that kind o' thing. I got to do something, or I'm afraid he'll flunk me this pull. Gee-whiz! I wish I could do the thing up like MacClave did last year; he had a dandy style for some things.

Fauver: By the way, don't print any moah of that Bouwery verse, Hahwy; Prof. Anderegg threatens to stop his paper now. You hahve to be careful abouwt such little things, you knaw. When I get into politics, I shall see that my official awgan——

Cuts and Grinds.

Childs: Goin' into politics right after you graduate, Lou?

Haskell: Oh, here's some verse Cross I. J. sent in; just listen to the last of it. (Reads.)

I turned to drown me in the sea;
She cried out, "Laddie, come to me,
To me, thou silly lover!"
I rushed into her arms, we kissed;
The rest of this you must have guessed,
We swore to love forever.

Childs: Goin' to put that in, Hairry? No? W'y, Herbert J. Hinman couldn't write better! Well, tell him to send it to the "Century," anyway.

[Invisible kid voice, behind scenes: "Bet yer what ye want to, dat wheel'll weigh 150 pounds. It's de lightest ice-wagon in town, I don't think!"]

Fauver: Hahwy, the kids out there don't seem to be stuck on your wheel. Nouw, don't you think you bettah take one of these noo ones I've got faw advertising on your salary?

Haskell: You go off! See here, Prof., here's the phrase "a very gentlemanly man." Do you think the "very" adds anything to the force?

Prof.: Why, yes, I do; now, if, as reports seem to show, 63 per cent. of people have suppressed articulation in reading——

Shaw: Guns! I'm not going to listen to any more of that.

[Exit Shaw.]

[Prof. and Haskell scrap for five minutes about the "very." Others look bored.]

Fauver: Well, I must really get ouwt of this. Come on, fellahs.

[Exit Haskell, Prof., and Fauver.]

[Jesse Childs lazily gathers up an armful of exchanges and starts out, drops them, mutters some little word, looks round to see if anybody heard, picks them up with a long groan, ending in a cough, and goes soberly off the stage. Cap. is seen wandering about uneasily, as usual.]

CURTAIN.



Cuts and Grinds.

The Spider and the Fly.

"WILL you walk into my parlor?" said the Spider to the Fly,
" 'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy.
The way into my parlor is found through Peters Hall,
And I have many things to show you, if you would please to call."
" Oh, no, no!" said the wary Fly; " I do not wish to call,
For who goes in your parlor fair will in your meshes fall."
Said the cunning Spider to the Fly: " Dear sir, will you please call
And see me at my office hour to-day in Peters Hall.
I have within my parlor some things of interest.
To make it entertaining, I'll try to do my best."
" Oh, no, no," said the little Fly; " kind sir, that cannot be.
I've heard what's in your parlor, I do not wish to see!"
" Dear creature!" said the Spider, " you're sporty and you're shy,
You're breaking rules and skipping class, and soaring pretty high.
I have a little record-book upon my parlor shelf.
Just step in here a moment, dear, and vindicate yourself."
" I thank you, gentle sir," said he, " for what you're pleased to say;
But when I call to see you, sir, 'twill be a frosty day."
Alas, alas! by far too soon this silly little Fly
A second invitation got, and soon came flitting by.
With downcast looks he joined the crowd and waited to come in,
Thinking only of his schemes, which he supposed would win.
He met the smiling dean, who said: " Your fate has come at last."
Up jumped the cunning Spider, but did not bind him fast.
But said, " You naughty, naughty Fly, you to your ma may soar,
And tell her that she wants you. We need you here no more."
And now, dear little children, who may this story read,
To those official invitations I pray you ne'er give heed;
Unto a pious counselor close heart and ear and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale of the Spider and the Fly.

Morituri Salutamus.

Oh, Anderegg, we, who are about to die,
Salute thee, was the flunking freshmen's cry.
In 42 they sat there, face to face
With math. review exam. 2.9, disgrace.

Oh, ye familiar sines, ye formulæ divine,
That once were mine, and are no longer mine;
Ye do not answer us, ye do not hear,
Ye are forgotten. And this Prof. austere,

With calm indifference, hath little care
Whether we come or go, or when or where.
So, Anderegg, we who are about to die
Salute thee with the gladiator's cry.

Cuts and Grinds.

Favorite Songs.

Miss Dewey, Con., "The Young Nun." —*Schubert.*

Miss A. Rudd, "Cupid's in Love with Me." —*McGlennon.*

Bob. Upham, "There, Little Girl, Don't Cry."

Mme. Johnston, "If I But Knew."—*Smith.*

F. Phipps, H. J. Haskell, R. Cowley, "An die Entfernte Geliebte."—*Beethoven.*

R. Fulton, "Holy, Holy, Holy." (Hymn).

R. Dorsett, "I'm Wearin' Awa' Jean." —*Foote.*

Miss A. Ash, Con., "There's Only One Girl in the World For Me."

Marsh, '99, "Dein Angesicht."—*Schumann.*

Miss Maud Walker, Con., "Calm as the Night and Deep as the Sea."—*Bohm.*

Ole Streator, "Murmuring Zephyrs, Perfumed Air." —*Jensen.*

The Misses Spaulding, "The Two Grenadiers." —*Schumann.*

P. Patterson, Con., "Lehn Deine Wang an Meine Wang." —*Jensen.*

Whelden, "Du bist wie eine Blume." —*Rubinstein.*

Mr. Breckenridge, "The Organ-grinder." —*Schubert.*

Miss J. Myers, Con., "Ich liebe Mich." —(*Miss Myers*).

Bennett, "Oh Fair, Oh Sweet, and Holy." —*Cantor.*

W. Chamberlin, "Rastlose Liebe," —*Schubert.*

E. Boothman, Branger, "Angels Ever Bright and Fair." —*Handel.*

Emmick, "My Little Woman." —*Osgood.*

T. M. Focke, Prof. Wrightman, "I have a girl in Baltimore."

J. Childs, "Der Monoton." —*Schubert.*

Prof. Kimball, "After the Ball." (Folk-song).

Rudolph, "Sweet Marie." —*Sheldon.*

Marvin, "Thou Art Like a Flower." —*Schumann.*

McMurray, Fiebach, Hale, "Jaunita."

John Behr, "Grace, 'tis a charming sound."

Prof. Root, "Come to Me." —*Denza.*

Conservatory Studies in Expression.

Campbell, Allegro prestissimo ($\frac{1}{4}$ = 40).

Miss McGee, Pesante ma non troppo.

P. Patterson, Sempre pp. Andante amoroso.

Miss A. Ash, Morceau à deux bras. Facile.

H. B. Voorhees, Leidenschaftlich ohne besondere Zärtlichkeit.

Miss Gilbert, Tempo di Gigue, senza expressione e Cullyoso ad libitum ed ad nauseam.

G. Lott, Pour le Piano seul; tres poli mais sans trop d'esprit.

Miss J. Myers, Sempre Forte e senza delicatesse.

Matlack, Für Orgel bearbeitet; mit drückendem Anschlag und grossen Macht ohne Empfindung.

Cuts and Grinds.

The Chronicles of Hezekiah II.

CHAPTER I.

1. And it came to pass in the fifth year of Prexy the Great's reign that he smote upon his breast saying,—

2. Go to, wherefore should I be judge over the men of the land? I will therefore anoint me a Dean that he may judge the men of the tribe of the Seignyours and the Juun Yours and the Sophites and the Fresh, even as Maadaamjaa doth rule the daughters of the land and Pecque the Jonfisher doth rule the land of Kad.

3. And Prexy anointed Azariah the Root to be Dean over the people.

4. Azariah was five and thirty years old when he began to judge and he judged for the space of one year.

5. ¶ He did not follow after the ways of Joo It, but ruled harshly, putting grievous burdens on the backs of the people insomuch that they groaned sorely.

6. For when the Bhoys did play Peed Roe, which is, being interpreted, Forty two after the tenth hour, and when they did not go up to the temple to worship and when they did eat Pi after the tenth hour,

7. Then did Azariah send messengers unto the Bhoys, saying

8. I would that ye should arise and come unto the temple which is called Peters, even unto the room which I did take from the Review and the An Ual.

9. And when they had come, Azariah said in many words that they should not commit these sins and he did cry out in a loud voice—Unexcused.

10. ¶ So he afflicted the children of Oberlin. And he persecuted sorely Kub Ber of the tribe of Juun Yours and Web Str of the tribe of Fresh which is called Ghreen, insomuch that they fled from the land for the space of three months.

11. Azariah also afflicted many of the tribe of Seignyours, yea even Jimpson and Cheam Brline and Fyps which is called Miss and Needer Housre and the son of Thom which is called Cæsar.

CHAPTER II.

1. And in the fifth year of the reign of Prexy the Great; in the ninth month which is called Sep did a mighty war arise between the children of Oberlin and the dwellers of Add El Bert which lieth to the east in the land of Kleve.

2. And the people of Add El Bert sent messengers to Cheam Brline which is called Byl and said:—

3. Go to, let us each choose eleven men and they shall fight after the manner of the worshippers of Pfut Baal.

4. And if peradventure our men shall prevail against your men, then shall the children of Oberlin be our servants; but if ye shall prevail, then shall Add El Bert bow down and serve Oberlin forever.

5. And Cheam Brline sent and said, Be it even so as ye have said.

6. ¶ Then did the hosts of Add El Bert gather together about the sixteenth day of the month which is called Nov, and they encamped against the children of Oberlin near the temple of Aath Letics which is called the graand staand.

7. And the children of Oberlin brought unto the battle many instruments of musick to cheer the hearts of their chosen warriors.

8. Then Buurk the Noisy and Orth of the tribe of Samuel and Jesse which is called the Child because he is small in stature, and many others lifted up their voices and shouted.

9. And all the children of Oberlin shouted with a great shout, crying unto Anabioo insomuch that the dwellers of Add El Bert trembled and were sore afraid.

10. The chosen warriors of the children of Oberlin were Buth Man and Fauver the clatite and Mackmurreigh and Klance and Goold the Jaa and Mackdonal and Kell Og and Ful Tohn and Church Hil and Woster and Jonber.

11. ¶ They began to fight about the third hour of the afternoon and the children of Oberlin smote the dwellers of Add El Bert hip and thigh;

12. Yea, they prevailed against them till the going down of the sun and smote and destroyed them utterly.

13. And the dwellers of Add El Bert became the servants of the children of

Oberlin according to this saying and remain so even unto this day.

CHAPTER III.

1. And it came to pass that the men of the tribe of Juun Yours gathered themselves together at the Hall which is called Cabinet, whence do arise divers grievous odors.

2. And they beat upon their breasts and wept sore with grievous lamentations:

3. For it had been noised abroad that the men of the tribe were not Hotstuff, yea, that the maidens of the tribe were greater than they.

4. ¶And when they assembled Win Chester the Mike arose and said:

5. Oh men and brethren, wherefore should we be a reproach to all that dwell in the land? Is not our shame known from South Africa even to the Graand Staand?

6. Yea, and even the maidens of our tribe do despise us in their hearts.

7. Let us, therefore, let our beards grow that we may look dignified and that we may no longer be called Phreeks.

8. ¶And the counsel of Win Chester the Mike seemed good to the men of the tribe of Juun Yours.

9. And they made a solemn vow that they should not shave for the space of many weeks, yea, neither should a knife nor any other instrument of iron touch their faces.

10. ¶Then did it come to pass after many days that their faces grew unsightly, for they were covered with down.

11. And the maids of the tribe held them in derision and laughed them to scorn, saying,

12. Did we not say that they were Phreeks? But now they have made it manifest unto all the children of Oberlin.

13. And their saying was spread abroad through the land insomuch that the hearts of the men of the tribe were filled with sorrow.

14. Then did they repent of the vow which they had made, and they did all shave that they might look like men again,

15. Saving only Dun Levi, which worshipped at the temple of Phikap and Wither Be, the slabsided, for their beards were comely and fair to see.

CHAPTER IV.

1. And it came to pass about this time that the men of the tribe of Fresh which is called Ghreen, gathered themselves together to celebrate the solemn feast which is called Stagparty.

2. They did provide therefore much victuals, even Ois Ters and Pi and Kaak that they might make merry.

3. But the men of the other tribes were mightily enraged and they said wherefore should these men of the tribe of Fresh wax mightly and think that they are gretestuf?

4. Let us therefore arise and take their Ois Ters that they may know that they are but babes in our sight.

5. ¶And they arose and girt up their loins for the fight. But the men of the tribe of Fresh fought valiantly, and the battle waxed hot.

6. And the men of Fresh took many captives, even Buurk the Noisy, and Simpson, and Wither Be and Laughrd of the Juun Yours, and Hankfair Child, the Baldwinsport.

7. Then did the chief executioner of the tribe of Fresh, even Jaans, take a sharp sword and cut the hair of the prisoners to disfigure them and he cut the beard of Laughrd of the tribe of Juun Yours.

8. And they did look like unto the Wildmen of Borneo for they were no more fair to see.

9. ¶But the battle waxed hotter and hotter and the men of Fresh were discomfited. And then Prexy the Great which is called Wiliamgeigh received tidings of the battle and he was greatly wroth.

10. And he arose and hastened to the place of battle and he tore his beard and rushed about, saying—Oh, men, I would not that ye should do these things for ye shall repent of them. Was not a man slain in the land of Indiana? Depart now unto your homes.

11. But they answered and said yep which is, being interpreted, Notbyajugfull.

12. And they prevailed over the men of Fresh and took their Ois Ters spoil and ate them with a mighty feast.

13. So was the pride of the men of Fresh humbled and it remains so even to this day.

Cuts and Grinds.

The Acts of the Nazarites.

CHAPTER I.

1. And behold it came to pass in those days that the People, who are also called Juniorites, dwelt in the land and waxed exceeding strong.

2. So that the high priests and judges of the land, who are called Fakelty, looked on them and said, Behold! Are they not fine? We have not seen their like before—no, not in the whole land of Kollidge is there another tribe like unto this.

3. ¶And it was even so that the People grew exceeding vain, being mightily puffed up with their own greatness, and certain ones among them arose and said:

4. Go to! Enough! Are we not the People? Have not we conquered Mathrevew and Sike? And are not Joness-mill and the Ainshunts surpassed by us in our knowledge of Barbara-celarent and Observeduniformity? We beseech thee, give us something hard.

5. Have we not done all those things we ought to have done and left to the Seenyers many things they ought not to have done, so that there is much probation among them?

6. And the People answered, yea, all these things have we done—even more have we done—which, being interpreted, means the night of Jun X.

7. ¶Then spake Thatchur, who is called Agee, who was high priest for that year and said, Let'sgetamoveon! Why sit we here disconsolate? Is there this term to be nothing new among us? Behold, variety cheereth the heart!

8. Why continually worship we the gods of our fathers? Arise, let us make for ourselves a new god whose name shall be the Precedentofninety-seven. Him will we and our children worship.

9. And it was so that this found favor in the eyes of the People and they cried aloud, Hear! Hear! Getontohim! Is not this our high priest great?

10. Let us call a council of the elders and wise men that we may consider that which we will make our god. And they called a council—even Bilgoold Sluggite, and Waltwinchester the Hittite, the same who put to flight, with his mighty right arm, the whole tribe of the Wouldbecuthairites.

11. And Jonstun the Hivite, and Marshall who is called See Gee! and many more of their wise men called they.

12. ¶Now as they were taking counsel one with another, behold there arose Brown who is called Gee Gee, and spoke, saying:

13. (Now the tongue of Brown, who is called Gee Gee, is smooth and oily and availeth much in the temples of the congregations).

14. Gad! fellows, I have it! This thing will we do!

15. And with one accord the People answered, Amen. Thou surely hast it! We will do thy thing. Tell it us that we may begin. And he spake and said:

16. Behold thyself and me! Are we not all men (save Dunlevy)? Yet is there much reproach on us in that we have upon our face no hair.

17. And the People shouted, Good work! We will have hair upon our face! Verily by the head of the prophet Prexy, will we have long hair upon our faces.

CHAPTER II.

1. Now it came to pass after the space of about a month that a division grew up among the Juniorites.

2. Moreover was there heard in the land a great sound of hissing and jeering so that the Whiskerites were sorely troubled in spirit and waxed exceeding sorrowful.

3. ¶For verily their faces were not fair to behold, neither were their countenances fair to look upon.

4. But the hair which covered them was a mark of reproach even a cursed thing had it become.

5. (Nevertheless because of their vow they suffered it.)

6. Moreover the women of the tribe liked not at all this thing which was done, and for conscience sake indulged they continually in biting words.

7. Wherefore it came to pass that the days of the Whiskerites were grievous and full of trouble, as a great sorrow and darkness were their goings out and comings in.

8. ¶And it was so after the space of some time that those whose hearts were evil began to break the vow which they had made.

Cuts and Grinds.

9. And turned again to the ceremony of Hirsutial Elimination, so that the numbers of the faithful grew daily less, but their beards waxed daily greater (all save Dunlevy, who is called Young, and Witherbee the Cleveite.)

10. And of the unfaithful lo! are they not these; of those who were enamored of women behold! these are they:

11. Alfred, the same who has the mark of Clippers on his brow.

12. And Dudleigh and Jonbare and Bingstone and Gulick; these are they who wore no longer hair upon their face, that the words of the prophet might be fulfilled, Her love is better than whiskers; and her affection sweeter than a bearded countenance.

13. ¶ Wherefore was there much rejoicing in camp for is it not written in the book of the covenant,

14. If a razor come nigh my cheek, then will I recompense thee abundantly.

15. And it was so; and the people rejoiced and said verily this thing is not so bad after all.

16. But of those who remained faithful are not their names written herein, and their images do they not adorn the beauty of this book?

17. And their deeds are they not told by their children's children?

N. A. Zarite.

Johnny Shipherd.

Tune—"'Twas Friday Morn When We Set Sail."

'Twas many years ago Johnny Shipherd came to town,
And he cast his eyes all around.
"It's a mighty fine place for a college town," says he;
And says he, "A college I'll found."

Chorus—O! there's Greek and Latin and Math;
And flunking and cussing there be;
And base-ball, foot-ball, and a rule book too,
And a theologue seminar-ee.

So he marked off the campus and th' historic elm,
And says he, "It's as muddy as sin;
But you bet it's all right for a college town," says he,
And I'll name it Oberlin.

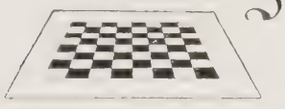
[Chorus.]

So here's to the health of us each and every one,
To the college man and co-ed,
To the cad, the conserv, and the seminary too,
May we all of us live till we're dead.

Cuts and Grinds.

Prexy's Pungent Points.

The Inter-logical Checker Contest.



"There can be no greater privilege than to hear a man of genius interpret his own creations."

"That's all this world knew about logic until I wrote this book.

"Even my book is not final.

"I have a scientific method of study.

"There are a great many new ideas in this book.

"I have been much more careful than Mr. Mill.

"All the best logicians have accepted these canons. I have even accepted them myself.

"If Mr. Mill could have lived twenty years longer, and continued his thinking, he would have stated his principles of logic essentially as I have done.

"This is the first time the argument from analogy has ever been explained in the right way.

"Our discussion up to this time has prepared the student to claim the proud distinction of knowing more of the philosophy of logic than the wisest of the ancients.

"There is no logic in existence, except the one I have just made, which does not involve these contradictions.

"*Ordinary* logics make a division here; mine does not.

"If Mr. Jevon had consulted me he would have used different words."

The Root of All Evil.

The Dean: "Why were you absent?"
Freshman: "Had to attend my grandmother's funeral."
The Dean: "All right this time; don't let it happen again."

Wilford is called up for skipping Chapel Saturday night.
Neiderhauser reports "All failures except attended Chapel once."

Dean (to Pringle): "How did you come to have six Chapel failures in one week?"
Pringle: "Had only three, but reported six so as to have some advance credits."

President Ballantine (in Bible): "What is the root of bitterness?"
Voice from the rear: "Azariah."



Siemens: Skipped Chapel; mixed up. Loomis: Absent from Chapel; overslept. Dietrick: Skipped Chapel; head trouble. Zeller: Absent from class; had to clean up face. Skeels: Skipped class; book stolen. Voorhees: Missed church; got in wood and split the same. Behr: Missed morning prayers; forgot. Boothman: Missed Chapel; studying. W. G. Brown: Missed church; pants torn. Tinker: Missed morning prayers; cold feet.

Cuts and Grinds.

Actas Demonstrabit.

THE old Biddie cackled
When Mary Ann tackled,
For Mary Ann's grip was sure.
The age was no matter,
She might have been fatter,
Beelzebub e'en couldn't chew her.
They chopped her neck bone,
By which there was shown
The decapitation way.
We had her for dinner,
But she was the winner,
For Biddie came back next day.



In Memoriam.

Last Will and Testament of Earl Hendiadys Jaynes.

I. **To my dearly beloved Beth,** and to her heirs, descendants and assignees forever, I do hereby give, donate, present, leave, will and bequeath, to be used by aforesaid dearly beloved—, and by her heirs and assignees forever, without control, hindrance or restraint, the sum of five cents (in the coin of these U. S. of America), together with all moneys and interest accruing therefrom. Moreover, while I lay no restraint upon my dearly beloved Beth, and while I wish aforesaid dearly beloved to expend the aforesaid five cents freely, I do solemnly warn her against extravagance as a vice into which she may easily fall, from having money so greatly in excess of what I have been wont to allow her for her private gratification since our marriage.

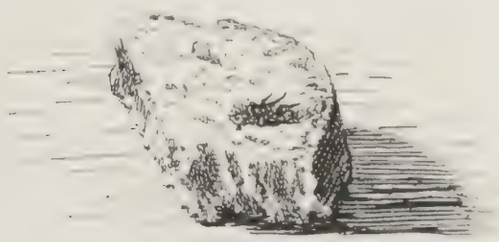
II. **I do furthermore direct** my executors to expend the $15,999,999.95 remaining of my estate in a marble shaft, to be twenty feet higher than the monument to George Washington; aforesaid shaft to be inscribed as follows: "He never wore shoes larger than fives, nor did his pants bag at the knees."

(Signed), Earl Hendiadys Jaynes.

Codicil.

Since above was signed I have found a copper cent in my old breeches pocket. I hereby direct my executors to put said cent out at interest, and to use the proceeds in establishing hospitals and asylums. In view of which fact let the monument aforesaid be also inscribed, "He was generous to the poor."

(Signed), Earl Hendiadys Jaynes.



Fossil found in porous, igneous rock. Common in boarding-house localities. Often found near Oberlin, O. Comes also from the (y)east. Very often associated with apatite.

Cuts and Grinds.

Mythology of the Early Oberlinsians.

BY

H. O. Tstough,

Professor of Archæology in the University of Quito.

February 30, A. D. 2943.

THE recent excavations conducted by Dr. G. E. There among the classical ruins of Oberlin have thrown a flood of light upon the customs of the people who dwelt there in the early ages, and are arousing such widespread interest that a brief recapitulation of their strange mythology may not come amiss.

Although the gods associated with mortals and exercised a great influence in shaping their destinies, they dwelt quite apart from mankind, and were seldom seen by them except when the august beings chose to make themselves visibly manifest. The deities dwelt in separate abodes, more magnificent than the palaces of earthly kings, but once a week, at the command of William Gay Jupiter, king of gods and men, it was their custom to assemble in the great council hall called St. Peters, to discuss their plans for the welfare of the human race. At these meetings were present not only the gods of heaven and earth, but also the gods of the under world, of whom John Fisher Pluto was king.

The gods were endowed with supernatural wisdom and regulated the affairs of men without ever consulting their feelings or preferences; indeed, their wisdom was so great and their reasoning so profound that no mortal could comprehend even the methods by which they arrived at their conclusions. Thus, while they labored to promote friendliness between men and women, they had set apart one day each week on which they should hold no conference with each other.

The influence of the gods on men's lives was, in general, good; but many things they were supposed to have done seem unaccountable to us in the enlightenment of this advanced age. Mortals were governed by a complicated set of laws devised by the gods and rigidly enforced by them. Many of these laws were designed to promote morality, but the great mass of them, as they are preserved to us, go to support the theory of Dr. K. N. Oidiot, who supposes that the Oberlinsians of that date were a primitive race, childish in their actions, and with no knowledge of the rights of personal liberty. The law forbidding the use of tobacco, whiskey, coffee and other stimulants must have been very beneficial, and it is even possible that mankind was then so childish as to require the law which prescribed retiring at ten o'clock and rising at six. Nevertheless, some of their fiats are incomprehensible. For instance: The gods utterly forbade the pastime known as "pedro" when played with cards; but fostered, and, it is said, even indulged themselves in this same game when it was played with blocks of wood. We also have no explanation for the suppression of the games celebrated by the Juniors near the end of each year.

All mankind were required to assemble twice on the first day of each week, but the purpose of these assemblies is uncertain. Prof. C. R. Osseyes and others contend, with much weight, that these gatherings took place in what were known as churches, and that the compulsory attendance was merely a relic of the cruelties known as the Spanish Inquisition. But while I grant that this custom and the Spanish Inquisition were alike in their essential features—suppression of religious freedom and compulsory conformity to the church—still, I hold that the custom was far from being cruel. All authorities are agreed that the day on which these assemblies were held was the one on which no intercourse was allowed between men and women. From this well-known fact I have concluded that the gods in their pity for men established these meetings that the men and women might, at least, see each other at a distance (they were not allowed to sit together), and even carry on quite extended conversations by the use of small square pieces of cloth and other means unknown to us. Some believe that this intercourse was discountenanced by the gods, and say that Frederic Mars was once sent to sit among men, and by his presence awe them into submission. This latter fact is unsupported, and even if it were true that Mars did appear at this time, it may have been

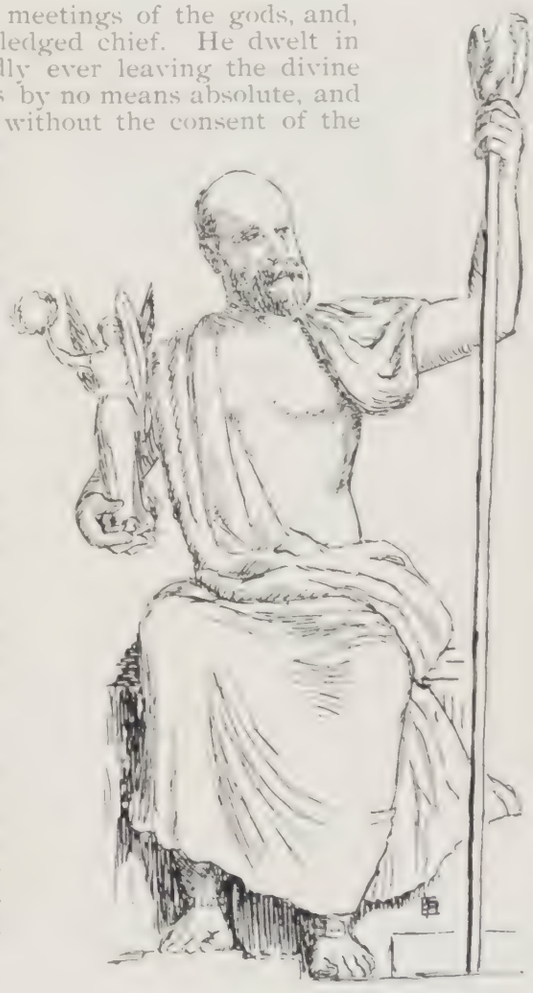
that he set the example in this custom of flirtation, as the Oberlinsians called it, instead of interfering with it.

The most curious part of their worship was the record of conduct which each mortal was required to present every week. All the women offered their records to Adelia Field Juno; while of the men some sacrificed to Fenelon B. Plutus; others to Azariah Smith Bacchus, while still others placed their offerings before John Fisher Pluto. These records were supposed to contain a truthful account of the number of laws broken during the past week, but the temptation to lying must have been great, and, to a people so weak and childish, irresistible. Indeed, we have a proof that mortals themselves derided the truth of these statements in the unique adjective comparison which was brought to light only the other day. An inscription was found consisting of these words: "Positive—prevarication, comparative—lie, superlative—weekly report."

During their early history the Oberlinsians revered their deities greatly, but in later days they began to regard them as less infallible, and even in some instances openly to ridicule them. We do not as yet know whether this was due to advancing enlightenment or to a sacrilegious sect called the Annual, which sprang up about this time, and concerning which we know little except that their assembly hall was taken from them and turned into a shrine to Azariah Smith Bacchus. Further research will doubtless throw more light upon this subject.

The principal gods of the Oberlinsians were as follows:

William Gay Jupiter, king of gods and men, presided over all meetings of the gods, and, after the abdication of Saturn, his predecessor, was their acknowledged chief. He dwelt in great seclusion, seldom deigning to consort with men, and hardly ever leaving the divine abode. He was pre-eminently the god of life, but his power was by no means absolute, and he was not able to condemn a mortal to suspension or death without the consent of the other gods. Indeed, all his actions were governed by the Fates (otherwise called the Woman's Board), and their decrees he was unable to reverse or even foresee. The seven commandments which he gave to mortals after their Thanksgiving festival have been confounded by some with the ten commandments of the antediluvian Hebrews, but this is erroneous. They were, however, the ordinances by which the Oberlinsians modeled their lives.



Jupiter's personal appearance was imposing, and his flowing beard has been beautifully described as of a radiance surpassing the setting sun. When he shook his luxuriant locks, heaven trembled. His principal image was in the library, and was said to have been so life-like as to stop a clock.

Adelia A. Field Juno was queen of heaven and exercised even more authority than did Jupiter. She was primarily the protectress of young ladies, and her word was law with them. She was very jealous of Jupiter, and frequently crossed him in his decisions. Though she inspired respect and fear among her followers, she was not a deity who was greatly loved. She was much opposed to all intercourse between men and women, and did all in her power to prevent their meeting oftener than once a week.

Sacrifices were held in her honor every Thursday, at which most of the women were present and discussed each other's sins.

In connection with Juno the Oberlin literature frequently mentions the Woman's Department. Some have thought this a sect consecrated to all the gods and ruled over by them; but such scholars have overlooked the significance of the name by which this community is always mentioned. The singular possessive, "Woman's," clearly shows that only one deity could

Cuts and Grinds.



have taken part in their government, and that they must have belonged to her as exclusively as a horse to its master. There is no doubt that Juno is the goddess designated.

Juno is usually represented as of medium height, with clear gray eyes, an expansive forehead, seated on a throne, holding in her hand a scepter surmounted with a pair of eye-glasses. The cuckoo and peacock were sacred to her.

Arletta Maria Minerva, goddess of war and wisdom, was one of the most revered among the gods. She loved the society of men, and did not seek that sublime seclusion which most of the gods loved. She was said to have been young and extremely beautiful; but the portraits of her which are now being found belie this tradition.

John Fisher Pluto was ruler of the lower world. His position was not an enjoyable one, as the shades who inhabited his realm were unruly and frequently caused him serious trouble. He was, however, greatly respected, and his anger was a thing to be avoided. Among the shades he reigned supreme, and none dared question his authority. Black sheep were his customary sacrifice. He is said to have taught mortals the game of Pedro as played with blocks of wood called dominoes. Though the precise nature of this game is unknown, we may conclude that it was similar to the theater, since Pluto fostered this recreation also. He is usually represented as holding a liar in his left hand, which he is about to strike with a club, which he holds in his right.

Frank Fanning Vulcan was the workman among the gods. He spent most of his time at the desk, where he prepared smells curiously devised and irresistible. It was on account of this propensity for disagreeable research that he was, for a time, exiled from heaven, and the sacrifices which had been given to him were transferred to Azariah Smith Bacchus.

Fenelon B. Plutus, god of riches, was one of their most important, though seldom mentioned, gods. He also presided over the art of music and was able to play the jew's-harp skillfully, though he utterly failed when he attempted the organ.

Frederic Mars, god of war, was a stern deity, delighting in strife for its own sake. He was, however, kind to his friends and generous to them who feared him not. In equestrian statues he is represented in full armor carrying a lasso in his right hand and a branding scepter in his left. An extinct animal, known as Freshman, was sacrificed to him.

Wilfred Wesley Mercury was the god of light. All his movements were rapid and unexpected. He was chosen as messenger of the gods and fulfilled the numerous duties intrusted to him with great fidelity. It was his custom every spring to make a tour of the earth, teaching the people the worship of the gods and promulgating Jupiter's laws.

Francis Duncan Apollo was the god of science and manly beauty. He was a radiantly beautiful youth, who loved the society of men. He was also passionately fond of plants, and a small flower called the Kelsius was sacred to him.

Azariah Smith Bacchus, god of wine, was the last of their principal deities. He was of a jovial nature, though inclined to think of himself more than of his followers. He, most of all the immortals, consorted with men, and some even believe that he appeared in his temple every day from 11:60 till 12 A. M. This, however, is a mistake, and the whole foundation for the belief rests on the following inscription, which was found written all over the walls of a small building called the " Review office:"

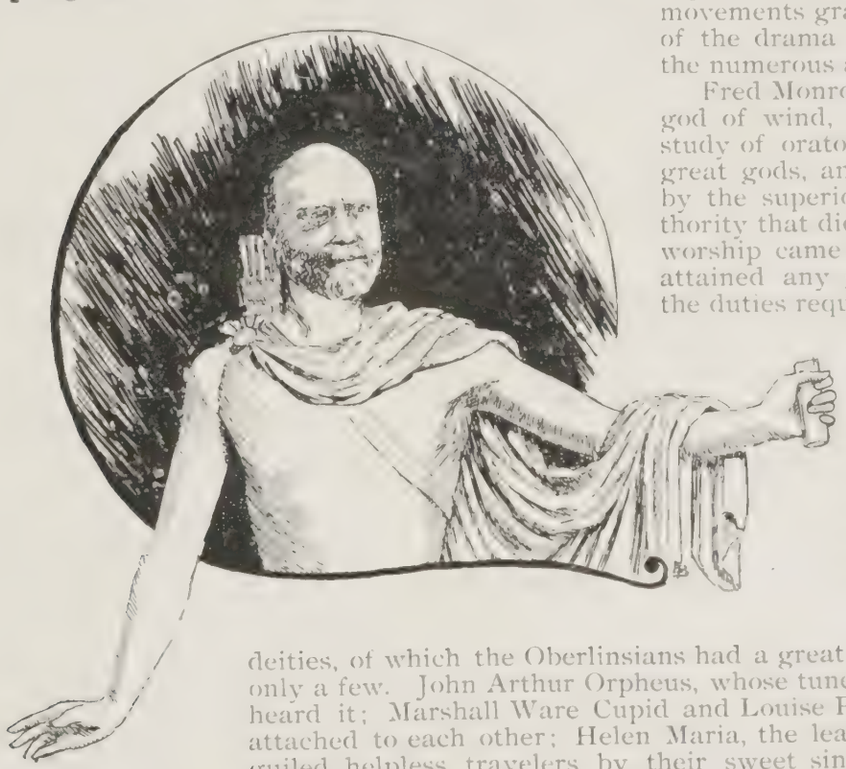
Cuts and Grinds.

Oberlin, O., June 15, 1896.

Please call at No. 23 Peters Hall, at the first office hour after receiving this notice.
Office hour, 11:15 to 11:45 daily, except Sunday.

A. S. Root,
Excusing Officer

A special sacrifice was offered to Bacchus the third day of each week. But little thought was given to this, and, indeed, his worship seems to have been treated more as a jest than as a religious rite. His voice was low and musical, his personal appearance dignified, and his movements graceful. He was the patron of the drama and the donkey was one of the numerous animals sacred to him.



Fred Monroe Aeolus was primarily the god of wind, but also presided over the study of oratory. He was not one of the great gods, and was frequently chastised by the superior deities for usurping authority that did not belong to him. His worship came into vogue late, and never attained any great popularity, although the duties required of his worshipers were few and exceedingly simple. It is related that the Annual once attempted to get possession of his temple, but he blew upon them with his mouth, and as an ancient writer beautifully expresses it, "They were scattered from him as twigs before the rush of some angry boar."

Among the subordinate deities, of which the Oberlinsians had a great number, we shall mention only a few. John Arthur Orpheus, whose tuneful violin delighted all who heard it; Marshall Ware Cupid and Louise Psyche, who were devotedly attached to each other; Helen Maria, the leader of the Sirens, who beguiled helpless travelers by their sweet singing and then fleeced them of their money; the Furies or Discipline Committee, who pursued the evil-doer relentlessly; the Harpies, or Committee on Requests, inhuman creatures who defiled all they did not themselves wish, were but a few of the deities with which their fancy peopled the woods and the sea.

The study of the Oberlinsians forms one of the most interesting branches of Archæology, and we have still much to learn of them. But, as we said, they were but a primitive race, and we must not forget this fact in forming our judgment of them. Many faults they had, and many were their virtues. They have long since passed away, but their influence still lives, and who shall say that our boasted civilization will endure as long as have the myths of their self-imposed gods.

Cuts and Grinds.

English as She is Spoke by the Faculty.

TISDEL. "Let each student choose what they wish."
MARTIN. "It's the Britons that does it."
ROOT. "When he sang his song which immortalized him forever."
TISDEL. "If anyone has their oration in good form, they will never have no difficulty."
HALL. "He did not intend to, I don't think."
WIGHTMAN. "The three persons singular has the same forms."
ROOT. "They mistook King and I for racers."
ANDEREGG. "I've done quite several of them in the hour."
MRS. JOHNSTON. "Nothing indicates the scholarship of a person so much as the English that they use."
BALLANTINE. "I hope you will speak of this in the families in which you are in."
KING. "Give it time to lay in your mind."
MRS. JOHNSTON. "I wish I could eject a pound of temper into some of you."
MARTIN. "The frieze in the British museum is much more better."
TISDEL. "Please speak a little more loud."
MRS. JOHNSTON. "A great many things that is valuable to know."
ROOT. "What boat one should take depends on their condition, on the sea."
WIGHTMAN. "And the poor girl became a widower."
MARTIN. "But of that I'll speak of later."
ANDEREGG. "It has never been proved I don't think."

Side Talks with Boys.

PEARLY PEA-K. Yes, there is a book, "How to be happy though married." You can probably obtain it of Roy D. Bailey.

VIOLET DOW-S. Your sporting tendencies ought to be suppressed. The college sport is an evil which we tolerate but do not admire.

ANXIOUS FREDDIE. I've no doubt that you could find a publisher for your new book of thrilling adventure, "The Yankee Flirt in Esquimaux Society," they publish most anything.

SPARKLING GRAB-LL. A shy and retiring disposition is always due to a lack of self-confidence; never be afraid to speak.

RUDDY DORSE-T. You showed very commendable zeal in acting as a mediator between the faculty and your fellow students, in the little affair you describe to me. The conduct of the students showed base ingratitude.

VERDANT SKEE-S. Your diffidence about asking questions and talking in your class can only be conquered by continued effort.

DARTING DIETRI-K. From your description I should judge that you possess a remarkable voice. I think, however, that you had better wait until requested before singing at parties.

CHAMBERLIN. We do not deal in love powders, nor can we give any definite prescription for such a case as yours.

TRICKY TRACY. There may *have been* other men as good as you are. Consult "Fox's Book of Martyrs."

MEEK MORG-N. Pious editorials for next year's Review may be obtained at reduced rates of '97's Annual board.

BABY BEBO-T. The sedate appearance of the young man does not justify his putting his arm around the young woman he has only known for a short time.

Cuts and Grinds.

From the Base-Ball Manager.

"I Wouldn't be a Methodist,"
Said John, with earnest face,
"I don't believe their doctrine,
I'll never fall from Grace."

Different Views.

"I Think you're Cross," to me she said,
One dismal rainy day,
"I may be Cross," to her I said,
"But then, I'm not I. J."

O. W. U. Athletic Association.

. . . Membership Ticket . . .

This is to Certify, That.....
is a member of the Athletic Association, and when properly punched will entitle him to all privileges.

An Argument.

"I'VE worked full fifteen hours long,"
A Junior cried in grief,
"Now, frankly speaking, would you call
What I have done a brief?"

Spooning.

IN a hall and near the stairway,
Sat a youth and maiden fair,
He in sweetest thoughts was buried,
Secret musings were her care.

But upon this rev'rie happy,
Soon there fell a dire mishap;
O'er the banister descending,
Two spoons dropped into her lap.

IF all flesh is grass.
As some folks say,
Then Ray Dorsett is
A load of hay.

In Ethics.

OF all the interesting things
There are to hear and see,
There's nothing can, so far, compare
With Loomis on Theology.

Moral Science.

THE roll is called, eye glasses on,
"Will Mr. Junior please commence?"
"I'm not prep"—but the teacher said
"Just say Benevolence!"

Mr. Childs' Proposal.

YOU'VE bucked my right guard and made a touchdown.
The goal is kicked, my heart is thine.

Naugatuck, Conn., Dec. 18, 1896.

Louis D. Gibbs, Esq.,
133 So. Professor St., Oberlin, O.

Dear Sir:—Yours of Dec. 9th received, and in reply will say that we are fixing up a pair of lasts to make those shoes over, and they will probably be ready in three or four days. If you will send us one dollar ($1.00), we will forward the shoes by mail, thus making considerable less expense. You will, of course, readily see that the actual expense to us is more than we get for the shoes, as it is considerable trouble to fix up the lasts, but we do not wish to have it said that any man in the world is going without rubbers because he cannot get them, if willing to pay for them.

Very truly yours,
Goodyear Metallic Rubber Shoe Co.

Cuts and Grinds.

Wily Winkers.

December 7, 1895.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. M. L. Thomsen as chairman pro tem. Miss Freece presented the following resolutions:—

Whereas, Mr. Jesse Childs says that his lady friends are "too sensible;" and

Whereas, His lady friends wish to please him by remedying this fault; and

Whereas, Flirtation has now become a fine art, be it

Resolved, That a club be formed for training in the art of flirtation, and that this club be called the Wily Winkers; be it

Resolved, That Mr. Clarence Simpson and Miss Emogene Hart be elected as leaders and instructors, since they have had long training in this art, and since Miss Hart is especially fitted to teach the uninitiated; be it

Resolved, That only amateurs be eligible to membership, as a large number is not conducive to the best work.

These resolutions were unanimously adopted.

The name of Miss Jessie Kelly was proposed for membership. Mr. Childs objected on the ground that Miss Kelly was an expert.

Miss Kelly was elected on probation. Miss Eleanore Simpson was made a member and initiated into the club. She stood in one corner of the room and Mr. F. O. Wilford opposite, winking.

Mr. Frank Elliott presented the latest improvements in stamp flirtation.

Miss Edith Hall showed the less skilled how to wave a handkerchief or dust cloth.

Mr. F. O. Wilford moved that the young lady members wear their hats and caps at an angle of 45° as a sign of their willingness to flirt. Mr. G. A. Ketcham seconded the motion. Passed.

Mr. A. C. Bunemann suggested that the ladies sit in the gallery near the organ at chapel, or within view of the looking glass which is over the organ.

A half hour was spent in the practice of winking.

The meeting was adjourned after the members had signed the following pledge:—

We, the undersigned, do herewith promise to practice the art of flirting on every occasion and to spend at least an hour every day in winking

E. E. Hart
Frank O. Wilford
Botilda K. Freece
Frank Elliot
M. L. Thomsen
Eleanore Simpson

Clarence E. Simpson
Althea M. Sheldon
Ketcham
Jessie M. Kelly
August C. Bunemann
Edith B. Hall
J. C. Childs.


X
RAYS
Stanley
CHILDS
G.W. Hull
F.V.G.
Gratwill
GOULD
BEBOUT
MARVIN
MYSELF
FISHER
Dorsett
DORHEES
42
J.F. Peck
UPHAM
WARNER
HI OH
LORD -
STONE -
DALVER -
DICK.

Cuts and Grinds.

Fragments from the Diary of Baron Munchausen's Servant.

September 23d.

I WIT not how I shall write in my Journalle the things I have this daye gone through, but am boldened to try it. When ye coaches were stopped yesternight the whole multitude in the car made a great Rush for the door, all laden with so much Plunder that ye vii. Satchels and ye Parrot seemed a light burden in comparison. Suddenly ye whole multitude of nations did howl vastlie about three times, after which they vanished away without doing us any hurte.

September 24th.

After one night and a single breakfast at ye Place where strangers be kept we did go forth right speedilie to seek another dwelling. Everywhere we saw signs marked ROOMS. At length we seek entrance at a Gay-looking house. Ye good wife greet us with an exceeding cheery smile, especially when she knoweth the Baron his Objick. She saith she have ye best rooms in town, and ask us to see ye same. As we go up stairs she made mention of ye Sweet roomers who dwelt with her aforetimes, all ye which, she saith, having gained great Renown for their studies be now in service of ye churche. She sayde she had never let go her rooms less than iv dollars a week, but by reason of ye Baron his noble look he may have it for iii dollars, which she sayde was exceeding Cheappe. Ye 1st room was chiefly noted by absence of ye overhead plaster. She sayde ye plaster hath been talked off by the ardent words of ye pious Boothman which he spake after that he was come back from ye Michigan game and from ye vows which he made after practice games of ye Varsity Foot Ball. Ye Baron ask if Varsity Foot Ball be ye God of ye native. She made answer that she wit not for all, but that it surely be ye God of ye Boothman and ye Satan of ye first church meeting-house. There be also a great dent in the floor which she sayde was made by ye Bill Chamberlin his Head, when ye same was fallen out of bed. Ye iid room showed a vast Hole in its carpet. Ye dame sayde this room was aforetimes occupied by ye Charminge Boby Upham and ye hole be merely ye place in front of ye Looking Glass which she will cover by a gourgeous rug. She showed us also yet another room for which she asked ye mightie price by reason of its having erstwhiles been occupied by ye Great, ye Magnificent, ye Charles Thomas Tinker. Ye Baron chose ye second room. Ye dame says we shall find good Eatinge at ye great stone prison near the corner.

September 25th.

To-day we went to a great stone building that did seem ye gathering place of ye natives. In ye middle of ye Court stands a vast, tall native with wide shoulders and ye little narrow moustache. We hear sundry natives speake of him as a math. prof. Ye Baron goeth up to him and sayeth sweetly, "Gentle sir, we come to see the sights of this goodly countrie—" but ye math. prof. look exceeding fierce at ye Baron and interrupt him, saying, "Have you had Logarrrrithms?" Now ye Baron be sore afraid for recollection of ye Bottle in ye old trunk, and so he answereth right humble, "Prithee, gentle sir, I always be a temperate man, tho' I did have ye thing whereof ye speak quite lightly after ye crowning feast of ye good Henry IV., but for ye last year I have not touched ye single drop. An' it please you, fair math. prof.," continued ye Baron, when ye fierce native breaks in, "I will teach ye Freshmen to mock at the Facultee," and ye math. prof. did trye to do up ye Baron, but therein he was most mightilye fooled.

Cuts and Grinds.

By good hap none of ye other natives noticed ye Battle. Across the court stood a melancholie-looking native with gold eye-glasses and gray moustache. He also asked ye Baron if he knew Logarithms. Ye Baron perceiving that he had answered the first savage amiss, replied that he knoweth ye whole logarithm family, especially ye old man logarithm, who was his deare friend. Ye Baron perceiving that he still be on the wrong track, sayde now that he comprehended the word, he wit well what sort of beast it be sith he had hunted them many times on ye coast of Patagonia and hadde caught xii at ye single haul in a trap. At first ye native seem sore perplexed, but soon he bethought himself to ask if ye strange countree contain other mathematical wonders. Ye Baron making ye good guess sayde this lande be the very marvel of mathematicians. "And the inhabitants," sayde ye melancholy native, "Do they speak the symbolic language of ye Dutch Logick Books?" "In sooth, gentle sir," answered ye Baron, "they wit no other tongue nor let any stranger speak save in their own wise. Ye Baron further telleth him that all the citizens of this Lande be great mathematicians. For beasts of burthen they make them use of large fat Parabolas. When they go to their churche they leave the parabolas at ye door tied to posts by their asymptotes and equations which serve as straps. Ye little logarithms are wont to run abut and bite ye legs of ye parabolas, for which cause ye citizens trap ye little brutes and fry them. The other article of diet be chiefly tangents, and the various products of multiplication. Game is abundant, and when as the citizens will hunt they take full many of ye equilateral dogges of ye lande which they send in pursuit of ye isosceles jack-rabbits. If ye equation of ye dog intersects ye equation of ye jack-rabbit then ye rabbit is caught, but if there be no point of intersection then ye isosceles jack-rabbit getteth away and ye dog is called a locuss.

September 26th.

Ye melancholie native cometh early this morning to invite us to a dinner party at his house. Thus at evensong we go a vast journey eastward to his dwelling. Ye Baron be exceeding affright when he sees ye fighter of yester morn among ye guests. Ye second guest have much hair on his face, gold eye-glasses and ye little skull cap. He sayde to ye Baron, "Brother Munchausen, do ye love Botany, have ye been in the West, and do ye vote the Prohibition ticket?" Ye Baron replies that he do sincerely love Botany and was pained to learn of ye recent sickness of ye same. Ye native looks sore amazed, but ye Baron goinge on to say that he was born in yeWest, and that he vote ye Prohibition ticket three times a day, he quickly decides that ye Baron be a noble hero. Ye Baron, wishing to please our new friends, mentioned his wonder at ye mightie form of ye math. prof. native. Ye native telleth that he be the descendant of ye hardy mountaineers; that in his youth there be in his village a vast church so high that no one could throw to the top thereof save his brother and himself, his brother throwing to ye eaves, and himself clean over ye steeple. Then ye Baron tells how when he was in Patagonia he threw ye loaded hay-wagon half a mile.

Ye native pauseth a minute when ye Baron hath ended this tale, and then he saith that on two times he have himself without aid stopped ye mouths of Max Burke and E. V. Grabill when ye same were in full operation. When ye Baron hears this he must needs own himself compleatly beat, for he knoweth no tale to compare thereunto. While Foode was taken I learned that all ye inhabitants of this countree be divided into ii classes. First there be ye Great Lords and Rulers called Facultees. Ye second class be miserable slaves of ye Facultees, unto whom they be sent of their parents to receive grievous torment to the end that they

Cuts and Grinds.

may thereby be fitted for ye future life. Ye torment seemeth to be by heat sith ye slaves be called Stewedents, and ye Facultee ever exerteth itself to make them "hot," and moreover ye Facultees often speak of "cooking their stewedents for tests," and of "roasting" them for their behaviour and "firing" them for their misdeeds. The administering of Torment busyeth ye Facultees about iii hours of every daye, but all ye residue of their time be given to much joye and blessed sleepinge. This Torment seemeth also of various kinds, and those who use the milder forms be called "Snaps," which seemeth to be a term of affectionate endearment among ye stewedents. Ye users of more grievous kinds be mentioned with sundry other Terms the which I will not write down in my Journalle.. Over all the Facultees rides a great chief called the President.*

When ye Baron heareth them make mention of this chief he winks at me right knowing, and then he saith to ye natives, "An' I were chief in this Lande I hadde built me a guillotine wherewith ye Facultees might cut off the heads of all who come tardy to receive torment. Allso I hadde bought every year an hundred mustangs whereupon ye Facultees should ride about." Ye math. prof, native smiled vastlie, and then ye Baron, lookinge at ye Prohibition native, add that he would also make a law that no Facultee should work more than i hour a day. The native sayde "Amen, Amen, brother Munchausen," with such strengthe that ye hoste got up speedily to see how many shingles be thereby knocked off the roof, and thus the partie was ended.

September 27th.

This morn, as ye Baron cometh home from breakfast, he meeteth ye Madam of whom we have often heard. Ye Baron being right desirous of meeting ye Dame, raised his hat in gentle courteousy, to the which she made answer by an Icy Gaze. Ye Baron, however, turneth himself about and cometh along behind her, softly and unconsciously talking unto himself about ye noble "Atmosphere" of ye Dame, her magnificent Poise, and sundry other items which must in sooth have been right weighty, for soon she looketh back without ye Icy Gaze. Then she taketh from her pocket i kerchief, the which she letteth fall to the ground, to the end that it might be picked up by ye Baron, who did seize upon it with much Grace and Courtesy. Right so did she pass her parasol unto him, and thus their Conversation began.

Ye Baron sayde he be pained at ye weary look on her face. Ye Dame replied ye weary look be due to ye outrageous Girlles which hadde fain walk on ye Sabbath day contrary to ye venerable Rule which ye Old Fogys laid down in 1810. Ye Baron saith such Innovations be exceeding unrighteous, for peradventure an' ye Girlles be allowed to walke about on ye Sabbath, then must many of them escape ye regular weekly headaches which form a large part of ye present observance of ye blessed daye. Ye dame further sayde if they walk about, belike they do get so much fresh breath that they shall lose all effects of ye Sacred Air of ye first church meetinge house which hath been preserved from week to week since ye very foundation of ye building lest that it be contaminated with ye outer air which containeth sinful oxygen. Ye dame sayde ye Cunninge Giles Brown beateth all his predecessors in ye preservation of ye Sacred Air which hath thereby attained unto a Perfection fitting it to knock ye spots off an Egyptian tomb. Ye Dame saith that she also be worried over ye Ben Stanton, and over ye Bill Upton, and most especially over ye President, who setteth the stewedents grievous example by reason of walkinge with his wife after supper.

* The same is to be carefully distinguished from ye service of ye heathen god "Precedent"—a kind of ancestor worship in which ye natives surpass the Chinese.

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Then ye Baron telleth her that an' he were chief in the lande he hadde made a Rule for ye Girlles whereby they should render account of every each Breath, so that every week it should be known how many Breaths every Girlle hath spent with walkinge or with talkinge to a Girlle or to a Boye or with eatinge or with any way soever, and that in every case every Breath beyond the regular number should be a Failure. Ye Madame throweth up her hands in Joye and saith such a scheme hath been ye Ideal of her whole life, and she hope ye Baron may be spared to carry it out.

In the afternoon ye Baron went to see ye youthfulle English native torture ye Rhetoric divisions. When he was come home he taketh down ye Parrot and teacheth him to say, "Simplicity is ye great thing," "Harvard is ye great School," and "Above all, be simple." Ye Baron saith that when these words be learned then will ye cunninge Fowle be perfectly fitted to conduct class in place of ye native, if peradventure he be sick or gone out of town.

September 28th.

This day marketh ye bad time for us. Early this morning ye Baron got himself forth to meet ye Greekist to get him his Vote for ye President as he hadde ye other Facultees. He seeth ye Greekist on an ancient wheel and maketh him a profound bow. Ye Greekist respond with a quick move of his head, as if to bite at a fly. Ye Baron saith this be a fine daye. Ye Greekist say at any rate it be too good a daye to waste on chattering. Ye Baron saith he come to this land to learn the truth about—but ye native interrupt him, saying that then should ye Baron have been on hand to hear ye recent lecture on Impostors. After a pause ye Baron again starteth ye conversation with saying ye Dean be a fraud. Ye Greekist says he be dead right and ye Baron being thus encouraged asked ye Greekist why then ye Facultees do not Root him out. Ye Greekist reply that that joke hath attained ye venerable age whereunto ye teller thereof must do ye laughing while ye hearers look sick or get themselves away, which latter he forthwith did, leaving ye Baron aghast at his incivility.

Ye Baron hath also been unfortunate with ye philosophical native, which he did meet at a partie ii dayes ago. He ask ye Baron whether Hegel or Lotze be the greater man. Ye Baron making exceeding naughty and stupid guess saith he never saw ye gentlemen, but once some years ago, and that then ye Hegel, by reason of his light weight gloves and low-hitting tactics, did so grievously use up ye Lotze in iii rounds that ye same must needs be carried home by his friends. Ye native seemed sore amazed, but when he heareth that Lotze be conquered by Hegel, he loseth all patience and faith in ye Baron and sayde that viewing this man as a whole he naturally falls into two divisions and a conclusion: ye first as to ye powers of psychological observation, and ye second as to ye Ethical probity and ye Conclusion, to wit, that ye noble Baron be both Fool and Knave. Ye native sayde ye suggestions for treatment be quite obvious, but that he will explain them further so soon as he can go home and get him his axe. Whereupon ye Baron ariseth with great haste and cometh home right quicklie.

November 1st.

At ye last night's meeting of ye Facultees ye Baron be elected President by ample majority, and when in his Speache of acceptance he mentioneth his skill in using ye old tomato cans ye chief of ye howling natives (ye fierce red-whiskered one) standeth up in ye place and move that ye election be made unanimous to the end that they might knock ye Financial Stringency the stuffing therefrom. Ye Facultees pause first to fire ye Greekist and ye Philosophical native, and then carry ye vote unanimous.

And unless ye tomato cans cease from off the earth we hope to live in this Lande many years in Honor and Happiness.

Cuts and Grinds.

Minutes of the Hi-O-Hi Board.



SCENE—ANNUAL OFFICE.

TIME—7:45 A. M.

The Artist, the Manager and one of the Associate editors sitting around the table reading. Enter the Assistant Manager and the Editor who has recently read the Board a lecture on punctuality.

The Artist: "Mr. Dick, you're late."

The Editor: "Where are the rest of us. It's a wonder these people wouldn't get around on time!"

[Enter Stone carrying a typewriter and a couple of Annuals.]

Stone: There's a dandy parody in the *Badger* on the 23 Psalm. (Reads):

> "A pony is my guide; I shall not fail.
> It maketh me, etc., etc."

"Can't we work it in somewhere, Lou?"

Manager: "Run it in the back of the book as an ad. for the Seminary—sample of the work done in the English department."

Miss Fitch: "I object, the metre isn't right."

Editor: "We're all here but Miss Charles. Can any one give information about her?"

Artist: "It's her turn to wait for 'Cæsar' Thomson to come to breakfast. They take turns saying Amen for him when he comes late so he won't have to report morning prayer failures."

[Enter Miss Charles in great haste.]

Editor: "You vil pleas obserrf the clock."

Artist: "Yes, Miss Charles, you're 10 minutes later than Mr. Lord, and that *is* pretty bad."

The Editor calls the Board to order.

Manager reports the Treasury in bad condition. Suggests that the board close up the soda water account and limit themselves to two pieces of pie per week.

Ayes and noes called for.

Ayes—Fauver, Dick.

Noes—Miss Charles, Miss Fitch, Miss Brand, Stone.

Editor declares the motion lost.

Manager moves to substitute lemonade for soda-water for the next two weeks.

Carried, Stone alone objecting.

Editor appoints the Assistant Manager a committee to procure lemonade at once. (Exit Assistant Manager.)

Editor: "Here's a poem I wan't to read you folks." (Reads):

> "O Spring, thy face is fair and sweet
> Thou coms't before the summer's heat,
> At thy approach the young lambs bleat,
> And boarding houses serve fresh meat."

Miss Charles: "I consider that an able effort."

Stone: "Yes, but there's no roast on the Faculty there. We ought not to print it."

Miss Fitch: And the metre is wrong in the last line."

Manager: "Move it be accepted."

Ayes—Miss Charles, Lord.

Noes—Miss Brand, Miss Fitch, Fauver, Stone.

Artist: "Who wrote that stuff anyway?"

Editor: (With some asperity.) "I did."

Stone: "I also have a contribution." (Reads.)

> "Old year, you shall not die.
> We did so laugh and cry with you,
> I've half a mind to die with you,
> Old year, if you must die."

Artist: "Well, I 'think that's worse than your's, Mr. Lord."

Miss Fitch: "Yes, but the metre could be fixed in this without much trouble."

Editor: "We never can publish such truck as that. I suppose you wrote that, didn't you Stone?"

Stone: "No, a fellow called Alfred Tennyson. Ever hear of him?"

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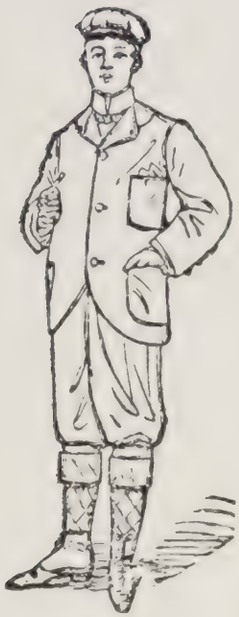
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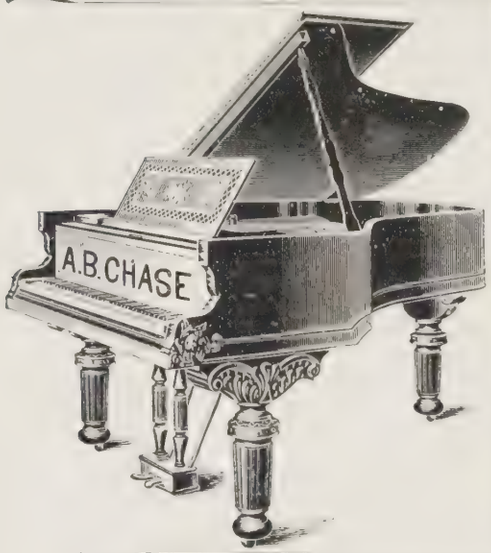
BURKE—"Of all wild beasts preserve me from a tyrant."

UPHAM—"And of all tame, a flatterer."

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WINCHESTER—"Thy boisterous locks, no worthy match for valor to assail nor by the sword, but by the barber's razor best subdued."
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To make as much waste paper as the rest."

GIBBS—"The gods are but men grown tall."

MISS HARLOW—"To look upon you was to rejoice that so fair a thing could be."

HOLT—"In the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair."

HEMINGWAY—"A truer, nobler, trustier heart never beat within a human breast."

MISS HERR—

"Thy sombre hue but serves to mark the more
The sweet and winsome gracefulness of youth."

HOSKINS—"Worth, courage, honor, these indeed
Your sustenance and birthright are."

HULL—"He that hath knowledge spareth his words."

C. C. JOHNSON—"At sight of thee my gloomy soul cheers up."

MISS JONES—"As pure and sweet her fair brow seemed
Eternal as the sky."

KRIBS—"Busily engaged, they say."

MISS LEONARD—"How few know their own good."

LONG—"I would applaud thee to the very echo."

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"Who, though he cannot spell, is wise enough
To read a lady's eyes."

MCDONALD—"He could on either side dispute."

PAINE—"Direct not him whose way himself would choose."

MISS SALZER—"Whether smile or frown be sweeter,
Who may know?"

RICHARDSON—"He bore without abuse the grand old name of gentleman."

F. WARNER—"He over-bold, boasted himself pre-eminent in song."

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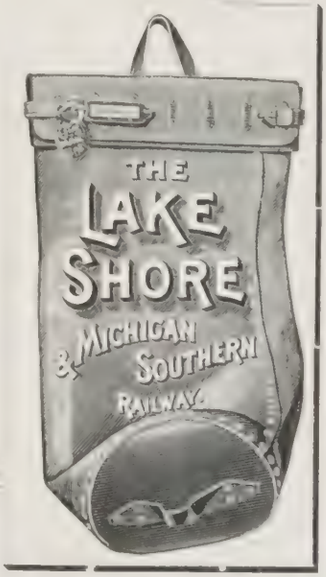
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"Heaven mend all."

WEBSTER—"He has paid dear for his whistle."
MISS EDITH HALL—"For her the lilies hang their heads and die."
DOOLITTLE—"He had a face like a benediction."
EVANS—"I have immortal longings in me."
RETTIG—"The world's so rich in resplendent eyes, 'twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair."
MISS SQUIRE—"She is the very pink of courtesy."
MISS FRENCH—"From her eyes he did receive fair, speechless messages."
SIMPSON—"'Tis good in every case, you know,
To have two strings unto your bow."
MISS HAGER—"Infinite riches in a little room."
MISS PATTON—"O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear."
MISS SHURTLIFF—"She moves a goddess and she looks a queen."
MISS PRESLAR—"She wears the roses of youth upon her."
HYDE—"Comb down his hair! Look! Look! It stands upright!"
KINGSBURY—"I never dare to be as funny as I can."
MCGEE—"Why should every creature drink but I?"
MISS SAVAGE—"The flash of her keen, black eyes forerunning the thunder."

SHELDON—"A wit with dunces and a dunce with wits."

DUTTON—"And many a wicked smile he smole,
And many a wink he wunk."

KETCHEM—"Possession is eleven points in the law."

FIEBACH—"The man that blushes is not quite a brute."

MISS PINNEO—"The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid."

EARL JENNY—"A gentleman born, master parson."

MR. B. B. WILLIAMS—"A true knight, not yet mature, but matchless."

WINTER—"He looked unuttered things."

THE FAUVERS—"So we grew together."

MISS SHELDON—"My life lies in those looks which have me slain."

MISS MCDANIELS—"None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."

HAWLEY—"He hath a stern look but gentle heart."

DEMERRITT BENNETT—"'Tis impossible to make his mouth larger without setting his ears back."

MISS STRONG—"A most gentle maid."

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HUTCHINS—"The soul of honour, the tongue of truth."

STREET—"I love to wind my mouth up; I love to hear it go."

MISS TARBOX—"I will wear my heart upon my sleeve for daws to peck at."

ATWOOD—"I am sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."

MARVIN—"Avaunt! my name's Religion."

MISS HARDING—"A face of lily beauty, and a form of airy grace."

P. C. ALLEN—"He was a burning and a shining light."

BRITON—"Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on Alps."

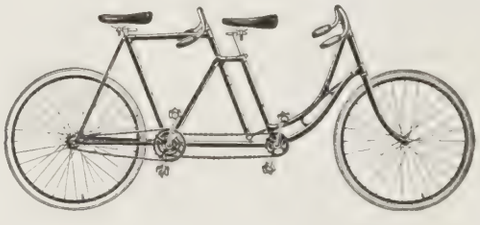
McINTOSH—"A man devoid of every grace."
FORD—"There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream."
HARSH—"A delusion, a mockery, and a snare."
COLE—"The movements of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus."
LITTLE—"His studies were but little on the Bible."
MISS HARRINGTON—"Her sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece."
REED—"So wise, so young, they say do ne'er live long."
SLOSSON—"It's not my fault I was born tired."
KIMBALL—"Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel post, a staff or a prop?"
MISS ROCKWELL—"She looks as clear as morning roses newly washed with dew."



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At sixty-three and five Main street,
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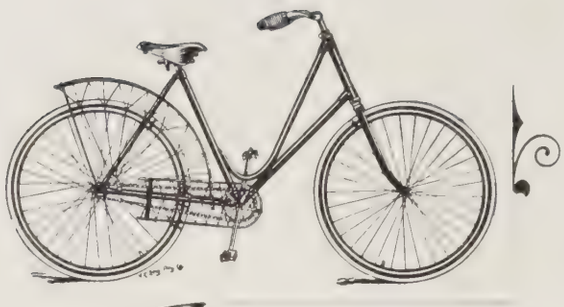
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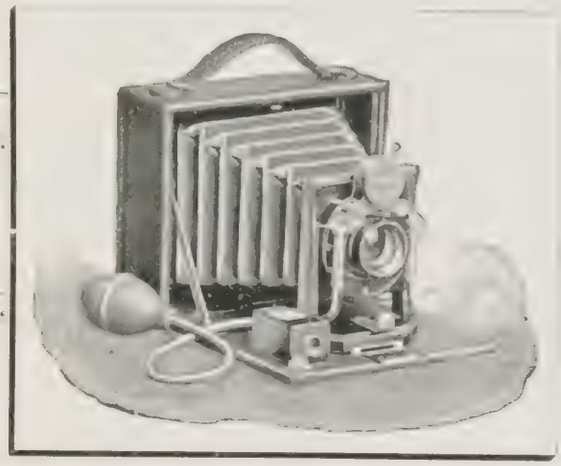
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Importing
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CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Musical.

A German band musician fat
Stood playing one day in the square;
He said, when the wind blew off his hat,
That's a very *familiar air.*
—*Brunonian.*

Misconstrued.

"Do you find the study dry?"
Asked the Prof. The youth's reply
Quickly then a laugh provoked:
"Hardly—when in it I'm *soaked.*"

The miner split the rock in two,
Then to its fragments spoke;
Said he to it, "Have you no gold?"
"Nay!" said the rock, "I'm broke."

Two maids as fair as maids can be,
Fair maids, both blond are they;
But both coquettes and shallow-souled,
Dressed up in style to-day.

They paint sometimes when color fails,
Delight in laces fine;
Two maids, two ready mades are they,
Those russet shoes of mine.
—*Williams Verse.*

And I heard a mighty rumbling,
Sounding like great mountains tumbling;
Like Mendota's waters mumbling,
Beating on its rocky shore.

As I listened dumb and shaking
To the earth's tumultuous quaking,
I discovered my mistaking
Grabill's laughing—nothing more.

Oberlin College.

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1. OBERLIN COLLEGE.
2. OBERLIN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.
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4. OBERLIN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.
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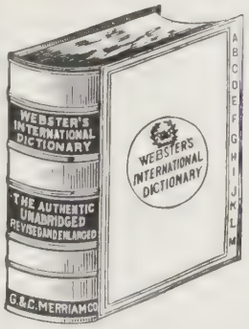
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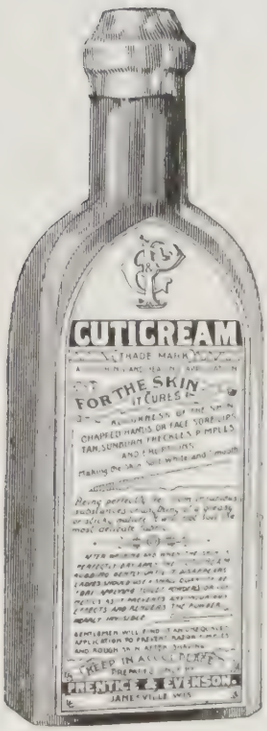
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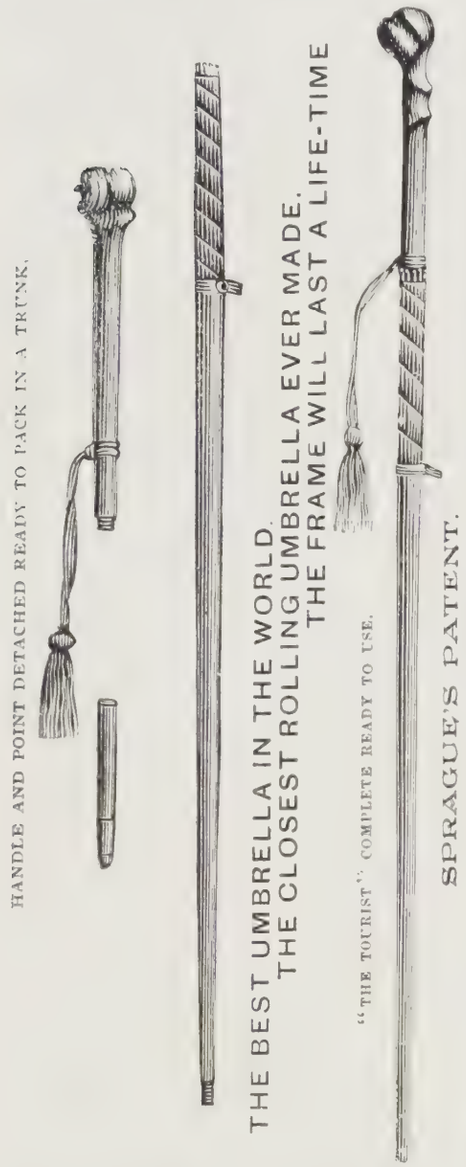
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Butter as strong as Goliath of Gath—
Weary of paying for what I can't eat,
Chewing up rubber and calling it meat.

"Backward, turn backward, for weary I am!
Give me a whack at grandmother's jam;
Let me drink milk that has never been skimmed,
Let me eat butter whose hair has been trimmed;
Let me once more have an old-fashioned pie,
And then I'll be ready to curl up and die."

—By the author of "Why do I Live?"

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Keep a-goin'!
'Taint no use to sit and whine
When the fish ain't on your line;
Bait your hook an' keep on tryin'—
Keep a-goin'!
When the weather kills your crop,
Keep a-goin'!
When you tumble from the top,
Keep a-goin'!
S'pose you're out o' every dime!
Getting broke ain't any crime;
Tell the world you're feeling prime!
Keep a-goin'!
When it looks like all is up,
Keep a-goin'!
Drain the sweetness from the cup,
Keep a-goin'!
See the wild birds on the wing!
Hear the bells that sweetly ring!
When you feel like singin'—sing!
Keep a-goin'!

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Scateus on ice.
Videt puellam Eastonis,
Quam putat vere nice.
Puella rogatur
Ut scatet cum eo,
Hac consentiente,
Beate they go.
Subitus eventus
Haec cadit et he,
Gratissime fecit,
Five yards on a V.

—*The Lafayette.*

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In the bright illumined parlor
Sat the lovers tete-a-tete,
In their happiness unmindful
That the hour was growing late.

All at once upon the staircase
Sounded papa's slippered feet;
She was startled—*he* expected
To be shown into the street.

In walked papa - turned the gas out,
Thinking to cut short their pranks;
In one voice the two made answer
Briefly all they said was "Thanks."

—*Brunonian.*

When a pair of red lips are upturned to your own,
With no one to gossip about it,
Do you pray for endurance to let them alone?
Well, maybe you do—but I doubt it.

When a sly little hand you're permitted to seize,
With a velvety softness about it,
Do you think you can drop it with never a squeeze?
Well, maybe you do—but I doubt it.

When a tapering waist is in reach of your arm,
With a wonderful plumpness about it,
Do you argue the point 'twixt the good and the harm?
Well, maybe you do—but I doubt it.

—*Yale Lit.*

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An aimless dart,
A wounded heart,
My fin de siecle dove;
Though 'tis leap year
You may keep yer
Unasked for, unrequited love.

—*Syllabus.*

When to Logic class I go,
A little prayer I utter low;
I say in accents soft but deep,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

—*Badger.*

The Poet's Lot.

I used to write of Marguerite,
And all my love reflected
In every word my passion's heat;
Yet all came back—rejected.

I wrote about her sparkling glance,
That shone like stars above,
And every stanza seemed to dance
To the meter of my love.

I sang in gladsome measures
Of her face beyond compare,
And all my words were treasures—
Like her smiles, richly rare.

In vain it was I tuned the lines
To meet the editor's grace;
For weekly he returned my rhymes,
He said, "For want of space."

L'ENVOI.

Of love my verse now burdeneth not,
My poems are accepted;
How changeful is the poet's lot—
'Tis *I* who am *rejected.*

—*Badger.*

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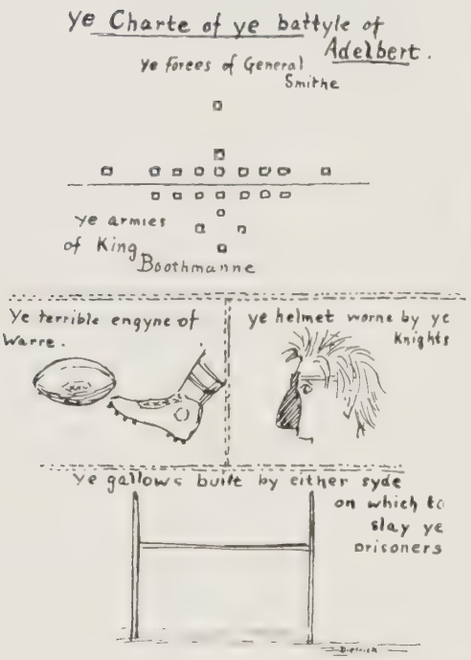
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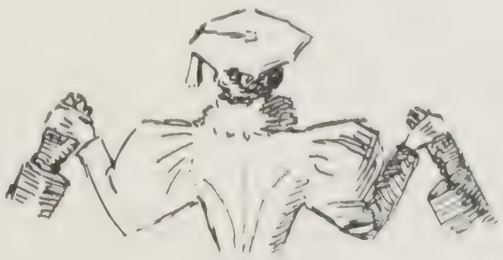
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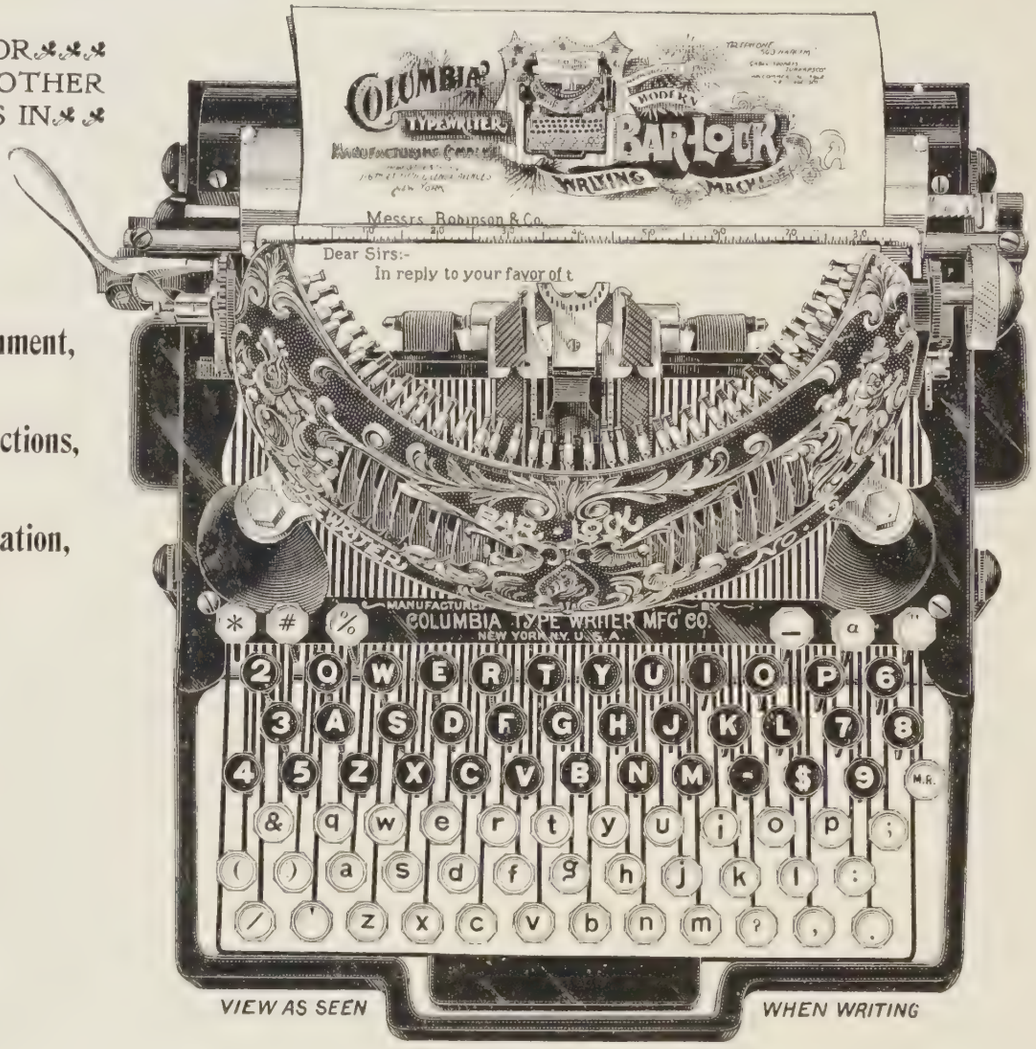
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